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soon made it hot; then seizing it with the tongs, laid it on my anvil, and began to beat it with my hammer according to the rules of my art. The dingle resounded with my strokes. Belle sat still, and occasionally smiled, but suddenly started up and retreated towards her encampment, on a spark which I purposely sent in her direction alighting on her knee. I found the making of a linch-pin no easy matter; it was, however, less difficult than the fabrication of a pony-shoe; my work, indeed, was much facilitated by my having another pin to look at. In about three-quarters of an hour I had succeeded tolerably well, and had produced a linch-pin which I thought would serve. During all this time, notwithstanding the noise which I was making, the postillion never showed his face. His non-appearance at first alarmed me: I was afraid he might be dead, but, on looking into the tent, I found him still buried in the soundest sleep. "He must surely be descended from one of the seven sleepers," said I, as I turned away and resumed my work. My work finished, I took a little oil, leather, and sand, and polished the pin as well as I could; then, summoning Belle, we both went to the chaise, where, with her assistance, I put on the wheel. The linch-pin which I had made fitted its place very well, and having replaced the other, I gazed at the chaise for some time with my heart full of that satisfaction which results from the consciousness of having achieved a great action; then, after looking at Belle in the hope of obtaining a compliment from her lips, which did not come, I returned to the dingle, without saying a word, followed by her. Belle set about making preparations for breakfast; and I, taking the kettle, went and filled it at the spring. Having hung it over the fire, I went to the tent in which the postillion was still sleeping, and called upon to rise. He awoke with a start, and stared around at first with the utmost surprise, not unmixed, and old observe, with a certain degree of fear. At looking in my face, he appeared to recollect him-

self. "I had quite forgot," said he, as he got up, "where I was, and all that happened yesterday. However, I remember now the whole affair, thunderstorm, thunderbolt, frightened horses, and all your kindness. Come, I must see after my coach and horses; I hope we shall be able to repair the damage." "The damage is already quite repaired," said I, "as you will see, if you come to the field above." "You don't say so," said the postillion, coming out of the tent; "well, I am mightily beholden to you. Good morning, young gentleman," said he, addressing Belle, who, having finished her preparations, was seated near the fire. "Good morning, young man," said Belle; "I suppose you would be glad of some breakfast; however, you must wait a little, the kettle does not boil." "Come and look at your chaise," said I; "but tell me how it happened that the noise which I have been making did not awake you; for three-quarters of an hour at least I was hammering close at your ear." "I heard you all the time," said the postillion, "but your hammering made me sleep all the sounder; I am used to hear hammering in my morning sleep. There's a forge close by the room where I sleep when I'm at home, at my inn; for we have all kinds of conveniences at my inn—forge, carpenter's shop, and wheelwright's,—so that when I heard you hammering, I thought, no doubt, that it was the old noise, and that I was comfortable in my bed at my own inn." We now ascended to the field, where I showed the postillion his chaise. He looked at the pin attentively, rubbed his hands, and gave a loud laugh. "Is it not well done?" said I. "It will do till I get home," he replied. "And that is all you have to say?" I demanded. "And that's a good deal," said he, "considering who made it." "But don't be offended," he added, "I shall prize it all the more for its being made by a gentleman, and no blacksmith, and so will my governor, when I show it to him. I shan't let it remain where it is, but will keep it, as a remembrance of you, as long as I live."

He then again rubbed his hands with great glee, and said, "I will now go and see after my horses, and the to breakfast, partner, if you please." Suddenly, however, looking at his hands, he said, "Before sittin' down to breakfast, I am in the habit of washing my hands and face. I suppose you could not furnish me with a little soap and water." "As much water as you please," said I, "but if you want soap, I must go and trouble the young gentlewoman for some." "By no means," said the postillion, "water will do at a pinch." "Follow me," said I; and leading him to the pond of the frogs and newts, I said, "Thus, as my ewer; you are welcome to part of it—the water is so soft that it is scarcely necessary to add soap to it;" then lying down on the bank, I plunged my head into the water, then scrubbed my hands and face, and afterwards wiped them with some long grass which grew on the margin of the pond. "Bravo," said the postillion, "I see you know how to make a shift;" he then followed my example, declared he never felt more refreshed in his life, and, giving a bound, said "he would go and look after his horses."

We then went to look after the horses, which we found not much the worse for having spent the night in the open air. My companion again inserted their heads in the corn-bags, and, leaving the animals to discuss their corn, returned with me to the dingle, where we found the kettle boiling. We sat down, and Belle made tea and did the honours of the meal. The postillion was in high spirits, ate heartily, and, to Belle's evident satisfaction, declared that he had never drank better tea in his life, or indeed any half so good. Breakfast over, he said that he must now go and harness his horses, as it was high time for him to return to his inn. Belle gave him her hand and wished him farewell; the postillion shook her hand warmly, and was advancing close up to her—for what purpose I cannot say—whereupon Belle, withdrawing her hand, drew herself up with an air which caused the postillion to retreat a step or

two with an exceedingly sheepish look. Recovering himself, however, he made a low bow, and proceeded up the path. I attended him, and helped to harness his horses and put them to the vehicle: he then shook me by the hand, and taking the reins and whip mounted to his seat; ere he drove away he thus addressed me: "If ever I forget your kindness and that of the young woman below, dash my buttons. If ever either of you should enter my inn you may depend upon a warm welcome, the best that can be set before you, and no expense to either, for I will give both of you the best of characters to the governor, who is the very best fellow upon all the road. As for your huch-pin, I trust it will serve till I get home, when I will take it out and keep it in remembrance of you all the days of my life;" then giving the horses a jerk with his reins, he cracked his whip and drove off.

I returned to the dingle, Belle had removed the breakfast things, and was busy in her own encampment: nothing occurred, worthy of being related, for two hours, at the end of which time Belle departed on a short expedition, and I again found myself alone in the dingle.

CHAPTER II

*16 Man in Black—The Emperor of Germany—Nepotism—
—Donna Olympia—Omnipotence—Camillo Astalli—
The Five Propositions.*

In the evening I received another visit from the man in black. I had been taking a stroll in the neighbourhood, and was sitting in the dingle in rather a listless manner, scarcely knowing how to employ myself; his coming, therefore, was by no means disagreeable to me. I produced the hollands and glass from my tent, where Isopel Berners had requested me to deposit them, and also some lump sugar, then taking the gotch I fetched water from the spring, and, sitting down, begged the man in black to help himself; he was not slow in complying with my desire, and prepared for himself a glass of hollands and water with a lump of sugar in it. After he had taken two or three sips with evident satisfaction, I, remembering his chuckling exclamation of "Go to Rome for money," when he last left the dingle, took the liberty, after a little conversation, reminding him of it, whereupon, with a he! he! he! he replied, "Your idea was not quite so original as I supposed. After leaving you the other night I remembered having read of an emperor of Germany who conceived the idea of applying to Rome for money, and actually put it into practice.

"Urban the Eighth then occupied the papal chair, of the family of the Barbarini, nicknamed the Mosche, or Flies, from the circumstance of bees being their armorial bearing. The Emperor having exhausted all his money in endeavouring to defend the church against Gustavus Adolphus, the great King of Sweden, who was bent on

its destruction, applied in his necessity to the Pope for a loan of money. The Pope, however, and his relations, whose cellars were at that time full of the money of the church, which they had been plundering for years, refused to lend him a scudo; whereupon a pasquinade picture was stuck up at Rome, representing the church lying on a bed, gashed with dreadful wounds, and beset all over with flies, which were sucking her, whilst the Emperor of Germany was kneeling before her with a miserable face, requesting a little money towards carrying on the war against the heretics, to which the poor church was made to say: 'How can I assist you, O my champion, do you not see that the flies have sucked me to the very bones?' Which story," says he, "shows that the idea of going to Rome for money was not quite so original as I imagined the other night, though utterly preposterous.

"This affair," said he, "occurred in what were called the days of nepotism. Certain popes, who wished to make themselves in some degree independent of the cardinals, surrounded themselves with their nephews, and the rest of their family, who sucked the church and Christendom as much as they could, none doing so more effectually than the relations of Urban the Eighth, at whose death, according to the book called the '*Nipotismo di Roma*,' there were in the Barbarini family two hundred and twenty-seven governments, abbeys, and high dignities; and so much hard cash in their possession that three score and ten mules were scarcely sufficient to convey the plunder of one of them to Palestrina." He added, however, that it was probable that Christendom fared better whilst the popes were thus independent, as it was less sucked, whereas before and after that period, it was sucked by hundreds instead of tens, by the cardinals and all their relations, instead of by the pope and his nephews only.

Then, after drinking rather copiously of his hollands, he said that it was certainly no bad idea of the popes to surround themselves with nephews, on whom they

THE ROMANY RYE.

bestowed great church dignities, as by so doing they were tolerably safe from poi-son, whereas a pope, if abandoned to the cardinals, might at any time be made away with by them, provided they thought that he lived too long, or that he seemed disposed to do anything which they disliked, adding, that Ganganelli would never have been poisoned provided he had had nephews about him to take care of his life, and to see that nothing unholy was put into his food, or a bustling stirring brother's wife like Donna Olympia. He then with a he! he! he! asked me if I had ever read the book called the "Nipotismo di Roma;" and on my replying in the negative, he told me that it was a very curious and entertaining book, which he occasionally looked at in an idle hour, and proceeded to relate to me anecdotes out of the "Nipotismo di Roma" about the successor of Urban, Innocent the Tenth, and Donna Olympia, showing how fond he was of her, and how she cooked his food, and kept the cardinals away from it, and how she and her creatures plundered Christendom, with the sanction of the Pope, until Christendom, becoming enraged, insisted that he should put her away, which he did for a time, putting a nephew—one Camillo Astalli—in her place, in which, however, he did not continue long; for the Pope, conceiving a pique against him, banished him from his sight, and recalled Donna Olympia, who took care of his food, and plundered Christendom until Pope Innocent died. I said that I only wondered that between pope and cardinals the whole system of Rome had not long fallen to the ground, and was told in reply, that its not having fallen was the strongest proof of its vital power, and the absolute necessity for the existence of the system. That the system, notwithstanding its occasional disorders, went on. Popes and cardinals might prey upon its bowels, and sell its interests, but the system survived. The cutting off of this or that member was not able to cause Rome any vital loss; for, as soon as she lost a member, the loss was supplied by her own inherent

vitality, though her popes had been poisoned by cardinals, and her cardinals by popes; and though priests occasionally poisoned popes, cardinals, and each other, after all that had been, and might be, she had still, and would ever have, her priests, cardinals, and pope.

Finding the man in black so communicative and reasonable, I determined to make the best of my opportunity, and learn from him all I could with respect to the papal system, and told him that he would particularly oblige me by telling me who the Pope of Rome was, and received for answer, that he was an old man elected by a majority of cardinals to the papal chair; who, immediately after his election, became omnipotent and equal to God on earth. On my begging him not to talk such nonsense, and asking how a person could be omnipotent who could not always preserve himself from poison, even when fenced round by nephews, or protected by a bustling woman, he, after taking a long sip of hollands and water, told me that I must not expect too much from omnipotence; for example, that as it would be unreasonable to expect that One above could annihilate the past—for instance, the Seven Years' War, or the French Revolution—though any one who believed in Him would acknowledge Him to be omnipotent, so would it be unreasonable for the faithful to expect that the Pope could always guard himself from poison. Then, after looking at me for a moment steadfastly, and taking another sip, he told me that popes had frequently done impossibilities; for example, Innocent the Tenth had created a nephew; for, not liking particularly any of his real nephews, he had created the said Camillo Astalli his nephew; asking me with a he! he! "What but omnipotence could make a young man nephew to a person to whom he was not in the slightest degree related?" On my observing that of course no one believed that the young fellow was really the pope's nephew, though the pope might have adopted him as such, the man in black

replied, "that the reality of the nephewship of Camillo Astalli had hitherto never become a point of faith; let, however, the present pope, or any other pope, proclaim that it is necessary to believe in the reality of the nephewship of Camillo Astalli, and see whether the faithful would not believe in it. Who can doubt that," he added, "seeing that they believe in the reality of the five propositions of Jansenius? The Jesuits, wishing to ruin the Jansenists, induced a pope to declare that such and such damnable opinions, which they called five propositions, were to be found in a book written by Jansen, though in reality no such propositions were to be found there; whereupon the existence of these propositions became forthwith a point of faith to the faithful. Do you then think," he demanded, "that there is one of the faithful who would not swallow, if called upon, the nephewship of Camillo Astalli as easily as the five propositions of Jansenius?" "Surely, then," said I, "the faithful must be a pretty pack of simpletons!" Whereupon the man in black exclaimed, "What! a Protestant, and an infringer of the rights of faith! Here's a fellow who would feel himself insulted if any one were to ask him how he could believe in the miraculous conception, calling people simpletons who swallow the five propositions of Jansenius, and are disposed, if called upon, to swallow the reality of the nephewship of Camillo Astalli."

I was about to speak, when I was interrupted by the arrival of Belle. After unharnessing her donkey, and adjusting her person a little, she came and sat down by us. In the meantime I had helped my companion to some more hollands and water, and had plunged with him into yet deeper discourse.

CHAPTER III

*Necessity of Religion—The Great Indian One—Image
Worship—Shakespear—The Pat Answer—Krishna ,
—Amen.*

HAVING told the man in black that I should like to know all the truth with regard to the Pope and his system, he assured me he should be delighted to give me all the information in his power; that he had come to the dingle, not so much for the sake of the good cheer which I was in the habit of giving him, as in the hope of inducing me to enlist under the banners of Rome, and to fight in her cause, and that he had no doubt that, by speaking out frankly to me, he ran the best chance of winning me over.

He then proceeded to tell me that the experience of countless ages had proved the necessity of religion, the necessity, he would admit, was only for simpletons; but as nine-tenths of the dwellers upon this earth were simpletons, it would never do for sensible people to run counter to their folly, but, on the contrary, it was their wisest course to encourage them in it, always provided that, by so doing, sensible people could derive advantage; that the truly sensible people of this world were the priests, who, without caring a straw for religion for its own sake, made use of it as a cord by which to draw the simpletons after them; that there were many religions in this world, all of which had been turned to excellent account by the priesthood; but that the one the best adapted for the purposes of priestcraft was the popish, which, he said, was the oldest in the world and the best calculated to endure. On my inquiring what he meant by saying the popish religion

was the oldest in the world, whereas there could be no doubt that the Greek and Roman religion had existed long before it, to say nothing of the old India religion still in existence and vigour; he said, with nod, after taking a sip at his glass, that, between him and him, the popish religion, that of Greece and Rome and the old Indian system were, in reality, one and the same.

"You told me that you intended to be frank," said I; "but however frank you may be, I think you are rather wild."

"We priests of Rome," said the man in black, "even those amongst us who do not go much abroad, know a great deal about church matters, of which you heretics have very little idea. Those of our brethren of the Propaganda, on their return home from distant missions, not unfrequently tell us very strange things relating to our dear mother, for example, our first missionaries to the East were not slow in discovering and telling to their brethren that our religion and the great Indian one were identical, no more difference between them than between Rome and Rome. Priests, convents, beads, prayers, processions, fastings, penances, all the same, not forgetting anchorites and vermin, he! he! The pope they found under the title of the grand lama, a sucking child surrounded by an immense number of priests. Our good brethren some two hundred years ago, had a hearty laugh which their successors have often recalled, they said that helpless sucking and its priests put them so much in mind of their own old man, surrounded by his cardinals, he! he! Old age is several child hood."

"Did they find Christ?" said I.

"They found him, too," said the man in black, "that is, they saw his image, he is considered in India as a pure kind of being, and on that account, perhaps, is kept there rather in the background, even as he is here."

"All this is very mysterious to me," said I.

"Very likely," said the man in black, "but of this I am tolerably sure, and so are most of those of Rome, that modern Rome had its religion from ancient Rome, which had its religion from the East."

"But how?" I demanded.

"It was brought about, I believe, by the wanderings of nations," said the man in black. "A brother of the Propaganda, a very learned man, once told me—I do not mean Mezzofanti, who has not five ideas—this brother once told me that all we of the Old World, from Calcutta to Dublin, are of the same stock, and were originally of the same language, and——"

"All of one religion," I put in.

"All of one religion," said the man in black; "and now follow different modifications of the same religion."

"We Christians are not image-worshippers," said I.

"You heretics are not, you mean," said the man in black; "but you will be put down, just as you have always been, though others may rise up after you, the true religion is image-worship, people may strive against it, but they will only work themselves to an oil; how did it fare with that Greek Emperor, the Iconoclast, what was his name, Leon the Isauman? Did not his image-breaking cost him Italy, the fairest province of his empire, and did not ten fresh images start up at home for every one which he demolished? Oh! you little know the craving which the soul sometimes feels after a good bodily image."

"I have indeed no conception of it," said I; "I have an abhorrence of idolatry—the idea of bowing before a graven figure."

"The idea, indeed," said Belle, who had now joined us.

"Did you never bow before that of Shakespear?" said the man in black, addressing himself to me, after a low bow to Belle.

"I don't remember that I ever did," said I, "but even suppose I did?"

"Suppose you did," said the man in black; "shame on you, Mr. Hater of Idolatry; why, the very sup-

position brings you to the ground: you must make figures of Shakespear must you? then why not of St. Antonio, or Ignacio, or of a greater personage still? I know what you are going to say," he cried, interrupting me as I was about to speak. "You don't make his image in order to pay it divine honours, but only to look at it, and think of Shakespear; but this looking at a thing in order to think of a person is the very basis of idolatry. Shakespear's works are not sufficient for you; no more are the Bible or the legend of Saint Anthony or Saint Ignacio for us, that is for those of us who believe in them; I tell you, Zingaro, that no religion can exist long which rejects a good bodily image."

"Do you think," said I, "that Shakespear's works would not exist without his image?"

"I believe," said the man in black, "that Shakespear's image is looked at more than his works, and will be looked at, and perhaps adored, when they are forgotten. I am surprised that they have not been forgotten long ago; I am no admirer of them."

"But I can't imagine," said I, "how you will put aside the authority of Moses. If Moses strove against image-worship, should not his doing so be conclusive as to the impropriety of the practice; what higher authority can you have than that of Moses?"

"The practice of the great majority of the human race," said the man in black, "and the recurrence to image-worship, where image-worship has been abolished. Do you know that Moses is considered by the church as no better than a heretic, and though, for particular reasons, it has been obliged to adopt his writings, the adoption was merely a sham one, as it never paid the slightest attention to them? No, no, the church was never led by Moses, nor by one mightier than he, whose doctrine it has equally nullified—I allude to Krishna in his second avatar; the church, it is true, governs in his name, but not unfrequently gives him the lie, if he happens to have said anything which it dislikes. Did you never hear the reply which Padre Paolo Segani

made to the French Protestant Jean Anthoine Guerin, who had asked him whether it was easier for Christ to have been mistaken in his Gospel, than for the Pope to be mistaken in his decrees ? "

" I never heard their names before," said I.

" The answer was pat," said the man in black, " though he who made it was confessedly the most ignorant fellow of the very ignorant order to which he belonged, the Augustine ' Christ might err as a man,' said he, ' but the Pope can never err, being God ' The whole story is related in the *Nipotismo* "

" I wonder you should ever have troubled yourselves with Christ at all," said I.

" What was to be done ? " said the man in black ; " the power of that name suddenly came over Europe, like the power of a mighty wind, it was said to have come from Judæa, and from Judæa it probably came when it first began to agitate minds in these parts ; but it seems to have been known in the remote East, more or less, for thousands of years previously. It filled people's minds with madness ; it was followed by books which were never much regarded, as they contained little of insanity ; but the name ! what fury that breathed into people ! the books were about peace and gentleness, but the name was the most horrible of war-cries—those who wished to uphold old names at first strove to oppose it, but their efforts were feeble, and they had no good war-cry, what was Mars as a war-cry compared with the name of . . . ? It was said that they persecuted terribly, but who said so ? The Christians. The Christians could have given them a lesson in the art of persecution, and eventually did so. None but Christians have ever been good persecutors ; well, the old religion succumbed, Christianity prevailed, for the ferocious is sure to prevail over the gentle."

" I thought," said I, " you stated a little time ago that the Popish religion and the ancient Roman are the same ? "

" In every point but that name, that Krishna and

who pretend to be a philologist, tell me the meaning of Amen?"

I made no answer.

"We, of Rome," said the man in black, "know two or three things of which the heretics are quite ignorant; for example, there are those amongst us—those, too, who do not pretend to be philologists—who know what amen is, and, moreover, how we got it. We got it from our ancestors, the priests of ancient Rome; and they got the word from their ancestors of the East, the priests of Buddh and Brahma."

"And what is the meaning of the word?" I demanded.

"Amen," said the man in black, "is a modification of the old Hindoo formula, Omani batsikhom, by the almost ceaseless repetition of which the Indians hope to be received finally to the rest or state of forgetfulness of Buddh or Brahma; a foolish practice you will say, but are you heretics much wiser, who are continually ticking amen to the end of your prayers, little knowing when you do so, that you are consigning yourselves to the repose of Buddh? Oh, what hearty laughs our missionaries have had when comparing the eternally sounding Eastern gibberish of Omani batsikhom, Omani atsikhom, and the Ave Maria and Amen Jesus of our own idiotical devotees."

"I have nothing to say about the Ave Marias and mens of your superstitious devotees," said I; "I dare say that they use them nonsensically enough, but in putting Amen to the end of a prayer, we merely intend to express, 'So let it be!'"

"It means nothing of the kind," said the man in black; "and the Hindoos might just as well put your rational oath at the end of their prayers, as perhaps they will after a great many thousand years, when English is forgotten, and only a few words of it remembered by dim tradition without being understood. How strange if, after the lapse of four thousand years, the Hindoos should damn themselves to the blindness so dear to their present masters, even as their masters at

present consign themselves to the forgetfulness so dear to the Hindoos ; but my glass has been empty for a considerable time ; perhaps *Bellissima Biondina*," said he, addressing Belle, "you will deign to replenish it ?"

"I shall do no such thing," said Belle ; "you have drank quite enough, and talked more than enough, and to tell you the truth I wish you would leave us alone."

"Shame on you, Belle," said I, "consider the obligations of hospitality."

"I am sick of that word," said Belle, "you are so frequently misusing it ; were this place not Mumpers' Dingle, and consequently as free to the fellow as ourselves, I would lead him out of it."

"Pray be quiet, Belle," said I. "You had better help yourself," said I, addressing myself to the man in black, "the lady is angry with you."

"I am sorry for it," said the man in black ; "if she is angry with me, I am not so with her, and shall always be proud to wait upon her. in the meantime—" "Wait upon myself."

"We would place her at once," said the man in black, "in the house of two highly respectable Catholic ladies in this neighbourhood, where she would be treated with every care and consideration till her conversion should be accomplished in a regular manner; we would then remove her to a female monastic establishment, where, after undergoing a year's probation, during which time she would be instructed in every elegant accomplishment, she should take the veil. Her advancement would speedily follow, for, with such a face and figure, she would make a capital lady abbess, especially in Italy, to which country she would probably be sent; besides her hair and complexion—to say nothing of her height—being a curiosity in the south. With a little care and management she could soon obtain a vast reputation for sanctity; and who knows but after her death she might become a glorified saint—he! he! Sister Maria Theresa, for that is the name I propose you should bear. Holy Mother Maria Theresa—glorified and celestial saint, I have the honour of drinking to your health," and the man in black drank.

"Well, Belle," said I, "what have you to say to the gentleman's proposal?"

"That if he goes on in this way I will break his glass against his mouth."

"You have heard the lady's answer," said I.

"I have," said the man in black, "and shall not press the matter. I can't help, however, repeating that she would make a capital lady abbess; she would keep the nuns in order, I warrant her; no easy matter! Break the glass against my mouth—he! he! How she would send the holy utensils flying at the nuns' heads occasionally, and just the person to wring the nose of Satan should he venture to appear one night in her cell in the shape of a handsome black man. No offence, dam, no offence, pray retain your seat," said he, "knowing that Belle had started up; "I mean no offence. Well, if you will not consent to be an abbess, perhaps you will consent to follow this young Zingaro, and to

co-operate with him and us. I am a priest, madam, and can join you both in an instant, *connubio stabili*, as I suppose the knot has not been tied already."

"Hold your mumping gibberish," said Belle, "and leave the dingle this moment, for though 'tis free to every one, you have no right to insult me in it."

"Pray be pacified," said I to Belle, getting up, and placing myself between her and the man in black, "he will presently leave, take my word for it—there, sit down again," said I, as I led her to her seat; then, resuming my own, I said to the man in black: "I advise you to leave the dingle as soon as possible."

"I should wish to have your answer to my proposal first," said he.

"Well, then, here you shall have it; I will not entertain your proposal; I detest your schemes: they are both wicked and foolish."

"Wicked," said the man in black, "have they not—ho! ho!—the furtherance of religion in view?"

"A religion," said I, "in which you yourself do not believe, and which you condemn."

"Whether I believe in it or not," said the man in black, "it is adapted for the generality of the human race; so I will forward it, and advise you to do the same. It was nearly extirpated in these regions, but it is springing up again, owing to circumstances. Radicalism is a good friend to us; all the liberals laud up our system out of hatred to the Established Church, though our system is ten times less liberal than the Church of England. Some of them have really come over to us. I myself confess a baronet who presided over the first radical meeting ever held in England—he was an atheist when he came over to us, in the hope of mortifying his own church—but he is now—ho! ho!—a real Catholic devotee—quite afraid of my threats; I make him frequently scourge himself before me. Well, Radicalism does us good service, especially amongst the lower classes, for Radicalism chiefly flourishes amongst them; for though a baronet or two may be found

field, and they went away holding their heads down, and muttering to themselves. What a fine subject for a painting would be Austin's opening the eyes of the Saxon barbarian, and the discomfiture of the British clergy ! I wonder it has not been painted !—he ! he ! ”

“ I suppose your church still performs miracles occasionally ? ” said I.

“ It does,” said the man in black. “ The Rev. — has lately been performing miracles in Ireland, destroying devils that had got possession of people ; he has been eminently successful. In two instances he not only destroyed the devils, but the lives of the people possessed—he ! he ! Oh ! there is so much energy in our system ; we are always at work, whilst Protestantism is supine.”

“ You must not imagine,” said I, “ that all Protestants are supine ; some of them appear to be filled with unbounded zeal. They deal, it is true, not in lying miracles, but they propagate God's word. I remember only a few months ago, having occasion for a Bible, going to an establishment, the object of which was to send Bibles all over the world. The supporters of that establishment could have no self-interested views ; for I was supplied by them with a noble-sized Bible at a price so small as to preclude the idea that it could bring any profit to the vendors.”

The countenance of the man in black slightly fell. “ I know the people to whom you allude,” said he ; “ indeed, unknown to them, I have frequently been to see them, and observed their ways. I tell you frankly that there is not a set of people in this kingdom who have caused our church so much trouble and uneasiness. I should rather say that they alone cause us any ; for as for the rest, what with their drowsiness, their plethora, their folly, and their vanity, they are doing us anything but mischief. These fellows are a pestilent set of heretics, whom we would gladly see burnt ; they are, with the most untiring perseverance, and in spite of divers minatory declarations of the holy father, scattering their books abroad through all Europe, and have caused many

came to a trial, this person whom he had calculated upon to join the Pretender did not stir from his home, another joined the hostile ranks, the presumed cowards turned out heroes, and those whom he thought heroes ran away like lusty fellows at Culloden; in a word, he found himself utterly mistaken, and in nothing more than himself; he thought he was a hero, and proved himself nothing more than an old fox; he got up a hollow tree, didn't he, just like a fox?

"*L' opere sue non fanno leonlee, ma di volpe.*"

The man in black sat silent for a considerable time, and at length answered, in rather a faltering voice, "I was not prepared for this; you have frequently surprised me by your knowledge of things which I should never have expected any person of your appearance to be acquainted with, but that you should be aware of my name is a circumstance utterly incomprehensible to me. I had imagined that no person in England was acquainted with it, indeed, I don't see how any person should be. I have revealed it to no one, not being particularly proud of it. Yes, I acknowledge that my name is Fraser, and that I am of the blood of that family or clan, of which the rector of our college once said that he was firmly of opinion that every individual member was either rogue or fool. I was born at Madrid, of pure, *sine*, Fraser blood. My parents at an early age took me to —, where they shortly died, not, however, before they had placed me in the service of a cardinal, with whom I continued some years, and who, when he had no further occasion for me, sent me to the college, in the left-hand cloister of which, as you enter, rest the bones of Sir John D——: there, in studying logic and humane letters, I lost whatever of humanity I had retained when discarded by the cardinal. Let me not, however, forget two points,—I am a Fraser it is true, but not a Flannagan; I may bear the viles

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pointers are almost sure to point, even without being taught: if, therefore, all Frasers are either rogues or fools, as this person seems to insinuate, it is little to be wondered at, their parents or grandparents having been in the training-school of old Fraser! but enough of the old tyrant and his slaves. Belle, prepare tea this moment, or dread my anger. I have not a gold-headed cane like old Fraser of Lovat, but I have, what some people would dread much more, an Armenian ruzestick."

CHAPTER V

*Fresh Arrivals—Pitching the Tent—Certificated Wife—
High-flying Notions.*

On the following morning, as I was about to leave my tent, I heard the voice of Belle at the door, exclaiming. "Sleepest thou, or wakest thou?" "I was never more awake in my life," said I, going out. "What is the matter?" "He of the horse-shoe," said she, "Jasper, of whom I have heard you talk, is above there on the field with all his people; I went about a quarter of an hour ago to fill the kettle at the spring, and saw them arriving." "It is well," said I, "have you any objection to asking him and his wife to breakfast?" "You can do as you please," said she; "I have cups enough, and have no objection to their company." "We are the first occupiers of the ground," said I, "and, being so, should consider ourselves in the light of hosts, and do our best to practise the duties of hospitality." "How fond you are of using that word!" said Belle; "if you wish to invite the man and his wife, do so, without more ado; remember, however, that I have not cups enough, nor indeed tea enough, for the whole company." Thereupon hurrying up the ascent, I presently found myself outside the dingle. It was as usual a brilliant morning, the dewy blades of the rye-grass which covered the plain sparkled brightly in the beams of the sun, which had probably been about two hours above the horizon. A rather numerous body of my ancient friends and allies occupied the ground in the vicinity of the mouth of the dingle. About five yards on the right I perceived Mr. Petulengro busily employed in erecting his tent: he had in his hand an iron bar, sharp at the bottom, with a kind of

latitude, permitting him to go where he pleases, and to converse with any one to whose manner of speaking he may take a fancy. But I have had the advantage of keeping good company, and therefore . . ."

"Meklis," said Mrs. Chukno, "pray drop all that, sister; I believe I have kept as good company as yourself; and with respect to that offer with which you frequently fatigue those who keeps company with you, I believe, after all, it was something in the roving and uncertificated line."

"In whatever line it was," said Mrs. Petulengro, "the offer was a good one. The young duke—for he was not only a lord, but a duke too—offered to keep me a fine arriage, and to make me his second wife; for it is true that he had another who was old and stout, though mighty rich, and highly good natured; so much so, indeed, that the young lord assured me that she would have no manner of objection to the arrangement; more specially if I would consent to live in the same house with her, being fond of young and cheerful society. So you see . . ."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Chukno, "I see, what I before thought, that it was altogether in the uncertificated line."

"Meklis," said Mrs. Petulengro, "I use your own word, madam, which is Romany; for my own part, I am not fond of using Romany words, unless I can hope to pass them off for French, which I cannot in the present company. I heartily wish that there was no such language, and do my best to keep it away from my children, lest the frequent use of it should altogether confirm them in low and vulgar habits. I have four children, madam, but . . ."

"I suppose by talking of your four children you wish to check me for having none," said Mrs. Chukno, bursting into tears; "if I have no children, sister, it is no fault of mine, it is—but why do I call you sister," said she, angrily, "you are no sister of mine, you are a grasping, regular mare—a pretty sister. indeed, ashamed of your

own language. I remember well that by your high-flying notions you drove your own mother . . ."

"We will drop it," said Mrs. Petulengro; "I do not wish to raise my voice, and to make myself ridiculous. "Young gentleman," said she, "pray present my compliments to Miss Isopel Berners, and inform her that I am very sorry that I cannot accept her polite invitation. I am just arrived, and have some slight domestic matters to see to, amongst others, to wash my children's faces; but that in the course of the forenoon, when I have attended to what I have to do, and have dressed myself, I hope to do myself the honour of paying her a regular visit; you will tell her that with my compliments. With respect to my husband he can answer for himself, as I, not being of a jealous disposition, never interferes with his matters."

"And tell Miss Berners," said Mr. Petulengro, "that I shall be happy to wait upon her in company with my wife as soon as we are regularly settled: at present I have much on my hands, having not only to pitch my own tent, but this here jealous woman's, whose husband is absent on my business."

Thereupon I returned to the dingle, and without saying anything about Mrs. Chikno's observations, communicated to Isopel the messages of Mr and Mrs. Petulengro; Isopel made no other reply than by replacing in her coffer two additional cups and saucers, which, in expectation of company, she had placed upon the board. The kettle was by this time boiling. We sat down, and as we breakfasted, I gave Isopel Berners another lesson in the Armenian language.

CHAPTER VI

The Promised Visit - Roman Fashion - Waist and Wrist - Catching at Words - The Fair Females - Dressing of Hair - The New Roads - Belle's Anxious Appearance - Herself Again.

ABOUT mid-day Mr. and Mrs. Petulengro came to the dingy to pay the promised visit. Belle at the time of their arrival, was in her tent, but I was at the fire-place, engaged in hammering part of the outer tire, or defence, which had come off from one of the wheels of my vehicle. On perceiving them I forthwith went to receive them. Mr. Petulengro was dressed in Roman fashion, with a somewhat smartly-cut sporting-coat, the buttons of which were half-crown—and a waistcoat, scarlet and black, the buttons of which were spaded half-guineas; his breeches were of a stuff half velveteen, half corduroy, the cords exceedingly broad. He had leggings of buff cloth, hurried at the bottom; and upon his feet were lughloes. Under his left arm was a long black whalebone riding-whip, with a red lash, and an immense silver knob. Upon his head was a hat with a high peak, somewhat of the kind which the Spaniards call *calane*, so much in favour with the bravos of Seville and Madrid. Now when I have added that Mr. Petulengro had on a very fine white holland shirt, I think I have described his array. Mrs. Petulengro—I beg pardon for not having spoken of her first—was also arrayed very much in the Roman fashion. Her hair, which was exceedingly black and lustrous, fell in braids on either side of her head. In her ears were rings, with hanging drops of gold. Round her neck was a string of what seemed very much like very large pearls, some-

what tarnished, however, and apparently of considerable antiquity. "Here we are, brother," said Mr. Petulengro, "here we are, come to see you—wizard and witch, witch and wizard :—

"There's a chovahance, and a chovahano.
The nav so len is Petulengro."

"Hold your tongue, sir," said Mrs. Petulengro; "you make me ashamed of you with your vulgar ditties. We are come a-visiting now, and everything low should be left behind."

"True," said Mr. Petulengro; "why bring what's low to the dingle, which is low enough already?"

"What, are you a catcher at words?" said I. "I thought that catching at words had been confined to the pothouse farmers and village witty bodies."

"All fools," said Mrs. Petulengro, "catch at words, and very naturally, as by so doing they hope to prevent the possibility of rational conversation. Catching at words confined to pothouse farmers and village witty bodies! No, nor to Jasper Petulengro. Listen for an hour or two to the discourse of a set they call newspaper editors, and if you don't go out and eat grass, as a dog does when he is sick, I am no female woman. The young lord whose hand I refused when I took up with wise Jasper once brought two of them to my mother's tan, when hankering after my company; they did nothing but carp at each other's words, and a pretty hand they made of it. Ill-favoured dogs they were, and their attempts at what they called wit almost as unfortunate as their countenances."

"Well," said I, "madam, we will drop all catchings and carplings for the present. Pray take your seat on this stool, whilst I go and announce to Miss Isopel Berners your arrival."

Thereupon I went to Belle's habitation, and informed her that Mr. and Mrs. Petulengro had paid us a visit of ceremony, and were awaiting her at the fireplace. "Pray go and tell them that I am busy," said

Belle, who was engaged with her needle, "I do not feel disposed to take part in any such nonsense." "I shall do no such thing," said I, "and I insist upon your coming forthwith, and showing proper courtesy to your visitors. If you do not their feelings will be hurt, and you are aware that I cannot bear that people's feelings should be outraged. Come this moment, or . . ." "Or what?" said Belle, half smiling. "I was about to say something in Armenian," said I. "Well," said Belle, laying down her work, "I will come." "Stay," said I, "your hair is hanging about your ears, and your dress is in disorder; you had better stay a minute or two to prepare yourself to appear before your visitors, who have come in their very best attire." "No," said Belle, "I will make no alteration in my appearance; you told me to come this moment, and you shall be obeyed."

So Belle and I advanced towards our guests. As we drew nigh Mr. Petulengro took off his hat and made a profound obeisance to Belle, whilst Mrs. Petulengro rose from the stool and made a profound curtsy. Belle, who had flung her hair back over her shoulders, returned their salutations by bending her head, and after slightly glancing at Mr. Petulengro, fixed her large blue eyes full upon his wife. Both these females were very handsome—but how unlike! Belle fair, with blue eyes and flaxen hair; Mrs. Petulengro with olive complexion, eyes black, and hair dark—as dark could be. Belle, in demeanour calm and proud; the gipsy graceful, but full of movement and agitation. And then how different were those two in stature! The head of the Romany rawnie scarcely ascended to the breast of Isopel Berners. I could see that Mrs. Petulengro gazed on Belle with unmixed admiration; so did her husband. "Well," said the latter, "one thing I will say, which is, that there is only one on earth worthy to stand up in front of this she, and that is the beauty of the world, as far as man flesh is concerned, Tawno Chikno; what a pity he did not come down!"

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"Tawno Chikno," said Mrs. Petulengro, flaring up; "a pretty fellow he to stand up in front of this gentlewoman, a pity he didn't come, quotha? not at all, the fellow is a sneak, afraid of his wife. He stand up against this rawnie! why the look she has given me would knock the fellow down."

"It is easier to knock him down with a look than with a fist," said Mr. Petulengro; "that is, if the look comes from a woman: not that I am disposed to doubt that this female gentlewoman is able to knock him down either one way or the other. I have heard of her often enough, and have seen her once or twice, though not so near as now. Well, ma'am, my wife and I are come to pay our respects to you; we are both glad to find that you have left off keeping company with Flaming Bosville, and have taken up with my pal; he is not very handsome, but a better . . ."

"I take up with your pal, as you call him; you had better mind what you say," said Isopel Berners, "I take up with nobody."

"I merely mean taking up your quarters with him," said Mr. Petulengro; "and I was only about to say a better fellow-lodger you cannot have, or a more instructive, especially if you have a desire to be inoculated with tongues, as he calls them. I wonder whether you and he have had any tongue-work already."

"Have you and your wife anything particular to say? If you have nothing but this kind of conversation I must leave you, as I am going to make a journey this afternoon, and should be getting ready."

"You must excuse my husband, madam," said Mrs. Petulengro; "he is not overburdened with understanding, and has said but one word of sense since he has been here, which was that we came to pay our respects to you. We have dressed ourselves in our best Roman way, in order to do honour to you; perhaps you do not like it; if so, I am sorry. I have no French clothes, madam; if I had any, madam, I would have come in them in order to do you more honour."

"I like to see you much better as you are," said Belle; "people should keep to their own fashions, and yours is very pretty."

"I am glad you are pleased to think it so, madam; it has been admired in the great city, it created what they call a sensation, and some of the great ladies, the court ladies, imitated it, else I should not appear in it so often as I am accustomed; for I am not very fond of what is Roman, having an imagination that what is Roman is ungentle; in fact, I once heard the wife of a rich citizen say that gypsies were vulgar creatures. I should have taken her saying very much to heart, but for her improper pronunciation; she could not pronounce her words, madam, which we gypsies, as they call us, usually can, so I thought she was no very high purchase. You are very beautiful, madam, though you are not dressed as I could wish to see you, and your hair is hanging down in sad confusion; allow me to assist you in arranging your hair, madam; I will dress it for you in our fashion: I would fain see how your hair would look in our poor gypsy fashion; pray allow me, madam?" and she took Belle by the hand.

"I really can do no such thing," said Belle, withdrawing her hand; "I thank you for coming to see me, but . . ."

"Do allow me to officiate upon your hair, madam," said Mrs. Petulengro; "I should esteem your allowing me a great mark of condescension. You are very beautiful, madam, and I think you doubly so, because you are so fair; I have a great esteem for persons with fair complexions and hair; I have a less regard for people with dark hair and complexions, madam."

"Then why did you turn off the lord, and take up with me?" said Mr. Petulengro, "that same lord was fair enough all about him."

"People do when they are young and silly what they sometimes repent of when they are of riper years and understanding. I sometimes think that had I not seen something of a sunpleton, I might at this time

be a great court lady. Now, madam," said she, again taking Belle by the hand, "do oblige me by allowing me to plait your hair a little?"

"I have really a good mind to be angry with you," said Belle, giving Mrs. Petulengro a peculiar glance.

"Do allow her to arrange your hair," said I, "she means no harm, and wishes to do you honour; do oblige her and me too, for I should like to see how your hair would look dressed in her fashion."

"You hear what the young rye says?" said Mrs. Petulengro. "I am sure you will oblige the young rye, if not myself. Many people would be willing to oblige the young rye, if he would but ask them, but he is not in the habit of asking favours. He has a nose of his own, which he keeps tolerably exalted, he does not think small-beer of himself, madam, and all the time I have been with him, I never heard him ask a favour before; therefore, madam, I am sure you will oblige him. My sister Ursula would be very willing to oblige him in many things, but he will not ask her for anything, except for such a favour as a word, which is a poor favour after all. I don't mean for her word; perhaps he will some day ask you for your word. If so."

"Why here you are, after railing at me for catching at words, catching at a word yourself," said Mr. Petulengro.

"Hold your tongue, sir," said Mrs. Petulengro. "Don't interrupt me in my discourse, if I caught at a word now, I am not in the habit of doing so. I am no conceited body; no newspaper Neddy, no pot-house witty person. I was about to say, madam, that if the young rye asks you at any time for your word, you will do as you deem convenient, but I am sure you will oblige him by allowing me to braid your hair."

"I shall not do it to oblige him," said Belle; "the young rye, as you call him, is nothing to me."

"Well, then, to oblige me," said Mrs. Petulengro; "do allow me to become your poor tire-woman."

"It is great nonsense," said Belle, retorting, "however, as you came to see me, and ask the matter as particular favour to yourself . . ."

"Thank you, madam," said Mrs. Petulengro, leading Belle to the stool, "please to sit down here. That you; your hair is very beautiful, ma'am," she continued, and she proceeded to braid Belle's hair; "it is your countenance. Should you ever go to the great city, among the grand folks, you would make a sensation, madam. I have made one myself, who am dark the chushe is kauley, which last word signifies black which I am not, though rather dark. There's no color like white, madam; it's so lasting, so genteel. Gentility will carry the day, ma'am, even with the young rye. He will ask words of the black lass, but beg the word of the fair."

In the meantime Mr. Petulengro and myself entered into conversation. "Any news stirring, Mr. Petulengro?" said I. "Have you heard anything of the great religious movements?"

"Plenty," said Mr. Petulengro; "all the religious people, more especially the Evangelicals—those that go about distributing tracts—are very angry about the fight between Gentleman Cooper and White-headed Bob, which they say ought not to have been permitted to take place; and then they are trying all they can to prevent the fight between the lion and the dogs, which they say is a disgrace to a Christian country. Now, I can't say that I have any quarrel with the religious party and the Evangelicals; they are always civil to me and mine, and frequently give us tracts, as they call them, which neither I nor mine can read; but I cannot say that I approve of any movements, religious or not, which have in aim to put down all life and manly sport in this here country."

"Anything else?" said I.

"People are becoming vastly sharp," said Mr. Petulengro; "and I am told that all the old-fashioned, -tempered constables are going to be set aside.

and a paid body of men to be established, who are not to permit a tramper or vagabond on the roads of England;—and talking of roads puts me in mind of a strange story I heard two nights ago, whilst drinking some beer at a public-house, in company with my cousin Sylvester. I had asked Tawno to go, but his wife would not let him. Just opposite me, smoking their pipes, were a couple of men, something like engineers, and they were talking of a wonderful invention which was to make a wonderful alteration in England! inasmuch as it would set aside all the old roads, which in a little time would be ploughed up, and sowed with corn, and cause all England to be laid down with iron roads, on which people would go thundering along in vehicles, pushed forward by fire and smoke. Now, brother, when I heard this, I did not feel very comfortable; for I thought to myself, what a queer place such a road would be to pitch one's tent upon, and how impossible it would be for one's cattle to find a bite of grass upon it; and I thought likewise of the danger to which one's family would be exposed of being run over and severely scorched by these same flying, fiery vehicles; so I made bold to say that I hoped such an invention would never be countenanced, because it was likely to do a great deal of harm. Whereupon, one of the men, giving me a glance, said, without taking the pipe out of his mouth, that for his part he sincerely hoped that it would take effect; and if it did no other good than stopping the rambles of gypsies, and other like scamps, it ought to be encouraged. Well, brother, feeling myself insulted, I put my hand into my pocket, in order to pull out money, intending to challenge him to fight for a five-shilling stake, but merely found sixpence, having left all my other money at the tent; which sixpence was just sufficient to pay for the beer which Sylvester and myself were drinking, of whom I couldn't hope to borrow anything—'poor as Sylvester' being a by-word amongst us. So, not being able to back myself, I held my peace, and let the Gorgio have

two, is not a university, nor a person of universal wisdom. I assure you that you never looked so well before; and I hope that, from this moment, you will wear your hair in this way." "And who is to braid it in this way?" said Belle, smiling. "I, madam," said Mrs. Petulengro, "I will braid it for you every morning if you will but be persuaded to join us. Do so, madam, and I think, if you did, the young rye would do so too." "The young rye is nothing to me, nor I to him," said Belle; "we have stayed some time together, but our paths will soon be apart. Now, farewell, for I am about to take a journey." "And you will go out with your hair as I have braided it," said Mrs. Petulengro; "if you do, everybody will be in love with you." "No," said Belle, "hitherto I have allowed you to do what you please, but henceforth I shall have my own way. Come, come," said she, observing that the gypsy was about to speak, "we have had enough of nonsense; whenever I leave this hollow, it will be wearing my hair in my own fashion." "Come, wife," said Mr. Petulengro, "we will no longer intrude upon the rye and rawne, there is such a thing as being troublesome." Thereupon Mr. Petulengro and his wife took their leave, with many salutations. "Then you are going?" said I, when Belle and I were left alone. "Yes," said Belle, "I am going on a journey; my affairs compel me." "But you will return again?" said I. "Yes," said Belle, "I shall return once more." "Once more," said I; "what do you mean by once more? The Petulengros will soon be gone, and will you abandon me in this place?" "You were alone here," said Belle, "before I came, and, I suppose, found it agreeable, or you would not have stayed in it." "Yes," said I, "that was before I knew you; but having lived with you here, I should be very loth to live here without you." "Indeed," said Belle, "I did not know that I was of so much consequence to you. Well, the day is wearing away—I must go and harness Traveller to the cart." "I will do that," said

I, "or anything else you may wish me. Go and prepare yourself; I will see after Traveller and the cart." Belle departed to her tent, and I set about performing the task I had undertaken. In about half-an-hour Belle again made her appearance—she was dressed neatly and plainly. Her hair was no longer in the Roman fashion, in which Pakomovna had plaited it, but was secured by a comb; she held a bonnet in her hand. "Is there anything else I can do for you?" I demanded. "There are two or three bundles by my tent, which you can put into the cart," said Belle. I put the bundles into the cart, and then led Traveller and the cart up the winding path, to the mouth of the dingle, near which was Mr. Petulengro's encampment. Belle followed. At the top, I delivered the reins into her hands; we looked at each other steadfastly for some time. Belle then departed and I returned to the dingle, where, seating myself on my stone, I remained for upwards of an hour in thought.

CHAPTER VII

*The Festival—The Gypsy Song—Piramus of Rome—
Scotchman—Gypsy Names.*

On the following day there was much feasting among the Romany chals of Mr. Petulengro's party. Throu out the forenoon the Romany ches did scarcely a thing but cook flesh, and the flesh which they cool was swine's flesh. About two o'clock, the chals : chies dividing themselves into various parties, sat do and partook of the fare, which was partly roasted, par sodden. I dined that day with Mr. Petulengro and wife and family, Ursula, Mr. and Mrs. Chikno, and S vester and his two children. Sylvester, it will be well to say, was a widower, and had consequently one to cook his victuals for him, supposing he had ar which was not always the case, Sylvester's affairs bei seldom in a prosperous state. He was noted for h had success in trafficking, notwithstanding the mar hints which he received from Jasper, under whose pr tection he had placed himself, even as Tawno Chuk had done, who himself, as the reader has heard on former occasion, was anything but a wealthy subjec though he was at all times better off than Sylvester, th Lazarus of the Rómany tribe.

All our party ate with a good appetite, except myself, who, feeling rather melancholy that day, had little desir to eat. I did not, like the others, partake of the pork but got my dinner entirely off the body of a squirre which had been shot the day before by a chal of the name of Piramus, who, besides being a good shot, wa celebrated for his skill in playing on the fiddle. During the dinner a horn filled with ale passed frequently round,

THE ROMANY RYE.

"O mifry dye a boro rye,
 A bovalo rye, a gorgiko rye,
 Sos kustur pré a pellengo grye.
 "Twas yov sos kerdo man cambri."
 "Tu tawnie vassavie lubbeny,
 Tu chal from mure tan abri;
 Had a Romany chal kalr'd tute cambri
 Then I had penn'd ke tute chie,
 But tu shan a vassavie lubbeny
 With gorgikie rat to be cambri."

"There's some kernel in those songs, brother," said Mr. Petulengro, when the songs and music were over.

"Yes," said I, "they are certainly very good songs. I say, Jasper, I hope you have not been baulor lately."

"And suppose we have, brother, what then?"

"Why, it is a very dangerous practice, to be sure, on account of the wickedness of it."

"Necessity has no law, brother."

"That is true," said I, "I have always said so. You are not necessitous, and should not dabble in baulor."

"And who told you we had been drabbing?"

"Why, you have had a banquet of pork and apples; and the banquet Mrs. Chikno sang a song about baulor, so I naturally thought you might have been engaged in such a thing."

"Brother, you occasionally utter a word of common sense. It was natural for you to suppose that dinner of pork, and hearing that we had been drabbing baulor; I will now tell you we have not been doing so. What have you to say to that?"

"That I am very glad of it."

"Had you tasted that pork, brother, you would have found that it was sweet and tasty, which baulor is drabbed can hardly be expected to be. When we are to dabble in baulor at present, we have no choice; but necessity has no law. Our forefathers

THE ROMANY RYE.

"Then there's your wife's name, Pakomovna; then there's Ursula and Morella."

"Then, brother, there's Ercilla."

"Ercilla; the name of the great poet of Spain, how wonderful; then Leviathan."

"The name of a ship, brother; Leviathan was named after a ship, so don't make a wonder out of her. But there's Sanpriel and Synfyne."

"Ay, and Clementina and Lavinia, Camillia and Lydia, Curlanda and Orlanda; wherever did they get those names?"

"Where did my wife get her necklace, brother?"

"She knows best, Jasper. I hope . . ."

"Come, no hoping! She got it from her grandmother, who died at the age of a hundred and three, and sleeps in Coggeshall churchyard. She got it from her mother, who also died very old, and who could give no other account of it than that it had been in the family time out of mind."

"Whence could they have got it?"

"Why, perhaps where they got their names, brother. A gentleman, who had travelled much, once told me that he had seen the sister of it about the neck of an Indian queen."

"Some of your names, Jasper, appear to be church names; your own, for example, and Ambrose, and Sylvester; perhaps you got them from the Papists, in the times of Popery; but where did you get such a name as Piramus, a name of Grecian romance? Then some of them appear to be Slavonian, for example, Mikailia and Pakomovna. I don't know much of Slavonian; but . . ."

"What is Slavonian, brother?"

"The family name of certain nations, the principal of which is the Russian, and from which the word slave is originally derived. You have heard of the Russians, Jasper?"

"Yes, brother, and seen some. I saw their crafts at the time of the peace, he was not a bad-looking man for a Russian."

very broad rims, and the nap exceedingly long. As for myself, I was dressed in much the same manner as that in which I departed from London, having on, in honour of the day, a shirt perfectly clean, having washed one on purpose for the occasion, with my own hands, the day before, in the pond of tepid water in which the newts and efts were in the habit of taking their pleasure. We proceeded for upwards of a mile, by footpaths through meadows and corn-fields; we crossed various stiles; at last passing over one, we found ourselves in a road, wending along which for a considerable distance, we at last came in sight of a church, the bells of which had been tolling distinctly in our ears for some time; before, however, we reached the churchyard the bells had ceased their melody. It was surrounded by lofty beech-trees of brilliant green foliage. We entered the gate, Mrs. Petulengro leading the way, and proceeded to a small door near the east end of the church. As we advanced, the sound of singing within the church rose upon our ears. Arrived at the small door, Mrs. Petulengro opened it and entered, followed by Tawno Chikno. I myself went last of all, following Mr. Petulengro, who, before I entered, turned round and, with a significant nod, advised me to take care how I behaved. The part of the church which we had entered was the chancel; on one side stood a number of venerable old men—probably the neighbouring poor—and on the other a number of poor girls belonging to the village school, dressed in white gowns and straw bonnets, whom two elegant but simply dressed young women were superintending. Every voice seemed to be united in singing a certain anthem, which, notwithstanding it was written neither by Tate nor Brady, contains some of the sublimest words which were ever put together, not the worst of which are those which burst on our ears as we entered.

" Every eye shall now behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at naught and sold Him,
 Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,

Deeply walling,
Shall the true Messiah see."

Still following Mrs. Petulengro, we proceeded down the chancel and along the aisle; notwithstanding the singing, I could distinctly hear as we passed many a voice whispering, "Here come the gypsies! here come the gypsies!" I felt rather embarrassed, with a somewhat awkward doubt as to where we were to sit; none of the occupiers of the pews, who appeared to consist almost entirely of farmers, with their wives, sons, and daughters, opened a door to admit us. Mrs. Petulengro, however, appeared to feel not the least embarrassment, but tripped along the aisle with the greatest nonchalance. We passed under the pulpit, in which stood the clergyman in his white surplice, and reached the middle of the church, where we were confronted by the sexton dressed in long blue coat, and holding in his hand a wand. This functionary motioned towards the lower end of the church, where were certain benches, partly occupied by poor people and boys. Mrs. Petulengro, however, with a toss of her head, directed her course to a magnificent pew, which was unoccupied, which she opened and entered, followed closely by Tawno Chikno, Mr. Petulengro, and myself. The sexton did not appear by any means to approve of the arrangement, and as I stood next the door laid his finger on my arm, as if to intimate that myself and companions must quit our aristocratical location. I said nothing, but directed my eyes to the clergyman, who uttered a short and expressive cough; the sexton looked at him for a moment, and then, bowing his head, closed the door—in a moment more the music ceased, I took up a prayer-book, on which was engraved an earl's coronet. The clergyman uttered, "I will arise, and go to my father." England's sublime liturgy had commenced.

Oh, what feelings came over me on finding myself again in an edifice devoted to the religion of my country! I had not been in such a place I cannot tell for how long—certainly not for years; and now I had found

my way there again, it appeared as if I had fallen asleep in the pew of the old church of pretty D——. I had occasionally done so when a child, and had suddenly woke up. Yes, surely I had been asleep and had woken up; but no! alas, no! I had not been asleep—at least not in the old church—if I had been asleep I had been walking in my sleep, struggling, striving, learning, and unlearning in my sleep. Years had rolled away whilst I had been asleep—ripe fruit had fallen, green fruit had come on whilst I had been asleep—how circumstances had altered, and above all myself, whilst I had been asleep. No, I had not been asleep in the old church! I was in a pew, it is true, but not the pew of black leather, in which I sometimes fell asleep in days of yore, but in a strange pew, and then my companions, they were no longer those of days of yore. I was no longer with my respectable father and mother, and my dear brother, but with the gypsy cral and his wife, and the gigantic Tawno, the Antinous of the dusky people. And what was I myself? No longer an innocent child, but a moody man, bearing in my face, as I knew well, the marks of my strivings and strugglings, of what I had learned and unlearned; nevertheless, the general aspect of things brought to my mind what I had felt and seen of yore. There was difference enough it is true, but still there was a similarity—at least I thought so,—the church, the clergyman, and the clerk differing in many respects from those of pretty D—— put me strangely in mind of them; and then the words!—by-the-bye, was it not the magic of the words which brought the dear enchanting past so powerfully before the mind of Lavengro? for the words were the same sonorous words of high import which had first made an impression on his childish ear in the old church of pretty D——.

The liturgy was now over, during the reading of which my companions behaved in a most unexceptional manner, sitting down and rising up when other people sat down and rose, and holding in their hands prayer-books which

they found in the pew, into which they stared intently though I observed that, with the exception of Mrs. Petulengro, who knew how to read a little, they held the books by the top, and not the bottom, as is the usual way. The clergyman now ascended the pulpit, arrayed in his black gown. The congregation composed themselves to attention, as did also my companions, who fixed their eyes upon the clergyman with a certain strange immovable stare, which I believe to be peculiar to their race. The clergyman gave out his text, and began to preach. He was a tall, gentlemanly man, seemingly between fifty and sixty, with greyish hair; his features were very handsome, but with a somewhat melancholy cast: the tones of his voice were rich and noble, but also with somewhat of melancholy in them. The text which he gave out was the following one, "In what would a man be profited, provided he gained the whole world, and lost his own soul?"

And on this text the clergyman preached long and well: he did not read his sermon, but spoke it extempore; his doing so rather surprised and offended me at first; I was not used to such a style of preaching in a church devoted to the religion of my country. I compared it within my mind with the style of preaching *used by the high-church rector in the old church of pretty D—*, and I thought to myself it was very different, and being very different I did not like it, and I thought to myself how scandalised the people of D— would have been had they heard it, and I figured to myself how indignant the high-church clerk would have been had any clergyman got up in the church of D— and preached in such a manner. Did it not savour strongly of dissent, methodism, and similar low stuff? Surely it did; why, the Methodist I had heard preach on the heath above the old city, preached in the same manner: at least he preached extempore; ay, and something like the present clergyman, for the Methodist spoke very fully and with great feeling, and so did the present clergyman; so I, of course, felt rather offended with

the clergyman for speaking with zeal and feeling. However, long before the sermon was over, I forgot the offence which I had taken, and listened to the sermon with much admiration, for the eloquence and powerful reasoning with which it abounded.

Oh, how eloquent he was, when he talked of the inestimable value of a man's soul, which he said endured forever, whilst his body, as every one knew, lasted at most for a very contemptible period of time; and how forcibly he reasoned on the folly of a man, who, for the sake of gaining the whole world—provided he gain it in the way we're going, he said, which provided him not frequent aggregation losses for a part of the time, during which he may lose his brother, or even himself—he are engaged with unceasingly with an insatiable portion of his life misery time without end.

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The "C" was one part of his sermon which struck me in a very particular manner. he said, "That there were some people who gained something in return for their souls; if they did not get the whole world, they got a part of it—lands, wealth, honour, or renown; mere trifles, he allowed, in comparison with the value of a man's soul, which is destined either to enjoy delight, or suffer tribulation time without end; but which, in the eyes of the worldly, had a certain value, and which afforded a certain pleasure and satisfaction. But there were also others who lost their souls, and got nothing for them—neither lands, wealth, renown, nor consideration, who were poor outcasts, and despised by everybody. My friends," he added, "if the man is a fool who barter his soul for the whole world, what a fool he must be who barter his soul for nothing."

The eyes of the clergyman, as he uttered these words, wandered around the whole congregation; and when he had concluded them, the eyes of the whole congregation were turned upon my companions and myself.

CHAPTER IX

Return from Church—The Cuckoo and Gypsy— Spiritual Discourse.

THE service over, my companions and myself returned towards the encampment by the 11th grey-came. Some of the humble part of the conout with laughed and joked at us as we passed. Mr. Juv voice wero his wife, however, returned their laughs ad ~~g~~ *planchody* interest. As for Tawno and myself, we said nothing. Tawno, like most handsome fellows, having very little to say for himself at any time, and myself though not handsome, not being particularly skilful at repartee. Some boys followed us for a considerable time, making all kinds of observations about gypsies, but as we walked at a great pace, we gradually left them behind, and at last lost sight of them. Mrs. Petulengro and Tawno hknow walked together even as they had come, whilst Mr. Petulengro and myself followed at a little distance.

"That was a very fine preacher we heard," said I to Mr. Petulengro, after we had crossed the stile into the eld.

"Very fine indeed, brother," said Mr. Petulengro, "he is talked of far and wide for his sermons; I like say that there is scarcely another like him in the whole of England."

"He looks rather remarkably like you."

"He has been a few years ago, when they say was one of the most beautiful women ever seen. They say that it was good for her face that noble lady came out smiling as a penitent. But, I think he was a gentleman, he was never heard of as a penitent before. He had his wife, some time had some money, had some

with the preaching of the clergyman of M . . . , as they called him. Those two nice young gentlewomen, whom you saw with the female chulder, are his daughters."

"You seem to know all about him, Jasper. Did you ever hear him preach before?"

"Never, brother; but he has frequently been to our tent, and his daughters too, and given us tracts; for he is one of the people they call Evangelicals, who give folks tracts which they cannot read."

"You should learn to read, Jasper."

"We have no time, brother."

"Are you not frequently idle?"

"Never, brother; when we are not engaged in our traffic, we are engaged in taking our relaxation. so we have no time to learn."

"You really should make an effort. If you were disposed to learn to read, I would endeavour to assist you. You would be all the better for knowing how to read."

"In what way, brother?"

"Why, you could read the Scriptures, and, by so doing, learn your duty towards your fellow-creatures."

"We know that already, brother; the constables and justices have contrived to knock that tolerably into our heads."

"Yet you frequently break the laws?"

"So, I believe, do now and then those who know how to read, brother."

"Very true, Jasper; but you really ought to learn to read, as, by so doing, you might learn your duty towards yourselves: and your chief duty is to take care of your own souls; did not the preacher say, 'In what is a man profited, provided he gain the whole world'?"

"We have not much of the world, brother."

"Very little indeed, Jasper. Did you not observe how the eyes of the whole congregation were turned towards our pew when the preacher said, 'There are some people who lose their souls, and get nothing in exchange; who are outcast, despised, and miserable'?"

Now, was not what he said quite applicable to the gypsies ? "

" We are not miserable, brother."

" Well, then, you ought to be, Jasper. Have you an inch of ground of your own ? Are you the least use Are you not spoken ill of by everybody ? What's gypsy ? "

" What's the bird noising yonder, brother ? "

" The bird ! Oh, that's the cuckoo tolling ; but what has the cuckoo to do with the matter ? "

" We'll see, brother ; what's the cuckoo ? "

" What is it ? you know as much about it as myself Jasper."

" Isn't it a kind of roguish, chaffing bird, brother ? "

" I believe it is, Jasper."

" Nobody knows whence it comes, brother ? "

" I believe not, Jasper "

" Very poor, brother, not a nest of its own ? "

" So they say, Jasper."

" With every person's bad word, brother ? "

" Yes, Jasper, every person is mocking it "

" Tolerably merry, brother ? "

" Yes, tolerably merry, Jasper."

" Of no use at all, brother ? "

" None whatever, Jasper."

" You would be glad to get rid of the cuckoo, brother ? "

" Why, not exactly, Jasper ; the cuckoo is a pleasant, funny bird, and its presence and voice give a great charm to the green trees and fields, no, I can't say I wish exactly to get rid of the cuckoo "

" Well, brother, what's a Romany chaf ? "

" You must answer that question yourself, Jasper."

" A roguish, chaffing fellow, a'n't he, brother ? "

" Ay, ay, Jasper."

" Of no use at all, brother ? "

" Just so, Jasper ; I see . . . "

" Something very much like a cuckoo, brother ? "

" I see what you are after, Jasper."

" You would like to get rid of us, wouldn't you ? "

" Why, no, not exactly."

" We are no ornament to the green lanes in spring and summer time, are we, brother ? and the voices of our chies, with their cukkerin and dukkerin, don't help to make them pleasant ? "

" I see what you are at, Jasper "

" You would wish to turn the cuckoos into barn-door fowls, wouldn't you ? "

" Can't say I should, Jasper, whatever some people might wish "

" And the chals and chies into radical weavers and factory wenches, hey, brother ? "

" Can't say that I should, Jasper. You are certainly a picturesque people, and in many respects an ornament both to town and country, painting and hi writing too are under great obligations to you. What pretty pictures are made out of your campings and groupings, and what pretty books have been written in which gypsies, or at least creatures intended to represent gypsies, have been the principal figures ! I think if we were without you, we should begin to miss you."

" Just as you would the cuckoos, if they were all converted into barn-door fowls. I tell you what, brother frequently as I have sat under a hedge in spring or summer time, and heard the cuckoo, I have thought that we chals and cuckoos are alike in many respects, but especially in character. Every body speaks ill of us both, and everybody is glad to see both of us again "

" Yes, Jasper, but there is some difference between men and cuckoos ; men have souls, Jasper ! "

" And why not cuckoos, brother ? "

" You should not talk so, Jasper ; what you say is little short of blasphemny. How should a bird have a soul ? "

" And how should a man ? "

" Oh, we know very well that a man has a soul."

" How do you know it ? "

" We know very well."

"Would you take your oath of it, brother—bodily bath?"

"Why, I think I might, Jasper!"

"Did you ever see the soul, brother?"

"No, I never saw it."

"Then how could you swear to it? A pretty fig you would make in a court of justice, to swear to a thing which you never saw. Hold up your head, fellow. When and where did you see it? Now upon your oath, fellow, do you mean to say that this Roman stole donkey's foal? Oh, there's no one for cross-question like Counsellor P . . . Our people when they are a hobble always like to employ him, though he is sometimes dear. Now, brother, how can you get over it upon your oath, fellow, will you say that you have seen the soul?"

"Well, we will take no oaths on the subject; but you yourself believe in the soul. I have heard you say that you believe in dukkerin; now what is dukkerin but the soul science?"

"When did I say that I believed in it?"

"Why, after that fight, when you pointed to the bloody mark in the cloud, whilst he you wot of was galloping in the barouche to the old town, amidst the rain-cataracts, the thunder, and flame of heaven."

"I have some kind of remembrance of it, brother."

"Then, again, I heard you say that the dook of Abershaw rode every night on horseback down the wooden hill."

"I say, brother, what a wonderful memory you have!"

"I wish I had not, Jasper, but I can't help it; it is my misfortune."

"Misfortune! well, perhaps it is; at any rate it is very ungenteel to have such a memory. I have heard my wife say that to show you have a long memory looks very vulgar; and that you can't give a greater proof of gentility than by forgetting a thing as soon as possible, more especially a promise, or an acquaintance when it happens to be shabby. Well, brother, I don't deny

that I may have said that I believe in dukkerin, and in Abershaw's dook, which you say is his soul; but what I believe one moment, or say I believe, don't be certain that I shall believe the next, or say I do."

"Indeed, Jasper, I heard you say on a previous occasion, on quoting a piece of a song, that when a man dies he is cast into the earth, and there's an end of him."

"I did, did I? Lor', what a memory you have, brother. But you are not sure that I hold that opinion now."

"Certainly not, Jasper. Indeed, after such a sermon as we have been hearing, I should be very shocked if you held such an opinion."

"However, brother, don't be sure I do not, however shocking such an opinion may be to you."

"What an incomprehensible people you are, Jasper."

"We are rather so, brother; indeed, we have posed wiser heads than yours before now."

"You seem to care for so little, and yet you rove about a distinct race."

"I say, brother!"

"Yes, Jasper."

"What do you think of our women?"

"They have certainly very singular names, Jasper."

"Names! Lavengro! But, brother, if you had been as fond of things as of names, you would never have been a pal of ours."

"What do you mean, Jasper?"

"A'n't they rum animals?"

"They have tongues of their own, Jasper."

"Did you ever feel their teeth and nails, brother?"

"Never, Jasper, save Mrs. Herne's. I have always been very civil to them, so . . ."

"They let you alone. I say, brother, some part of the secret is in them."

"They seem rather flighty, Jasper."

"Ay, ay, brother!"

"Rather fond of loose discourse!"

"Rather so, brother."

"Can you always trust them, Jasper?"

"We never watch them, brother."

"Can they always trust you?"

"Not quite so well as we can them. However get on very well together, except Mikasia and her band; but Mikasia is a cripple, and is married to beauty of the world, so she may be expected to be jealous—though he would not part with her for a ducal no more than I would part with my rawnie, nor other chal with his."

"Ay, but would not the chl part with the chal a duke, Jasper?"

"My Pakomovna gave up the duke for me, brother."

"But she occasionally talks of him, Jasper."

"Yes, brother, but Pakomovna was born on a comu not far from the sign of the gammon."

"Gammon of bacon, I suppose."

"Yes, brother; but gammon likewise means . . ."

"I know it does, Jasper; it means fun, ridicule, jest—it is an ancient Norse word, and is found in the Edda."

"Lor', brother! how learned in his you are!"

"Many words of Norse are to be found in our vul sayings, Jasper; for example—in that particularly vul saying of ours, 'Your mother is up,' there's a no Norse word; mother, there, meaning not the fem who bore us, but rage and choler, as I discovered reading the Sagas, Jasper."

"Lor', brother! how book-learned you be."

"Indifferently so, Jasper. Then you think you might trust your wife with the duke?"

"I think I could, brother, or even with yourself."

"Myself, Jasper! Oh, I never troubled my head about your wife; but I suppose there have been loose affairs between gorgios and Romany chiefs. Why, novels are stuffed with such matters; and then even one of your own songs says so—the song which Ursula was singing the other afternoon."

"That is somewhat of an old song, brother, and

sung by the chies as a warning at our solemn festivals."

"Well! but there's your sister-in-law, Ursula, herself, Jasper."

"Ursula, herself, brother?"

"You were talking of my having her, Jasper."

"Well, brother, why didn't you have her?"

"Would she have had me?"

"Of course, brother. You are so much of a Roman, and speak Romany so remarkably well."

"Poor thing! she looks very innocent!"

"Remarkably so, brother! However, though not born on the same common with my wife, she knows a thing or two of Roman matters."

"I should like to ask her a question or two, Jasper, in connection with that song."

"You can do no better, brother. Here we are at the camp. After tea, take Ursula under a hedge, and ask her a question or two in connection with that song."

CHAPTER X

*Sunday Evening—Ursula—Action at Law—
Meridiana—Married already.*

I took tea that evening with Mr. and Mrs. Petu and Ursula, outside of their tent. Tawno was present, being engaged with his wife in his own nacle; Sylvester was there, however, lolling list upon the ground. As I looked upon this man, I th him one of the most disagreeable fellows I had seen. His features were ugly, and, moreover, as as pepper; and, besides being dark, his skin was . As for his dress, it was torn and sordid. His chest broad, and his arms seemed powerful; but, upon whole, he looked a very caitiff. "I am sorry that has lost his wife," thought I; "for I am sure he never get another. What surprises me is, that he found a woman disposed to unite her lot with his!"

After tea I got up and strolled about the field. thoughts were upon Isopel Berners. I wondered w she was, and how long she would stay away. At le becoming tired and listless, I determined to return the dingle, and resume the reading of the Bible at place where I had left off. "What better could I methought, "on a Sunday evening?" I was then the wood which surrounded the dingle, but at that which was farthest from the encampment, which st near the entrance. Suddenly, on turning round southern corner of the copse, which surrounded dingle, I perceived Ursula seated under a thorn-b thought I never saw her look prettier than th as she was in her Sunday's best.

"Good evening, Ursula," said I; "I little thought to have the pleasure of seeing you here."

"Nor would you, brother," said Ursula, "had not Jasper told me that you had been talking about me, and wanted to speak to me under a hedge; so, hearing that, I watched your motions, and came here and sat down."

"I was thinking of going to my quarters in the dingle, to read the Bible, Ursula, but . . ."

"Oh, pray then, go to your quarters, brother, and read the Midnveleskoe hl; you can speak to me under a hedge some other time."

"I think I will sit down with you, Ursula; for, after all, reading godly books in dingles at eve is rather sombre work. Yes, I think I will sit down with you;" and I sat down by her side.

"Well, brother, now you have sat down with me under the hedge, what have you to say to me?"

"Why, I hardly know, Ursula."

"Not know, brother; a pretty fellow you to ask young women to come and sit with you under hedges, and, when they come, not know what to say to them."

"Oh! ah! I remember; do you know, Ursula, that I take a great interest in you?"

"Thank ye, brother; kind of you, at any rate."

"You must be exposed to a great many temptations, Ursula?"

"A great many indeed, brother. It is hard to see fine things, such as shawls, gold watches, and chains in the shops, behind the big glasses, and to know that they are not intended for one. Many's the time I have been tempted to make a dash at them; but I bethought myself that by so doing I should cut my hands, besides being almost certain of being grabbed and sent across the gull's bath to the foreign country."

"Then you think gold and fine things temptations, Ursula?"

"Of course, brother, very great temptations; don't you think them so?"

"My name is Ursula, brother, and not Lucretia: Lucretia is not of our family, but one of the Bucklands; she travels about Oxfordshire; yet I am as good as she any day."

"Lucretia! how odd! Where could she have got that name? Well, I make no doubt, Ursula, that you are quite as good as she, and she as her namesake of ancient Rome; but there is a mystery in this same virtue, Ursula, which I cannot fathom; how a thief and a liar should be able, or indeed willing, to preserve her virtue is what I don't understand. You confess that you are very fond of gold. Now, how is it that you don't barter your virtue for gold sometimes? I am a philosopher, Ursula, and like to know everything. You must be every now and then exposed to great temptation, Ursula; for you are of a beauty calculated to captivate all hearts. Come, sit down and tell me how you are enabled to resist such a temptation as gold and fine clothes."

"Well, brother," said Ursula, "as you say you mean no harm, I will sit down beside you, and enter into discourse with you; but I will uphold that you are the wickedest man that I ever came nigh, and say the coarsest things."

And thereupon Ursula sat down by my side.

"Well, Ursula, we will, if you please, discourse on the subject of your temptations. I suppose that you travel very much about, and show your self in all kinds of places?"

"In all kinds, brother. I travel, as you say, very much about, attend to fairs and races, and enters booths and public-houses, where I tells to tivers, and sometimes dances and sings."

"As I do not people often address you in a very free manner?"

"Frequently, brother; and I give them tolerably free answers."

"Do people ever offer to make you presents? I mean presents of value, such as . . ."

"Silk handkerchiefs, shawls, and trinkets; very frequently, brother."

"And what do you do, Ursula?"

"I take what people offers me, brother, and stows it away as soon as I can."

"Well, but don't people expect something for their presents? I don't mean dukkerin, dancing, and the like; but such a moderate and innocent thing as a choomer, Ursula?"

"Innocent thing, do you call it, brother?"

"The world calls it so, Ursula. Well, do the people who give you the fine things never expect a choomer in return?"

"Very frequently, brother."

"And do you ever grant it?"

"Never, brother."

"How do you avoid it?"

"I gets away as soon as possible, brother. If they follows me, I tries to baffle them, by means of jests and laughter; and if they persist, I uses bad and terrible language, of which I have plenty in store."

"But if your terrible language has no effect?"

"Then I screams for the constable, and if he comes not, I uses my teeth and nails."

"And are they always sufficient?"

"I have only had to use them twice, brother; but then I found them sufficient."

"But suppose the person who followed you was highly agreeable, Ursula? A handsome young officer of local militia, for example, all dressed in Lincoln green, would you still refuse him the choomer?"

"We makes no difference, brother; the daughters of the gypsy-father makes no difference; and, what's more, sees none."

"Well, Ursula, the world will hardly give you credit for such indifference."

"What cares we for the world, brother! we are not of the world."

"But your fathers, brothers, and uncles credit, I suppose, Ursula?"

"Ay, ay, brother, our fathers, brothers gives us all manner of credit; for example, lying and dukkerin in a public-house where or coko—perhaps both—are playing on well, my batu and my coko beholds me; public-house crew, talking nonsense and sense; but they are under no apprehension; presently they sees the good-looking officer in his greens and Lincolns, get up and give and I go out with him abroad, into the perhaps; well, my batu and my coko goes just as if I were six miles off asleep in the dark street with the local and his Lincolns and his greens."

"They know they can trust you, Ursula."

"Ay, ay, brother; and, what's more, I trust myself."

"So you would merely go out to make a fool of him, Ursula?"

"Merely go out to make a fool of him, assure you."

"But such proceedings really have an Ursula."

"Amongst gorgios, very so, brother."

"Well, it must be rather unpleasant to character even amongst gorgios, Ursula; as the officer, out of revenge for being tricked by you, were to say of you the thing that is to meet you on the race-course the next day, of receiving favours which he never had, and of jeering militia-men, how would you proceed would you not be abashed?"

"By no means, brother; I should bring in law against him."

"Your action at law, Ursula?"

"Yes, brother; I should give a whistle, and my own police and batu, and all my next of

relations, would leave their fiddling, dukkerin, and horse-dealing, and come flocking about me. 'What's the matter, Ursula?' says my koko. 'Nothing at all,' I replies, 'save and except that gorgio, in his greens and his Lincolns, says that I have played the . . . with him.' 'Oho, he does, Ursula,' says my koko; 'try your action of law against him, my larab,' and he puts something privily into my hands; whereupon I goes close up to the grinning gorgio, and staring him in the face, with my head pushed forward, I cries out. 'You say I did what was wrong with you last night when I was out with you abroad?' 'Yes,' says the local officer, 'I says you did,' looking down all the time. 'You are a bar,' says I, and forthwith I breaks his head with the stick which I holds behind me, and which my koko has conveyed privily into my hand."

"And this is your action at law, Ursula?"

"Yes, brother, this is my action at club-law."

"And would your breaking the fellow's head quite clear you of all suspicion in the eyes of your batus, kokos, and what not?"

"They would never suspect me at all, brother, because they would know that I would never condescend to be over intimate with a gorgio; the breaking the head would be merely intended to justify Ursula in the eyes of the gorgios."

"And would it clear you in their eyes?"

"Would it not, brother? When they saw the blood running down from the fellow's cracked poll on his greens and Lincolns, they would be quite satisfied, why, the fellow would not be able to show his face at fair or merry-making for a year and three quarters."

"Did you ever try it, Ursula?"

"Can't say I ever did, brother, but it would do."

"And how did you ever learn such a method of proceeding?"

"Why, 'tis advised by gypsy liri, brother. It's part of our way of settling difficulties amongst ourselves, for example, if a young koman were to say the thing

which is not respecting Ursula and himself, Ursula would call a great meeting of the people, who would all sit down in a ring, the young fellow amongst them a coko would then put a stick in Ursula's hand, who would then get up and go to the young fellow, and say 'Did I play the . . . with you?' and were he to say 'Yes,' she would crack his head before the eyes of all."

"Well," said I, "Ursula, I was bred an apprentice to gorgio law, and of course ought to stand up for it whenever I conscientiously can, but I must say the gypsy manner of bringing an action for defamation is much less tedious, and far more satisfactory, than the gorgiko one. I wish you now to clear up a certain point which is rather mysterious to me. You say that for a Romany chi to do what is unseemly with a gorgio is quite out of the question, yet only the other day I heard you singing a song in which a Romany chi confesses herself to be cambri by a grand gorgeous gentleman."

"A sad let down," said Ursula.

"Well," said I, "sad or not, there's the song that speaks of the things which you give me to understand is not."

"Well, if the thing ever was," said Ursula, "it was a long time ago, and perhaps, after all, not true."

"Then why do you sing the song?"

"I'll tell you, brother: we sings the song now and then to be a warning to ourselves to have as little to do as possible in the way of acquaintance with the gorgios; and a warning it is. You see how the young woman in the song was driven out of her tent by her mother, with all kind of disgrace and bad language; but you don't know that she was afterwards buried alive by her cokos and pals, in an uninhabited place. The song doesn't say it, but the story says it; for there is a story about it, though, as I said before, it was a long time ago, and perhaps, after all, wasn't true."

"But if such a thing were to happen at present, would the cokos and pals bury the girl alive?"

"I can't say what they would do," said Ursula. "I suppose they are not so strict as they were long ago; at any rate she would be driven from the tan, and avoided by all her family and relations as a gorgio's acquaintance, so that, perhaps, at last, she would be glad if they would bury her alive."

"Well, I can conceive that there would be an objection on the part of the cokos and batus that a Romany chi should form an improper acquaintance with a gorgio, but I should think that the batus and cokos could hardly object to the chi's entering into the honourable estate of wedlock with a gorgio."

Ursula was silent.

"Marriage is an honourable estate, Ursula."

"Well, brother, suppose it be?"

"I don't see why a Romany chi should object to enter into the honourable estate of wedlock with a gorgio."

"You don't, brother; don't you?"

"No," said I, "and, moreover, I am aware, notwithstanding your evasion, Ursula, that marriages and connections now and then occur between gorgios and Romany chies; the result of which is the mixed breed, called half-and-half, which is at present travelling about England, and to which the Flaming Tinnan belongs, otherwise called Anselo Herne."

"As for the half-and-halves," said Ursula, "they're a bad set; and there is not a worse blackguard in England than Anselo Herne."

"All what you say may be very true, Ursula, but you admit that there are half-and-halves."

"The more's the pity, brother."

"Pity or not, you admit the fact; but how do you account for it?"

"How do you account for it? why, I will tell you, the break up of a Roman family, brother,—the father of a small family dies, and perhaps the mother; and the poor children are left behind; sometimes they're gathered up by their relations, and sometimes, if

"They have more by choice," he replied, who bring themselves up to the observance of gypsy law. But some of them they are out on their own, and fall into the company of gipsies, travellers, and fashion-makers, who live in association with whom they take up and so I have to talk of the master teacher. But as regards this man of the East and South."

"Then you mean to say, Ursula, that no Romany girl, unless compelled to, and necessity would have anything to do with a gipsy."

"We are not over kind to gipsies, brother, and we have a great number and like that are in Ireland."

"Well, and I suppose a gipsy who is not a fashion-maker, a fine handsome gipsy gentleman, who lives in a fine house."

"We are not fond of houses, brother. I never slept in a house in my life."

"But would not plenty of money induce you?"

"I like houses, brother, and those who live in them."

"Well, suppose such a person were willing to resign his fine house, and, for love of you, to adopt gypsy law, speak Romany, and live in a tan, would you have nothing to say to him?"

"Bringing plenty of money with him, brother?"

"Well, bringing plenty of money with him, Ursula."

"Well, brother, suppose you procure your man; where is he?"

"I was merely supposing such a person, Ursula."

"Then you don't know of such a person, brother?"

"Why, no, Ursula, why do you ask?"

"Because, brother, I was almost beginning to think that you meant yourself."

"Myself, Ursula! I have no fine house to resign; nor have I money. Moreover, Ursula, though I have a great regard for you, and though I consider you very handsome, quite as handsome, indeed, as Meridiana in . . ."

"Meridiana! where did you meet with?" said Ursula, with a toss of her head.

"Why, in old Pulci's . . ."

"At old Fulcher's! that's not true, brother Meridiana is a Borzlam, and travels with her own people, and not with old Fulcher, who is a gorgio and a basketmaker."

"I was not speaking of old Fulcher, but Pulci, a great Italian writer, who lived many hundred years ago, and who, in his poem called the 'Morgante Maggiore,' speaks of Meridiana, the daughter of . . ."

"Old Carus Borzlam," said Ursula; "but if the fellow you mentioned lived so many hundred years ago, how, in the name of wonder, could he know anything of Meridiana?"

"The wonder, Ursula, is, how your people could ever have got hold of that name, and similar ones. The Meridiana of Pulci was not the daughter of old Carus Borzlam, but of Caradoro, a great pagan king of the East, who, being besieged in his capital by Man-redonio, another mighty pagan king, who wished to obtain possession of his daughter, who had refused him, was relieved in his distress by certain paladins of Charlemagne, with one of whom, Oliver, his daughter Meridiana fell in love."

"I see," said Ursula, "that it must have been altogether a different person, for I am sure that Meridiana Borzlam would never have fallen in love with Oliver. Oliver! why, that is the name of the curomengro who lost the fight near the chong gav, the day of the great empest, when I got wet through. No, no! Meridiana Borzlam would never have so far forgot her blood as to take up with Tom Oliver."

"I was not talking of that Oliver, Ursula, but of Oliver, peer of France, and paladin of Charlemagne, with whom Meridiana, daughter of Caradoro, fell in love, and for whose sake she renounced her religion and became a Christian, and finally ingravidata, or ambri, by him:—

*"E nacque un figliuol, dice la storia,
Che dette a Carlo-mem poi gran vittoria."*

high means . . ."

uncivil, brother; I was only twenty-two last month."

"Don't be offended, Ursula, but twenty-two ; twenty-two, or I should rather say, that twenty-two in a woman is more than twenty-six in a man. You are still very beautiful, but I advise you to accept the first offer that's made to you."

"Thank you, brother, but your advice comes rather late; I accepted the first offer that was made me five years ago."

"You married five years ago, Ursula? is it possible?"

"Quite possible, brother, I assure you."

"And how came I to know nothing about it?"

"How comes it that you don't know many thousand things about the Romans, brother? Do you think they tell you all their affairs?"

"Married, Ursula, married! well, I declare!"

"You seem disappointed, brother."

"Disappointed! Oh, no! not at all, but Jasper, only a few weeks ago, told me that you were not married; and, indeed, almost gave me to understand that you would be very glad to get a husband."

"And you believed him? I'll tell you, brother, for your instruction, that there is not in the whole world a greater liar than Jasper Petulengro."

"I am sorry to hear it, Ursula; but with respect to him you married—who might he be? A gorgio, or a Romany chal?"

"Gorgio, or a Romany chal? Do you think I would ever condescend to a gorgio? It was a Camomescro, brother, a Lovell, a distant relation of my own."

"And where is he; and what became of him? Have you any family?"

"Don't think I am going to tell you all my history, brother; and, to tell you the truth, I am tired of sitting under hedges with you, talking nonsense. I shall go to my house."

"Do sit a little longer, sister Ursula. I most heartily congratulate you on your marriage. But where is this

I then took on wonderfully, turned my eyes inside out, fell down in a seeming fit, and was carried out of the prison. That same night my husband sawed his irons off, cut through the bars of his window, and dropping down a height of fifty feet, lighted on his legs, and came and joined me on a heath where I camped alone. We were just getting things ready to be off, when we heard people coming, and sure enough they were runners after my husband, Launcelot Lovell; for his escape had been discovered within a quarter of an hour after he had got away. My husband, without bidding me farewell, set off at full speed, and they after him, but they could not take him, and so they came back and took me, and shook me, and threatened me, and had me before the poknees, who shook his head at me and threatened me in order to make me discover when my husband was, but I said I did not know, which was true enough; not that I would have told him if I had. So at last the poknees and the runners, not being able to make anything out of me, were obliged to let me go, and I went in search of my husband. I wandered about with my cart for several days in the direction in which I saw him off, with my eyes bent on the ground but could see no marks of him; at last, coming to some cross roads, I saw my husband's patteran."

"You saw your husband's patteran?"

"Yes, brother. Do you know what patteran means? Of course, Ursula; the gypsy trail, the handful of grass which the gypsies strew in the roads as they travel, to give information to any of their companions who may be behind, as to the route they have taken. The gypsy patteran has always had a strange interest for me, Ursula."

"Like enough, brother; but what does patteran mean?"

"Why, the gypsy trail, formed as I told you before."

"And you know nothing more about patteran, brother?"

"Nothing at all, Ursula; do you?"

"What's the name for the leaf of a tree, brother?"

"I don't know," said I; "it's odd enough that I have asked that question of a dozen Romany chals and chies, and they always told me that they did not know."

"No more they did, brother; there's only one person in England that knows, and that's myself—the name for the leaf is patteran. Now there are two that knows it—the other is yourself."

"Dear me, Ursula, how very strange! I am much obliged to you. I think I never saw you look so pretty as you do now; but who told you?"

"My mother, Mrs. Herne, told it me one day, brother, when she was in a good humour, which she very seldom was, as no one has a better right to know than yourself, as she hated you mortally: it was one day when you had been asking our company what was the word for a leaf, and nobody could tell you, that she took me aside and told me, for she was in a good humour, and triumphed in seeing you balked. She told me the word for leaf was patteran, which our people use now or trail, having forgotten the true meaning. She said that the trail was called patteran, because the gypsies of old were in the habit of making the marks with the leaves and branches of trees placed in a certain manner. She said that nobody knew it but herself, who was one of the old sort, and begged me never to tell the word to any one but him I should marry; and to be particularly cautious never to let you know it, whom she hated. Well, brother, perhaps I have done wrong to tell you; but, as I said before, I like you, and am always ready to do your pleasure in words and conversation; my mother, moreover, is dead and gone, and, for thing, will never know anything about the matter. So, when I married, I told my husband about the patteran, and we were in the habit of making our private trail with leaves and branches of trees, which none of the other gypsy people did; so, when I saw my husband's patteran, I knew it at once, and I fol-

lowed it upwards of two hundred miles towards the north; and then I came to a deep, awful-looking water, with an overhanging bank, and on the bank I found a patteran, which directed me to proceed along the bank towards the east, and I followed my husband's patteran towards the east; and before I had gone half a mile, I came to a place where I saw the bank had given way, and fallen into the deep water. Without paying much heed, I passed on, and presently came to a public-house, not far from the water, and I entered the public-house to get a little beer, and perhaps to tell a duker-in, for I saw a great many people about the door; and, when I entered, I found there was what they call an inquest being held upon a body in that house, and the jury had just risen to go and look at the body; and being a woman, and having a curiosity, I thought I would go with them, and so I did; and no sooner did I see the body than I knew it to be my husband's; it was much swelled and altered, but I knew it partly by the clothes, and partly by a mark on the forehead, and I cried out, 'It is my husband's body,' and I fell down in a fit, and the fit that time, brother, was not a seeming one."

"Dear me," said I, "how terrible! but tell me, Ursula, how did your husband come by his death?"

"The bank, overhanging the deep water, gave way under him, brother, and he was drowned, for, like most of our people, he could not swim or only a little. The body, after it had been in the water a long time, came up of itself, and was found floating. Well, brother, when the people of the neighbourhood hear that I was the wife of the drowned man, they were very kind to me, and made a subscription for me with which, after having seen my husband buried, I returned the way I had come, till I met Jasper and his people, and with them I have travelled ever since; I was very melancholy for a long time, I assure you, brother, for the death of my husband pained very much upon my mind."

"His death was certainly a very shocking one, Ursula; but, really, if he had died a natural one, you could scarcely have regretted it, for he appears to have treated you barbarously."

"Women must bear, brother; and, barring that he kicked and beat me, and drove me out to tell dukkerin when I could scarcely stand, he was not a bad husband. A man, by gypsy law, brother, is allowed to kick and beat his wife, and to bury her alive, if he thinks proper. I am a gypsy, and have nothing to say against the law."

"But what has Mikailia Chukno to say about it?"

"She is a cripple, brother, the only cripple amongst the Roman people: so she is allowed to do and say as she pleases. Moreover, her husband does not think fit to kick or beat her, though it is my opinion she would like him all the better if he were occasionally to do so, and threaten to bury her alive; at any rate, she would treat him better, and respect him more."

"Your sister does not seem to stand much in awe of Jasper Petulengro, Ursula."

"Let the matters of my sister and Jasper Petulengro alone, brother; you must travel in their company some time before you can understand them; they are a strange two, up to all kind of chaffing but two more regular Romans don't breathe, and I'll tell you, for your instruction, that there isn't a better mare-breaker in England than Jasper Petulengro, if you can manage Miss Isopel Berners as well as . . ."

"Isopel Berners," said I, "how came you to think of her?"

"How should I but think of her, brother, living as she does with you in Munper's Dingle, and travelling about with you; you will have, brother, more difficulty to manage her, than Jasper has to manage my sister Pakomovna. I should have mentioned her before, only I wanted to know what you had to say to me; and when we got into discourse, I forgot her. I say,

brother, let me tell you your dukkerin, with respect to her, you will never . . ."

"I want to hear no dukkerin, Ursula."

"Do let me tell you your dukkerin, brother, you will never manage . . ."

"I want to hear no dukkerin, Ursula, in connection with Isopel Berners. Moreover, it is Sunday, we will change the subject; it is surprising to me that, after all you have undergone, you should still look so beautiful. I suppose you do not think of marrying again, Ursula?"

"No, brother, one husband at a time is quite enough for any reasonable mort; especially such a good husband as I have got."

"Such a good husband! why, I thought you told me your husband was drowned?"

"Yes, brother, my first husband was."

"And have you a second?"

"To be sure, brother."

"And who is he, in the name of wonder?"

"Who is he? why Sylvester, to be sure."

"I do assure you, Ursula, that I feel disposed to be angry with you; such a handsome young woman as yourself to take up with such a nasty pepper-faced, good-for-nothing . . ."

"I won't hear my husband abused, brother; so you had better say no more."

"Why, is he not 'the Lazarus of the gypsies? has he a penny of his own, Ursula?"

"Then the more his want, brother, of a clever chi like me to take care of him and his childer. I tell you what, brother, I will chore, if necessary, and tell dukkerin for Sylvester, if even so heavy as scarcely to be able to stand. You call him lazy; you would not think him lazy if you were in a ring with him; he is a proper man with his hands; Jasper is going to back him for twenty pounds against Slammoeks of the Chong

v, the brother of Roarer and Bell-metal; he says no doubt that he will win."

"Well, if you like him, I, of course, can have no objection. Have you been long married?"

"About a fortnight, brother; that dinner, the other day, when I sang the song, was given in celebration of the wedding."

"Were you married in a church, Ursula?"

"We were not, brother; none but gorgios, cripples, and lubbenys are ever married in a church, we took each other's words. Brother, I have been with you near three hours beneath this hedge. I will go to my husband."

"Does he know that you are here?"

"He does, brother."

"And is he satisfied?"

"Satisfied! of course. Lor', you gorgios! Brother, I go to my husband and my house." And, thereupon, Ursula rose and departed.

After waiting a little time I also arose; it was now dark, and I thought I could do no better than betake myself to the dingle; at the entrance of it I found Mr. Petulengro. "Well, brother," said he, "what kind of conversation have you and Ursula had beneath the hedge?"

"If you wished to hear what we were talking about, you should have come and sat down beside us; you knew where we were."

"Well, brother, I did much the same, for I went and sat down behind you."

"Behind the hedge, Jasper?"

"Behind the hedge, brother."

"And heard all our conversation?"

"Every word, brother; and a rum conversation it was."

"Tis an old saying, Jasper, that listeners never hear any good of themselves; perhaps you heard the epithet that Ursula bestowed upon you."

"If, by epitaph, you mean that she called me a har, I did, brother, and she was not much wrong, for I certainly do not always stick exactly to truth; you, however, have not much to complain of me."

"You deceived me about Ursula, giving me to understand she was not married."

"She was not married when I told you so, brother that is, not to Sylvester; nor was I aware that she was going to marry him. I once thought you had a kind of regard for her, and I am sure she had as much for you as a Romany chie can have for a gormo. I had expected to have heard you make love to her behind the hedge, but I begin to think you care for nothing in this world but old words and strange stories. Look, to take a young woman under a hedge, and talk to her as you did to Ursula; and yet you got everything out of her that you wanted, with your gammon about old Fulcher and Meridiana. You are a cunning one, brother."

"There you are mistaken, Jasper. I am not cunning. If people think I am, it is because, being made up of art themselves, simplicity of character is a puzzle to them. Your women are certainly extraordinary creatures, Jasper."

"Didn't I say they were rum animals? Brother, we Romans shall always stick together as long as they stick fast to us."

"Do you think they always will, Jasper?"

"Can't say, brother; nothing lasts for ever. Romany chies are Romany chies still, though not exactly what they were sixty years ago. My wife, though a rum one, is not Mrs. Herne, brother. I think she is rather fond of Frenchmen and French discourse. I tell you what, brother, if ever gypsyism breaks up, it will be owing to our chies having been bitten by that mad puppy they calls gentility."

CHAPTER XII

*The Dingle at Night—The two Sides of the Question—
Roman Females—Filling the Kettle—The Dream—
The Tall Figure.*

I DESCENDED to the bottom of the dingle. It was nearly involved in obscurity. To dissipate the feeling of melancholy which came over my mind, I resolved to kindle a fire; and having heaped dry sticks upon my hearth, and added a billet or two, I struck a light, and soon produced a blaze. Sitting down, I fixed my eyes upon the blaze, and soon fell into a deep meditation. I thought of the events of the day, the scene at church, and what I had heard at church, the danger of losing one's soul, the doubts of Jasper Petulegro as to whether one had a soul. I thought over the various arguments which I had either heard, or which had come spontaneously to my mind, for or against the probability of a state of future existence. They appeared to me to be tolerably evenly balanced. I then thought that it was at all events taking the safest part to conclude that there was a soul. It would be a terrible thing, after having passed one's life in the disbelief of the existence of a soul, to wake up after death a soul, and to find one's self a lost soul. Yes, methought I would come to the conclusion that one has a soul. Choosing the safe side, however, appeared to me playing rather a dastardly part. I had never been an admirer of people who chose the safe side in everything; indeed I had always entertained a thorough contempt for them. Surely it would be showing more manhood to adopt the dangerous side, that of disbelief; I almost resolved to do so—but yet in a question of so much importance, I ought not to be guided by vanity. The question was not which was the safe, but the true side? Yet how was I to know which was the true side? Then I thought of the Bible—which I had been

reading in the morning—that spoke of the soul and future state; but was the Bible true? I had heard learned and moral men say that it was true, but I had also heard learned and moral men say that it was not. How was I to decide? Still that balance of probabilities. If I could but see the way of truth, I would follow it if necessary, upon hands and knees; on that I was determined; but I could not see it. Feeling my brain begin to turn round, I resolved to think of something else; and forthwith began to think of what had passed between Ursula and myself in our discourse beneath the hedge.

I mused deeply on what she had told me as to the virtue of the females of her race. How singular that virtue must be which was kept pure and immaculate by the possessor, whilst indulging in habits of falsehood and dishonesty. I had always thought the gypsy females extraordinary beings. I had often wondered at them, their dress, their manner of speaking, and, not least, at their names; but, until the present day, I had been unacquainted with the most extraordinary point connected with them. How came they possessed of this extraordinary virtue? was it because they were thievish? I remembered that an ancient thief-taker, who had retired from his useful calling, and who frequently visited the office of my master at Law, the respectable S—, who had the management of his property—I remembered to have heard this worthy, with whom I occasionally held discourse, philosophic and profound, when he and I chanced to be alone together in the office, say that all first-rate thieves were sober, and of well-regulated morals, their bodily passions being kept in abeyance by their love of gain; but this axiom could scarcely hold good with respect to these women—however thievish they might be, they did care for something besides gain: they cared for their husbands. If they did thieve, they only thieved for their husbands; and though, perhaps, some of them were vain, they merely prized themselves in the eyes of their husbands—whatever the husbands were—and Jasper

had almost insinuated that the males occasionally allowed themselves some latitude—they appeared to be as faithful to their husbands as the ancient Roman matrons were to theirs. Roman matrons! and, after all, might not these be in reality Roman matrons? They called themselves Romans; might not they be the descendants of the old Roman matrons? Might not they be of the same blood as Lucretia? And were not many of their strange names—Lucretia amongst the rest—handed down to them from old Rome? It is true their language was not that of old Rome; it was not, however, altogether different from it. After all, the ancient Romans might be a tribe of these people, who settled down and founded a village with the tilts of carts, which by degrees, and the influx of other people, became the grand city of the world. I liked the idea of the grand city of the world owing its origin to a people who had been in the habit of carrying their houses in their carts. Why, after all, should not the Romans of history be a branch of these Romans? There were several points of similarity between them; if Roman matrons were chaste, both men and women were thieves. Old Rome was the thief of the world; yet still there were difficulties to be removed before I could persuade myself that the old Romans and my Romans were identical, and in trying to remove these difficulties, I felt my brain once more beginning to turn, and in haste took up another subject of meditation, and that was the patteran, and what Ursula had told me about it.

I had always entertained a strange interest for that sign by which in their wanderings the Romanese gave to those of their people who came behind intimation as to the direction which they took; but it now inspired me with greater interest than ever,—now that I had learned that the proper meaning of it was the leaves of trees. I had, as I had said in my dialogue with Ursula, been very eager to learn the word for leaf in the Romanian language, but had never learned it till this day: so patteran signified leaf, the leaf of a tree;

healthy air of heaven ; but upon the whole, was I not sadly misspending my time ? Surely I was ; and, as I looked back, it appeared to me that I had always been doing so. What had been the profit of the tongues which I had learned ? had they ever assisted me in the day of hunger ? No, no ! it appeared to me that I had always misspent my time, save in one instance, when by a desperate effort I had collected all the powers of my imagination, and written the " Life of Joseph Sell ; " but even when I wrote the Life of Sell, was I not in a false position ? Provided I had not misspent my time, would it have been necessary to make that effort, which, after all, had only enabled me to leave London, and wander about the country for a time ? But could I, taking all circumstances into consideration, have done better than I had ? With my peculiar temperament and ideas, could I have pursued with advantage the profession to which my respectable parents had endeavoured to bring me up ? It appeared to me that I could not, and that the hand of necessity had guided me from my earliest years, until the present night in which I found myself seated in the dingle, staring on the brands of the fire. But ceasing to think of the past, which, as irrecoverably gone, it was useless to regret, even were there cause to regret it, what should I do in future ? Should I write another book like the Life of Joseph Sell ; take it to London, and offer it to a publisher ? But when I reflected on the grisly sufferings which I had undergone whilst engaged in writing the Life of Sell, I shrank from the idea of a similar attempt ; moreover, I doubted whether I possessed the power to write a similar work—whether the materials for the life of another Sell lurked within the recesses of my brain. Had I not better become in reality what I had hitherto been merely playing at—a tinker or a gypsy ? But I soon saw that I was not fitted to become either in reality. It was much more agreeable to play the gypsy or the tinker, than to become either in reality. I had seen enough of gypsying and tinkering to be con-

vinced of that. All of a sudden the idea of tilling the soil came into my head ; tilling the soil was a healthful and noble pursuit ! but my idea of tilling the soil had no connection with Britain ; for I could only expect to till the soil in Britain as a serf. I thought of tilling it in America, in which it was said there was plenty of wild, unclaimed land, of which any one, who chose to clear it of its trees, might take possession. I figured myself in America, in an immense forest, clearing the land destined, by my exertions, to become a fruitful and smiling plain. Methought I heard the crash of the huge trees as they fell beneath my axe ; and then I bethought me that a man was intended to marry—I ought to marry ; and if I married, where was I likely to be more happy as a husband and a father than in America, engaged in tilling the ground ? I fancied myself in America, engaged in tilling the ground, assisted by an enormous progeny. Well, why not marry, and go and till the ground in America ? I was young, and youth was the time to marry in, and to labour. I had the use of all my faculties ; my eyes, it is true, were rather dull from early study, and from writing the *Life of Joseph Sell* ; but I could see tolerably well with them, and they were not bleared. I felt my arms, and thighs, and teeth—they were strong and sound enough ; so now was the time to labour, to marry, eat strong flesh, and beget strong children—the power of doing all this would pass away with youth, which was terribly transitory. I bethought me that a time would come when my eyes would be bleared, and, perhaps, sightless ; my arms and thighs strengthless and sapless ; when my teeth would shake in my jaws, even supposing they did not drop out. No going a wooing then—no labouring—no eating strong flesh, and begetting lusty children then ; and I bethought me how, when all this should be, I should bewail the days of my youth as misspent, provided I had not in them founded for myself a home, and begotten strong children to take care of me in the days when I could not take care of myself ; and thinking of

these things, I became sadder and sadder, and stared vacantly upon the fire till my eyes closed in a doze.

I continued dozing over the fire, until rousing myself I perceived that the brands were nearly consumed, and I thought of retiring for the night. I arose, and was about to enter my tent, when a thought struck me. "Suppose," thought I, "that Isopel Berners should return in the midst of the night, how dark and dreary would the dingle appear without a fire! truly, I will keep up the fire, and I will do more, I have no board to spread for her, but I will fill the kettle, and heat it, so that if she comes, I may be able to welcome her with a cup of tea, for I know she loves tea." Thereupon, I piled more wood upon the fire, and soon succeeded in producing a better blaze than before, then, taking the kettle, I set out for the spring. On arriving at the mouth of the dingle, which fronted the east, I perceived that Charles's wain was nearly opposite to it, high above in the heavens, by which I knew that the night was tolerably well advanced. The gypsy encampment lay before me; all was hushed and still within it, and its inmates appeared to be locked in slumber; as I advanced, however, the dogs, which were fastened outside the tent, growled and barked, but presently recognising me, they were again silent, some of them wagging their tails. As I drew near a particular tent, I heard a female voice say—"Some one is coming!" and, as I was about to pass it, the cloth which formed the door was suddenly lifted up, and a black head and part of a huge naked body protruded. It was the head and upper part of the giant Tawno, who, according to the fashion of gypsy men, lay next the door, wrapped in his blanket; the blanket had, however, fallen off, and the starlight shone clear on his athletic tawny body, and was reflected from his large staring eyes.

"It is only I, Tawno," said I, "going to fill the kettle, it is possible that Miss Berners may arrive this night." "Kos-ko," drawled out Tawno, and replaced the curtain. "Good, do you call it?" said the sharp voice

of his wife; "there is no good in the matter; if that young chap were not living with the rawner in the illegal and uncertificated line, he would not be getting up in the middle of the night to fill her kettles." Passing on, I proceeded to the spring, where I filled the kettle, and then returned to the dingle.

Placing the kettle upon the fire, I watched it till it began to boil; then removing it from the top of the brands, I placed it close beside the fire, and leaving it simmering, I retired to my tent; where, having taken off my shoes, and a few of my garments, I lay down on my palliasse, and was not long in falling asleep. I believe I slept soundly for some time, thinking and dreaming of nothing suddenly, however, my sleep became disturbed, and the subject of the patterans began to occupy my brain. I imagined that I saw Ursula tracing her husband, Launcelot Lovell, by means of his patterans; I imagined that she had considerable difficulty in doing so, that she was occasionally interrupted by parish beadies and constables, who asked her whither she was travelling, to whom she gave various answers. Presently methought that, as she was passing by a farmyard, two fierce and savage dogs flew at her; I was in great trouble, I remember, and wished to assist her, but could not, for though I seemed to see her, I was still at a distance. and now it appeared that she had escaped from the dogs, and was proceeding with her cart along a gravelly path which traversed a wild moor; I could hear the wheels grating amidst sand and gravel. The next moment I was awake, and found myself sitting up in my tent; there was a glimmer of light through the canvas caused by the fire; a feeling of dread came over me, which was perhaps natural, on starting suddenly from one's sleep in that wild lone place; I had imagined that some one was rich the tent, the idea made me rather uncomfortable, and so I lifted up the canvas of the door and peeped out, and, lo! I had an indistinct view of a tall figure standing by the tent. "Who's that?" said I, whilst

I felt my blood rush to my heart. "It is I," said the voice of Isopel Berners; "you little expected me, I dare say; well, sleep on, I do not wish to disturb you." "But I was expecting you," said I, recovering myself, "as you may see by the fire and the kettle. I will be with you in a moment."

Putting on in haste the articles of dress which I had flung off, I came out of the tent, and addressing myself to Isopel, who was standing beside her cart, I said—"Just as I was about to retire to rest I thought it possible that you might come to-night, and got everything in readiness for you. Now, sit down by the fire whilst I lead the donkey and cart to the place where you stay; I will unharness the animal, and presently come and join you." "I need not trouble you," said Isopel; "I will go myself and see after my things." "We will go together," said I, "and then return and have some tea." Isopel made no objection, and in about half-an-hour we had arranged everything at her quarters. I then hastened and prepared tea. Presently Isopel rejoined me, bringing her stool; she had divested herself of her bonnet, and her hair fell over her shoulders; she sat down, and I poured out the beverage, handing her a cup. "Have you made a long journey to-night?" said I. "A very long one," replied Belle. "I have come nearly twenty miles since six o'clock." "I believe I heard you coming in my sleep," said I; "did the dogs above bark at you?" "Yes," said Isopel, "very violently; did you think of me in your sleep?" "No," said I, "I was thinking of Ursula and something she had told me." "When and where was that?" said Isopel. "Yesterday evening," said I, "beneath the dingle hedge." "Then you were talking with her beneath the hedge?" "I was," said I, "but only upon gypsy matters. Do you know, Belle, that she has just been married to Sylvester, so you need not think that she and I . . ." "She and you are quite at liberty to sit where you please," said Isopel. "However, young man," she continued, dropping her tone, which she had

CHAPTER XIII

Visit to the Landlord—His Mortifications—Hunter and his Clan—Resolution

IN the following morning, after breakfasting with Belle, who was silent and melancholy, I left her in the dingle, and took a stroll among the neighbouring lanes. After some time I thought I would pay a visit to the landlord of the public-house, whom I had not seen since the day when he communicated to me his intention of changing his religion. I therefore directed my steps to the house, and on entering it found the landlord standing in the kitchen. Just then two mean-looking fellows, who had been drinking at one of the tables, and who appeared to be the only customers in the house, got up, brushed past the landlord, and saying in a surly tone "We shall pay you some time or other," took their departure. "That's the way they serve me now," said the landlord, with a sigh. "Do you know those fellows," I demanded, "since you let them go away in your debt?" "I know nothing about them," said the landlord, "save that they are a couple of scamps." "Then why did you let them go away without paying you?" said I. "I had not the heart to stop them," said the landlord; "and, to tell you the truth, everybody serves me so now, and I suppose they are right, for a child could flog me." "Nonsense," said I, "behave more like a man, and with respect to those two fellows run after them. I will go with you, and if they refuse to pay the reckoning I will help you to shake some money out of their clothes." "Thank you," said the landlord; "but as they are gone, let them go on. What they have drank is not of much consequence." "What is the matter

THE ROMANY RYE.

"With you?" said I, staring at the landlord, who appeared strangely altered; his features were wild and jagged, his formerly bluff cheeks were considerably sunken in, and his figure had lost much of its plumpness. "Have you changed your religion already, and has the fellow in black commanded you to fast?" "I have not changed my religion yet," said the landlord, with a kind of shudder; "I am to change it publicly this day fortnight, and the idea of doing so—I do not mind telling you—presses much upon my mind; moreover, the noise of the thing has got abroad, and everybody laughing at me, and what's more, coming and drinking my beer, and going away without paying for it, while I feel myself like one bewitched, wishing but not daring to take my own part. Contound the fellow in black I wish I had never seen him! yet what can I do without him? The brewer swears that unless I pay him fifty pounds within a fortnight he'll send a distress warrant into the house, and take all I have. My poor niece is crying in the room above; and I am thinking of going into the stable and hanging myself; and perhaps it's the best thing I can do, for it's better to hang myself before selling my soul than afterwards, as I'm sure I should, like Judas Iscariot, whom my poor niece, who is somewhat religiously inclined, has been talking to me about." "I wish I could assist you," said I, "with money, but that is quite out of my power. However, I can give you a piece of advice. Don't change your religion by any means; you can't hope to prosper if you do; and if the brewer chooses to deal hardly with you, let him. Everybody would respect you ten times more provided you allowed yourself to be turned into the roads rather than change your religion, than if you got fifty pounds for renouncing it." "I am half inclined to take your advice," said the landlord, "only to tell you the truth, I feel quite low, without any heart in me." "Come into the bar," said I, "and let us have something together—you need not be afraid of my not paying for what I order."

We went into the bar-room, where the landlord and I scussed between us two bottles of strong ale, which he did were part of the last six which he had in his possession. At first he wished to drink sherry, but I begged him to do no such thing, telling him that sherry would do him no good, under the present circumstances; nor, indeed, to the best of my belief under any, it being of all wines the one for which I entertained the most contempt. The landlord allowed himself to be dissuaded, and, after a glass or two of ale, confessed that sherry was a sickly disagreeable drink, and that he had merely been in the habit of taking it from an idea he had that it was genteel. Whilst quaffing our beverage, he gave me an account of the various mortifications to which he had of late been subject, dwelling with particular bitterness on the conduct of Hunter, who, he said, came every night and mouthed him, and afterwards went away without paying for what he had drank or smoked, in which conduct he was closely imitated by a clan of fellows who constantly attended him. After spending several hours at the public-house I departed, not forgetting to pay for the two bottles of ale. The landlord, before I went, shaking me by the hand, declared that he had now made up his mind to stick to his religion at all hazards, the more especially as he was convinced he should derive no good by giving it up.

CHAPTER XIV

Preparations for the Fair—The Last Lesson—The Verb Sirel.

It might be about five in the evening when I reached the gypsy encampment. Here I found Mr. Petulengro, Tawno Chikno, Sylvester, and others, in a great bustle, clipping and trimming certain ponies and old horses which they had brought with them. On inquiring of Jasper the reason of their being so engaged, he informed me that they were getting the horses ready for a fair, which was to be held on the morrow, at a place some miles distant, at which they should endeavour to dispose of them, adding—"Perhaps, brother, you will go with us, provided you have nothing better to do?" Not having any particular engagement, I assured him that I should have great pleasure in being of the party. It was agreed that we should start early on the following morning. Thereupon I descended into the dingle. Belle was sitting before the fire, at which the kettle was boiling. "Were you waiting for me?" I inquired. "Yes," said Belle, "I thought that you would come, and I waited for you." "That was very kind," said I. "Not half so kind," said she, "as it was of you to get everything ready for me in the dead of last night, when there was scarcely a chance of my coming." The tea-things were brought forward, and we sat down. "Have you been far?" said Belle. "Merely to that public-house," said I, "to which you directed me on the second day of our acquaintance." "Young men should not make a habit of visiting public-houses," said Belle, "they are bad places." "They may be so to some people," said I, "but I do not think the worst public-house in England

could do me any harm." "Perhaps you are so bad already," said Belle, with a smile, "that it would be impossible to spoil you." "How dare you catch at my words?" said I; "come I will make you pay for doing so—you shall have this evening the longest lesson in Armenian which I have yet inflicted upon you." "You may well say inflicted," said Belle, "but pray spare me. I do not wish to hear anything about Armenian, especially this evening." "Why this evening?" said I. Belle made no answer. "I will not spare you," said I; "this evening I intend to make you conjugate an Armenian verb." "Well, be it so," said Belle; "for this evening you shall command." "To command is *hramahyel*," said I. "Ram her ill, indeed," said Belle; "I do not wish to begin with that." "No," said I, "as we have come to the verbs, we will begin regularly. *hramahyel* is a verb of the second conjugation. We will begin with the first." "First of all tell me," said Belle, "what a verb is?" "A part of speech," said I, "which, according to the dictionary, signifies some action or passion; for example, I command you, or I hate you." "I have given you no cause to hate me," said Belle, looking me sorrowfully in the face.

"I was merely giving two examples," said I, "and neither was directed at you. In those examples, to command and hate are verbs. Belle, in Armenian there are four conjugations of verbs; the first end in *al*, the second in *yel*, the third in *oul*, and the fourth in *il*. Now, have you understood me?"

"I am afraid, indeed, it will all end ill," said Belle. "Hold your tongue," said I, "or you will make me lose my patience." "You have already made me nearly lose mine," said Belle. "Let us have no unprofitable interruptions," said I. "The conjugations of the Armenian verbs are neither so numerous nor so difficult as the declensions of the nouns; bear that, and rejoice. Come, we will begin with the verb *hatal*, a verb of the first conjugation, which signifies to rejoice. Come

all?" said Belle, raising her voice. "Let us proceed, said I; "sirietsi, I loved." "You never loved an one but yourself," said Belle, "and what's more . . ." "Sirietsits, I will love," said I; "sirietsies, thou will love." "Never one so thoroughly heartless," said Belle "I tell you what, Belle, you are becoming intolerable but we will change the verb; or rather I will now proceed to tell you here, that some of the Armenian conjugations have their anomalies; one species of these I wish to bring before your notice. As old Villotte says—from whose work I first contrived to pick up the rudiments of Armenian—'Est verborum transitivorum, quorum infinitivus . . . ' but I forgot, you don't understand Latin. He says there are certain transitive verbs, whose infinitive is in *outsaniel*; the preterite in *outsil*; the imperative, *outsan*; for example—*purghat-outsan em*, I irritate.

"You do, you do," said Belle; "and it will be better for both of us if you leave off doing so."

"You would fairly believe, Belle," said I, "that the Armenian is in some respects closely connected with the Irish, but so it is—for example, that word *purghat-outsanum* is evidently derived from the same root as *fean-gram*, which, in Irish, is as much as to say I vex."

"You do, indeed," said Belle, sobbing.

"But how do you account for it?"

"O man, man!" said Belle, bursting into tears, "for what purpose do you ask a poor ignorant girl such a question, unless it be to vex and irritate her? If you wish to display your learning, do so to the wise and instructed, and not to me, who can scarcely read or write. Oh, have off your nonsense; yet I know you will not do so, for it is the breath of your nostrils! I could have wished we should have parted in kindness but you will not permit it. I have observed better at your hands than such treatment. The whole time we have kept company together in this place, I have scarcely had one word said from you, but the reverse . . . and here the voice of Belle was drowned in her sobs."

"I am sorry to see you take on so, dear Belle," said I. "I really have given you no cause to be so unhappy; surely teaching you a little Armenian was a very innocent kind of diversion."

"Yes, but you went on so long, and in such a strange way, and made me repeat such strange examples, as you call them, that I could not bear it."

"Why, to tell the truth, Belle, it's my way; and I have dealt with you just as I would with . . ."

"A hard-mouthed jade," said Belle, "and you practising your horse-witchery upon her. I have been of an unsubdued spirit, I acknowledge, but I was always kind to you; and if you have made me cry, it's a poor thing to boast of."

"Boast off!" said I; "a pretty thing indeed to boast of; I had no idea of making you cry. Come, I beg your pardon, what more can I do? Come, cheer up, Belle. You were talking of parting; don't let us part, but depart, and that together."

"Our ways be different," said Belle.

"I don't see why they should," said I. "Come, let us be off to America together!"

"*To America together?*" said Belle, *looking full at me.*

"Yes," said I; "where we will settle down in some forest and conjugate the verb *sirief* conjugally."

"Conjugally?" said Belle.

"Yes," said I; "as man and wife in America, *air yew ghin*."

"You are jesting, as usual," said Belle.

"Not I, indeed. Come, Belle, make up your mind, and let us be off to America; and leave priests, hurrubug, learning, and languages behind us."

"I don't think you are jesting," said Belle; "but I can hardly entertain your offers; however, young man, I thank you."

"You had better make up your mind at once," said I, "and let us be off. I shan't make a bad husband, I assure you. Perhaps you think I am not worthy of you? To convince you, Belle, that I am, I am ready

to try a fall with you this moment upon the grass. Brynhilda, the valkyrie, swore that no one should marry her who could not sling her down. Perhaps you have done the same. The man who eventually married her, got a friend of his, who was called Sygurd, the serpent-killer, to wrestle with her, disguising him in his own armour. Sygurd flung her down, and won her for his friend, though he loved her himself. I shall not use a similar deceit, nor employ Jasper Petulengro to personate me—so get up, Belle, and I will do my best to sling you down."

"I require no such thing of you, or anybody," said Belle; "you are beginning to look rather wild."

"I every now and then do," said I; "come, Belle, what do you say?"

"I will say nothing at present on the subject," said Belle; "I must have time to consider."

"Just as you please," said I; "to-morrow I go to a fair with Mr. Petulengro, perhaps you will consider whilst I am away. Come, Belle, let us have some more tea. I wonder whether we shall be able to procure tea as good as this in the American forest."

CHAPTER XV

The Dawn of Day—The Last Farewell—Departure for the Fair—The Fine Horse—Return to the Dingle—No Isopet.

It was about the dawn of day when I was awakened by the voice of Mr. Petulengro shouting from the top of the dingle, and bidding me get up. I arose instantly, and dressed myself for the expedition to the fair. On leaving my tent, I was surprised to observe Belle, entirely dressed, standing close to her own little encampment. "Dear me," said I, "I little expected to find you up so early. I suppose Jasper's call awakened you, as it did me." "I merely lay down in my things," said Belle, "and have not slept during the night." "And why did you not take off your things and go to sleep?" said I. "I did not undress," said Belle, "because I wished to be in readiness to bid you farewell when you departed; and as for sleeping, I could not." "Well, God bless you!" said I, taking Belle by the hand. Belle made no answer, and I observed that her hand was very cold. "What is the matter with you?" said I, looking her in the face. Belle looked at me for a moment in the eyes, and then cast down her own—her features were very pale. "You are really unwell," said I; "I had better not go to the fair, but stay here, and take care of you." "No," said Belle, "pray go, I am not unwell." "Then go to your tent," said I, "and do not endanger your health by standing abroad in the raw morning air. God bless you, Belle; I shall be home to-night, by which time I expect you will have made up your mind; if not, another lesson in Armenian,

however late the hour may be." I then wrung Belle's hand, and ascended to the plain above.

I found the Romany party waiting for me, and everything in readiness for departing. Mr. Petulengro and Tawno Chikno were mounted on two old horses. The rest who intended to go to the fair, amongst whom were two or three women, were on foot. On arriving at the extremity of the plain, I looked towards the dingle. Isopel Berners stood at the mouth, the beams of the early morning sun shone full on her noble face and figure. I waved my hand towards her. She slowly lifted up her right arm. I turned away, and never saw Isopel Berners again.

My companions and myself proceeded on our way. In about two hours we reached the place where the fair was to be held. After breakfasting on bread and cheese and ale behind a broken stone wall, we drove our animals to the fair. The fair was a common cattle and horse fair; there was little merriment going on, but there was no lack of business. By about two o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Petulengro and his people had disposed of their animals at what they conceived very fair prices—they were all in high spirits, and Jasper proposed to adjourn to a public house. As we were proceeding; to one, a very fine horse, led by a jockey, made its appearance on the ground. Mr. Petulengro stopped short, and looked at it steadfastly. "I no covet dose oldy and miro—a fine thing were that, if it were but mine!" he exclaimed. "If you covet it," said I, "why do you not purchase it?" "We low gypsians never buy animals of that description; if we did we could never sell them, and most likely should be led up as horse dealers." "Then why did you say just now, 'It were a fine thing, if it were but yours'?" said I. "We gypsians do not say so when we see anything that we admire. An animal has that is not inter led for a little fare like me, but it some grand gentleman like yourself. I say, to thee, do you buy that horse?" "How should I buy the horse, you foolish person?" said I. "Buy the horse, bestial!"

said Mr. Petulengro; "if you have not the money I can lend it you, though I be of lower Egypt." "You talk nonsense," said I; "however, I wish you would ask the man the price of it." Mr. Petulengro, going up to the jockey, inquired the price of the horse—the man, looking at him scornfully, made no reply. "Young man," said I, going up to the jockey, "do me the favour to tell me the price of that horse, as I suppose it is to sell." The jockey, who was a surly-looking man of about fifty, looked at me for a moment, then, after some hesitation, said laconically, "Seventy." "Thank you," said I, and turned away. "Buy that horse," said Mr. Petulengro, coming after me; "the dook tells me that in less than three months he will be sold for twice seventy." "I will have nothing to do with him," said I, "besides, Jasper, I don't like his tail. Did you observe what a mean scrubby tail he has?" "What a fool you are, brother!" said Mr. Petulengro; "that very tail of his shows his breeding. No good bred horse ever yet carried a fine tail—'tis your scrubby-tailed horses that are your out-and-outers. Did you ever hear of Syntax, brother? That tail of his puts me in mind of Syntax. Well, I say nothing more, have your own way—all I wonder at is, that a horse like him was ever brought to such a fair of dog cattle as this."

We then made the best of our way to a public-house, where we had some refreshment. I then proposed returning to the encampment, but Mr. Petulengro declined, and remained drinking with his companions till about six o'clock in the evening, when various jockeys from the fair came in. After some conversation a jockey proposed a game of cards; and in a little time, Mr. Petulengro and another gypsy sat down to play a game of cards with two of the jockeys.

Though not much acquainted with cards, I soon conceived a suspicion that the jockeys were cheating Mr. Petulengro and his companion, I therefore called Mr. Petulengro aside, and gave him a hint to that effect. Mr. Petulengro, however, instead of thanking me, told

midnight, just as I was about to fall into unconsciousness, I suddenly started up, for I was convinced that I heard the sound of wheels. I listened most anxiously, and the sound of wheels striking against stones was certainly plain enough. "She comes at last," thought I, and for a few moments I felt as if a mountain had been removed from my breast,—“here she comes at last, now, how shall I receive her? Oh,” thought I, “I will receive her rather coolly, just as if I was not particularly anxious about her—that’s the way to manage these women.” The next moment the sound became very loud, rather so loud, I thought, to proceed from her wheels, and then by degrees became fainter. Rushing out of my tent, I hurried up the path to the top of the dingle, where I heard the sound distinctly enough, but it was going from me, and evidently proceeded from something much larger than the cart of Isopel. I could, moreover, hear the stamping of a horse’s hoofs at a lumbering trot. Those only whose hopes have been wrought up to a high pitch, and then suddenly dashed down, can imagine what I felt at that moment, and yet when I returned to my lonely tent, and lay down on my hard pallet, the voice of conscience told me that the misery I was then undergoing, I had fully merited, from the unkind manner in which I had intended to receive her, when for a brief minute I supposed that she had returned.

It was on the morning after this affair, and the fourth, I forget not, from the time of Isopel’s departure, that, sitting on my stone at the bottom of the dingle, eating my breakfast, I heard an unknown voice from the path above—apparently that of a person descending and exclaim, “Here’s a strange place to bring a letter to;” it presently an old woman, with a belt round her middle, to which was attached a leathern bag, made her appearance, and stood before me.

“Well, if I ever!” said she, as she looked about her. “My good gentlewoman,” said I, “pray what may you have to want?” “Gentlewoman!” said the old woman, “please to want!—well, I call that speaking

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a moment—"Well, young man," said she, "there are some—especially those who can read—who don't like to open their letters when anybody is by, more especially when they come from young women. Well, I won't intrude upon you, but leave you alone with your letter. I wish it may contain something pleasant. God bless you," and with these words she departed.

I sat down on my stone, with my letter in my hand. I knew perfectly well that it could have come from no other person than Isopel Berners; but what did the letter contain? I guessed tolerably well what its purport was—an eternal farewell; yet I was afraid to open the letter, lest my expectation should be confirmed. There I sat with the letter, putting off the evil moment as long as possible. At length I glanced at the direction, which was written in a fine bold hand, and was directed, as the old woman had said, to the young man in "Mumpers' Dingle," with the addition, "near . . . , in the county of" Suddenly the idea occurred to me, that, after all, the letter might not contain an eternal farewell; and that Isopel might have written, requesting me to join her. Could it be so? "Alas! no," presently said Foreboding. At last I became ashamed of my weakness. The letter must be opened sooner or later. Why not at once? So as the bather who, for a considerable time has stood shivering on the bank, afraid to take the decisive plunge, suddenly takes it, I tore open the letter almost before I was aware. I had no sooner done so than a paper fell out. I examined it; it contained a lock of bright flaxen hair. "This is no good sign," said I, as I thrust the lock and paper into my bosom, and proceeded to read the letter, which ran as follows:—

"TO THE YOUNG MAN IN MUMPERS' DINGLE.

"SIR,—I send these lines, with the hope and trust that they will find you well, even as I am myself at this moment, and in much better spirits, for my own

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are not such as I could wish they were, being sometimes rather hysterical and vapourish, and at other times, and most often, very low. I am at a sea-port, and am just going on shipboard; and when you get these I shall be on the salt waters, on my way to a distant country, and leaving my own behind me, which I do not expect ever to see again.

"And now, young man, I will, in the first place, say something about the manner in which I quitted you. It must have seemed somewhat singular to you that I went away without taking any leave, or giving you the slightest hint that I was going; but I did not do so without considerable reflection. I was afraid that I should not be able to support a leave-taking and as you had said that you were determined to go wherever I did, I thought it best not to tell you at all; for I did not think it advisable that you should go with me, and I wished to have no dispute.

"In the second place, I wish to say something about an offer of wedlock which you made me; perhaps, young man, had you made it at the first period of our acquaintance, I should have accepted it, but you did not, and kept putting off and putting off, and behaving in a very strange manner, till I could stand your conduct no longer, but determined upon leaving you and Old England, which last step I had been long thinking about so when you made your offer at last, everything was arranged—my donkey and cart engaged to be sold—and the greater part of my things disposed of. However, young man, when you did make it, I frankly tell you that I had half a mind to accept it; at last, however, after very much consideration, I thought it best to leave you for ever, because, for some time past, I had become almost convinced, that though with a wonderful deal of learning, and exceedingly shrewd in some things you were—pray don't be offended—at the root matter and though mad people, I have been told, sometimes make very good husbands, I was unwilling that you should, if you had any, should say that Belle Berners

the workhouse girl, took advantage of your infirmity; for there is no concealing that I was born and bred up in a workhouse; notwithstanding that, my blood is better than your own, and as good as the best; you having yourself told me that my name is a noble name, and once, if I mistake not, that it was the same word as baron, which is the same thing as bear; and that to be called in old times a bear was considered as a great compliment—the bear being a mighty strong animal, on which account our forefathers called all their fighting-men barons, which is the same as bears.

"However, setting matters of blood and family entirely aside, many thanks to you, young man, from poor Belle, for the honour you did her in making that same offer; for, after all, it is an honour to receive an honourable offer, which she could see clearly yours was, with no flattery nor chaff in it; but, on the contrary, entire sincerity. She assures you that she shall always bear it and yourself in mind, whether on land or water; and as a proof of the good-will she bears to you, she has sent you a lock of the hair which she wears on her head, which you were often looking at, and were pleased to call flax, which word she supposes you meant as a compliment, even as the old people meant to pass a compliment to their great folks when they called them bears; though she cannot help thinking they might have found an animal as strong as a bear, and somewhat less uncouth, to call their great folks after; even as she thinks yourself, amongst your great store of words, might have found something a little more genteel to call her hair after than flax, which, though strong and useful, is rather a coarse and common kind of article.

"And as another proof of the good-will she bears to you, she sends you, along with the lock, a piece of advice, which is worth all the hair in the world, to say nothing of the flax.

"*Fear God*, and take your own part. There's Bible in that, young man; see how Moses feared God, and

CHAPTER XVII

The Public-house—Landlord on his Legs again—A Blow in Season—The Way of the World—The Grateful Mind—The Horse's Neigh.

It was rather late on the following morning when I awoke. At first I was almost unconscious of what had occurred on the preceding day; recollection, however, by degrees returned, and I felt a deep melancholy coming over me, but perfectly aware that no advantage could be derived from the indulgence of such a feeling. I sprang up, prepared my breakfast, which I ate with a tolerable appetite, and then left the dingle, and betook myself to the gypsy encampment, where I entered into discourse with various Romanies, both male and female. After some time, feeling myself in better spirits, I determined to pay another visit to the landlord of the public-house. From the position of his affairs when I had last visited him, I entertained rather gloomy ideas with respect to his present circumstances. I imagined that I should either find him alone in his kitchen smoking a wretched pipe, or in company with some surly bailiff or his follower, whom his friend the brewer had sent into the house in order to take possession of his effects.

Nothing more entirely differing from either of these anticipations could have presented itself to my view than what I saw about one o'clock in the afternoon, when I entered the house. I had come, though somewhat in want of consolation myself, to offer any consolation which was at my command to my acquaintance Hatchpole, and perhaps like many other people who go to a house with "drops of compassion trembling in their eyelids," I felt rather disappointed at finding that no compassion was necessary. The house was

which she had set out, for Isopel had not dated her letter from any place. Suddenly it occurred to me that the post-mark on the letter would tell me from whence it came, so I forthwith looked at the back of the letter, and in the postmark read the name of a well-known and not very distant sea-port. I then viewed with tolerable certainty the port where she had embarked, and I almost determined to follow her, but almost instantly determined to do no such thing. Isopel Berners had abandoned me, and I would not follow her; "perhaps," whispered Pride, "if I overtook her, she would only despise me for running after her;" and it also told me pretty roundly that, provided I ran after her, whether I overtook her or not, I should heartily despise myself. So I determined not to follow Isopel Berners. I took her lock of hair, and looked at it, then put it in her letter, which I folded up and carefully stowed away, resolved to keep both for ever, but determined not to follow her. Two or three times, however, during the day I wavered in my determination, and was again and again almost tempted to follow her, but every succeeding time the temptation was fainter. In the evening I left the dingle, and sat down with Mr. Petulengro and his family by the door of his tent; Mr. Petulengro soon began talking of the letter which I had received in the morning. "Is it not from Miss Berners, brother?" said he. I told him it was. "Is she coming back, brother?" "Never," said I, "she is gone to America, and has deserted me." "I always knew that you two were never destined for each other," said he. "How did you know that?" I inquired. "The dook told me so, brother, you are born to be a great traveller." "Well," said I, "if I had gone with her to America, as I was thinking of doing, I should have been a great traveller." "You are to travel in another direction, brother," said he. "I wish you would tell me all about my future wanderings," said I. "I can't, brother," said Mr. Petulengro, "there's a power of clouds before my eye." "You are

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"poor seer, after all," said I, and getting up, I retired to my dingle and my tent, where I betook myself to my bed, and there, knowing the worst, and being no longer agitated by apprehension, nor agonised by expectation, I was soon buried in a deep slumber, the first which I had fallen into for several nights.

CHAPTER XVII

The Public-house—Landlord on his Legs again—A Blow in Season—The Way of the World—The Grateful Mind—The Horse's Neigh.

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cough, "I drink his health." Presently the landlord, as he moved about, observing me, stopped short: "Ah;" said he, "are you here? I am glad to see you, come this way." "Stand back," said he to his company, as I followed him to the bar, "stand back for me and this gentleman." Two or three young fellows were in the bar, seemingly sporting yokels, drinking sherry and smoking. "Come, gentlemen," said the landlord, "clear the bar, I must have a clear bar for me and my friend here." "Landlord, what will you take," said one, "a glass of sherry? I know you like it." "... sherry and you too," said the landlord, "I want neither sherry nor yourself; didn't you hear what I told you?" "All right, old fellow," said the other, shaking the landlord by the hand, "all right, don't wish to intrude—but I suppose when you and your friend have done, I may come in again;" then, with a "sarvant, sir," to me, he took himself into the kitchen, followed by the rest of the sporting yokels.

Thereupon the landlord, taking a bottle of ale from a basket, uncorked it, and pouring the contents into two large glasses, handed me one, and motioning me to sit down, placed himself by me; then, emptying his own glass at a draught he gave a kind of grunt of satisfaction, and fixing his eyes upon the opposite side of the bar, remained motionless, without saying a word, buried apparently in important cogitations. With respect to myself, I swallowed my ale more leisurely, and was about to address my friend, when his niece, coming into the bar, said that more and more customers were arriving, and how she should supply their wants she did not know, unless her uncle would get up and help her.

"The customers!" said the landlord, "let the scoundrels wait till you have time to serve them, or till I have leisure to see after them." "The kitchen won't contain half of them," said his niece. "Then let them sit out abroad," said the landlord. "But there are not benches enough, uncle," said the niece.

for my spirits had again become very low, I was verily scared and afraid. All of a sudden I thought of the ale which I had drank in the morning, and of the good it did me then, so I went into the bar, opened another bottle, took a glass, and felt better; so I took another, and feeling better still, I went back into the kitchen just as Hunter and his crew were about leaving. 'Mr. Hunter,' said I, 'you and your people will please to pay me for what you have had?' 'What do you mean by my people?' said he, with an oath. 'Ah! what do you mean by calling us his people?' said the clan. 'We are nobody's people;' and then there was a pretty load of abuse, and threatening to serve me out. 'Well,' said I, 'I was perhaps wrong to call them your people, and beg your pardon and theirs. And now you will please to pay me for what you have had yourself, and afterwards I can settle with them.' 'I shall pay you when I think fit,' said Hunter. 'Yes,' said the rest, 'and so shall we. We shall pay you when we think fit.' 'I tell you what,' said Hunter, 'I conceive I do such an old fool as you an honour when I comes into his house and drinks his beer, and goes away without paying for it;' and then there was a roar of laughter from everybody, and almost all said the same thing. 'Now do you please to pay me, Mr. Hunter?' said I. 'Pay you!' said Hunter; 'pay you! Yes, here's the pay!' and thereupon he held out his thumb, twirling it round till it just touched my nose. I can't tell you what I felt that moment; a kind of madhouse thrill came upon me, and all I know is, that I bent back as far as I could, then lunging out, strack him under the ear, sending him reeling two or three yards, when he fell on the floor. I wish you had but seen how my company looked at me and at each other. One or two of the clan went to raise Hunter, and get him to fight, but it was no go; though he was not killed, he had had enough for that evening. Oh, I wish you had seen my customers; those who did not belong to the clan, but had taken part with them, and helped to jeer and

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flout me, now came and shook me by the hand, wishing me joy, and saying as how 'I was a brave fellow, and had served the bully right!' As for the clan, they all said Hunter was bound to do me justice; so they made him pay me what he owed for himself, and the reckoning of those among them who said they had no money. Two or three of them then led him away, while the rest stayed behind, and flattered me, and worshipped me and called Hunter all kinds of dogs' names. Wh do you think of that?"

"Why," said I, "it makes good what I read in letter which I received yesterday. It is just the v of the world."

"A'n't it!" said the landlord. "Well, that a all; let me go on. Good fortune never yet came al in about an hour comes home my poor niece, al in high sterricks with joy, smiling and sobbing, had been to the clergyman of M—— the great pres to whose church she was in the habit of going, a whose daughters she was well known; and to she told a lamentable tale about my distresses about the snares which had been laid for my soul so well did she plead my cause, and so strong c young ladies back all she said, that the good man promised to stand my friend, and to lend r cient money to satisfy the brewer, and to get r out of the snares of the man in black; and sure the next morning the two young ladies brought fifty pounds, which I forthwith carried to the who was monstrously civil saying that he be little misunderstanding we had had would not pr being good friends in future. That a'n't people of the neighbouring country hearing art witchcraft that I had licked Hunter, an good terms with the brewer, forthwith began c crowds to look at me, pay me homage, and t tomers. Moreover, fifty scoundrels who and who would have seen me sta long as they considered!

pin, remembered their debts, and came and paid me more than they owed. That a'n't all: the brewer, being about to establish a stage-coach and three, to run across the country, says it shall stop and change horses at my house, and the passengers breakfast and sup as it goes and returns. He wishes me—whom he calls the best man in England—to give his son lessons in boxing, which he says he considers a fine manly English art, and a great defence against Popery—notwithstanding that only a month ago, when he considered me a down pin, he was in the habit of railing against it as a blackguard practice and against me as a blackguard for following it: so I am going to commence with young hopeful to-morrow."

"I really cannot do now, congratulating you on your good fortune," answered after

"That a'n't of consent the landlord. "This very morning the foolish parish made me churchwarden, which they would have done a month ago when they considered me a down pin, than they . . ."

"Mercy upon us!" said I, "if fortune pours in upon you in this manner, who knows but that within a year they may make you justice of the peace?"

"Who knows, indeed!" said the landlord. "Well, I will prove myself worthy of my good luck by showing the grateful mind—not to those who would be kind to me now, but to those who were, when the days were rather gloomy. My customers shall have abundance of rough language, but I'll knock any one down who says anything against the clergyman who lent me the fifty pounds, or against the Church of England, of which he is parson and I am churchwarden. I am also ready to do anything in reason for him who paid me for the ale he drank, when I shouldn't have had the heart to collar him for the money had he refused to pay; who never jeered or flouted me like the rest of my customers when I was a down pin—and though he refused to fight cross for me, was never cross with me, but listened to all I had to say, and gave me all kinds

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of good advice. Now who do you think I mean by this last? why, who but yourself—who on earth but yourself? The parson is a good man and a great preacher, and I'll knock anybody down who says to the contrary; and I mention him first, because why? he's a gentleman, and you a tinker. But I am by no means sure you are not the best friend of the two; for I doubt, do you see, whether I should have had the fifty pounds but for you. You persuaded me to give up that silly drink they call sherry, and drink ale; and what was it but drinking ale which gave me courage to knock down that fellow Hunter—and knocking him down was, I verily believe, the turning point of my disorder. God don't love those who won't strike out for themselves; and as far as I can calculate with respect to time, it was just the moment ~~4~~ ⁵ ~~po~~ I had knocked down Hunter, that the parson ~~co~~ ^{co} ~~and~~ ^{and} to lend me the money, and everything began —, ~~tho~~ ^{tho} ~~w~~ ^w civil to me. So, dash my buttons if I show ~~tha~~ ^{tha} ~~bit~~ ^{bit} grateful mind to you! I don't offer to knock anybody down for you, ~~because why—I dare say you can knock a body down~~ yourself; but I'll offer something more to the purpose. As my business is wonderfully on the increase, I shall want somebody to help me in serving my customers, and keeping them in order. If you choose to come and serve for your board, and what they'll give you, give me your fist; or if you like ten shillings a week better than their sixpences and ha'pence, only say so—though to be open with you, I believe you would make twice ten shillings out of them—the sneaking, fawning, currying-favouring humbugs!

"I am much obliged to you," said I. "for your handsome offer, which, however, I am obliged to decline."

"Why so?" said the landlord.

"I am not fit for service," said I; "moreover, I am about to leave this part of the country." As I spoke a horse neighed in the stable. "What Lorse is that?" said I.

"It belongs to a cousin of mine, who put it into

my hands yesterday, in hopes that I might get rid of it for him, though he would no more have done so a week ago, when he considered me a down pin, than he would have given the horse away. Are you fond of horses ? ”

“ Very much,” said I.

“ Then come and look at it.” He led me into the stable, where, in a stall, stood a noble-looking animal.

“ Dear me,” said I, “ I saw this horse at . . . fair.”

“ Like enough,” said the landlord, “ he was there, and was offered for seventy pounds, but didn’t find a bidder at any price. What do you think of him ? ”

“ He’s a splendid creature ”

“ I am no judge of horses,” said the landlord ; “ but I am told he’s a first-rate trotter, good keeper, and has some of the blood of Syntax. What does all that signify ?—the game is against his master, who is a down pin, is thinking of emigrating, and wants money confoundedly. He asked seventy pounds at the fair ; but, between ourselves, he would be glad to take fifty here ”

“ I almost wish ” said I, “ that I were a rich squire ”

“ You would buy him then,” said the landlord. Here he mused for some time, with a very profound look. “ It would be a rum thing,” said he, “ if, some time or other, that horse should come into your hands. Didn’t you hear how he neighed when you talked about leaving the country ? My gramma was a wise woman, and was up to all kinds of signs and wonders, sounds and noises, the interpretation of the language of birds and animals, crowing and lowing, neighing and braying. If she had been here, she would have said at once that that horse was fated to carry you away. On that point, however, I can say nothing, for under fifty pounds no one can have him. Are you taking that money out of your pocket to pay me for the ale ? That won’t do ; nothing to pay ; I invited you this time. Now if you are going, you had best get into the road through the yard-gate. I won’t trouble you to make your way through the kitchen and my fine-weather company—confound them ! ”

CHAPTER XVIII

*Mr. Petulengro's Deceit—His Leathern Purse—C
to Purchase a Horse.*

As I returned along the road I met Mr. Petulen
and one of his companions, who told me that they
bound for the public-house; whereupon I infer
Jasper how I had seen in the stable the horse wh
we had admired at the fair. "I shouldn't wonder
you buy that horse after all, brother," said Mr. Pet
engro. With a smile at the absurdity of such a su
position, I left him and his companion, and betox
myself to the dingle. In the evening I received a vis
from Mr. Petulengro, who forthwith commenced talkin
bout the horse, which he had again seen, the land
ord having shown it to him on learning that he was a
riend of mine. He told me that the horse pleased
im more than ever, he having examined his points
ith more accuracy than he had an opportunity of doing
the first occasion, concluding by pressing me to buy
m. I begged him to desist from such foolish im
rtunity, assuring him that I had never so much
oney in all my life as would enable me to purchase
horse. Whilst this discourse was going on, Mr.
engro and myself were standing together in the
dingle. Suddenly he began to move round
singular manner, making strange motions
s, and frightful contortions with his
une alarmed, and asked him whether
ave's senses? Whereupon, ceasing his
ighe tortions, he assured me that he
ely been seized with a slight dizz-
a more returned to the subject of

the horse. Feeling myself very angry, I told him that if he continued persecuting me in this manner, I should be obliged to quarrel with him; adding, that I believe his only motive for asking me to buy the animal was to insult my poverty. "Pretty poverty," said he "with fifty pounds in your pocket; however, I have heard say that it is always the custom of your rich people to talk of their poverty, more especially when they wish to avoid laying out money." Surprised at his saying that I had fifty pounds in my pocket, I asked him what he meant; whereupon he told me that he was very sure that I had fifty pounds in my pocket offering to lay me five shillings to that effect. "Done!" said I; "I have scarcely more than the fifth part of what you say." "I know better, brother," said Mr. Petulengro; "and if you only pull out what you have in the pocket of your slop, I am sure you will have lost your wager." Putting my hand into the pocket I felt something which I had never felt there before, and pulling it out, perceived that it was a clumsy leather purse, which I found on opening contained four ten pound notes and several pieces of gold. "Didn't tell you so, brother?" said Mr. Petulengro. "Not in the first place, please to pay me the five shilling you have lost." "This is only a foolish piece of play-antry," said I; "you put it into my pocket whilst you were moving about me, making faces like a distracted person. Here, take your purse back." "I?" said Mr. Petulengro, "not I, indeed! don't think I am such a fool. I have won my wager, so pay me the five shillings, brother." "Do drop this folly," said I, "and take your purse;" and I flung it on the ground. "Brother," said Mr. Petulengro, "you were talking and quarrelling with me just now. I tell you now one thing, which is, that if you do not take back the purse, I will quarrel with you; and it shall be for good and all. I'll drop your acquaintance, no longer call you my partner, and not even say sarshan to you when I meet you by the road-side. Hir mi dublis I never will." I saw that

traffic." "I have plenty of money for my traffic, independent of this capital," said Mr. Petulengro; "ay, brother, and enough besides to back the husband of my wife's sister, Sylvester, against Slammocks of the Chong gav for twenty pounds, which I am thinking of doing."

"But," said I, "after all, the horse may have found another purchaser by this time." "Not he," said Mr. Petulengro, "there is nobody in this neighbourhood to purchase a horse like that, unless it be your lordship—so take the money, brother," and he thrust the purse into my hand. Allowing myself to be persuaded, I kept possession of the purse. "Are you satisfied now?" said I. "By no means, brother," said Mr. Petulengro, "you will please to pay me the five shillings which you lost to me." "Why," said I, "the fifty pounds which I found in my pocket were not mine, but put in by yourself." "That's nothing to do with the matter, brother," said Mr. Petulengro; "I betted you five shillings that you had fifty pounds in your pocket, which sam you had. I did not say that they were your own, but merely that you had fifty pounds; you will therefore pay me, brother, or I shall not consider you an honourable man." Not wishing to have any dispute about such a matter, I took five shillings out of my under pocket and gave them to him. Mr. Petulengro took the money with great glee, observing—"These five shillings I will take to the public-house forthwath, and spend in drinking with four of my brethren, and doing so will give me an opportunity of telling the landlord that I have found a customer for his horse, and that you are the man. It will be as well to secure the horse as soon as possible; for though the dook tells me that the horse is intended for you, I have now and then found that the dook is, like myself, somewhat given to lying."

He then departed, and I remained alone in the dingle. I thought at first that I had committed a great piece of folly, in consenting to purchase this horse; I might

find no desirable purchaser for him until the money in my possession should be totally exhausted, and then I might be compelled to sell him for half the price I had given for him, or be even glad to find a person who would receive him at a gift ; I should then remain sans horse, and indebted to Mr. Petulengro. Nevertheless, it was possible that I might sell the horse very advantageously, and by so doing, obtain a fund sufficient to enable me to execute some grand enterprise or other. My present way of life afforded no prospect of support, whereas the purchase of the horse did afford a possibility of bettering my condition, so, after all, had I not done right in consenting to purchase the horse ? The purchase was to be made with another person's property it is true, and I did not exactly like the idea of speculating with another person's property, but Mr. Petulengro had thrust his money upon me, and if I lost his money, he could have no one but himself to blame ; so I persuaded myself that I had upon the whole done right, and having come to that persuasion I soon began to enjoy the idea of finding myself on horseback again, and figured to myself all kinds of strange adventures which I should meet with on the roads before the horse and I should part company.

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him, and offered to treat him to some cold gin and water with a lump of sugar in it; and, on his refusing, told him that he had better make himself scarce, which he did, and I hope I shall never see him again. So I suppose you are come for the horse; mercy upon us! who would have thought you would have become the purchaser? The horse, however, seemed to know it by its neighing. How did you ever come by the money? however, that's no matter of mine. I suppose you are strongly backed by certain friends you have."

I informed the landlord that he was right in supposing that I came for the horse, but that, before I said for him, I should wish to prove his capabilities. "With all my heart," said the landlord. "You shall mount him this moment." Then going into the stable he saddled and bridled the horse, and presently brought him out before the door. I mounted him, Mr. Petulengro putting a heavy whip into my hand, and saying a few words to me in his own mysterious language. The horse wants no whip," said the landlord. "Hold our tongue, daddy" said Mr. Petulengro. "My pal knows quite well what to do with the whip, he's not ing to beat the horse with it." About four hundred yds from the house there was a hill, to the foot of each the road ran almost on a perfect level; towards the foot of this hill I trotted the horse, who set off at a long, swift pace, seemingly at the rate of about six miles an hour. On reaching the foot of the hill, heeled the animal round, and trotted him towards the house—the horse sped faster than before. Ere he advanced a hundred yards, I took off my hat, in allience to the advice which Mr. Petulengro had given me in his own language, and holding it over the horse's head, commenced drumming on the crown of the knob of the whip; the horse gave a slight start, but instantly recovering himself, continued his trot till he arrived at the door of the public-house; amidst the acclamations of the company, who all rushed out of the house to meet him.

not jump so much as any other one's thirteen. Only let him get on the horse's back, and you'll see what he can do!" "No," said the landlord, "it won't do." Whereupon Mr. Petulengro became very much excited; and pulling out a handful of money, said, "I'll tell you what, I'll forfeit three guineas if my black pal there does the horse any kind of damage, duck me in the horse-pond if I don't." Well," said the landlord, "for the sport of the thing I consent, so let your white pal get down, and your black pal mount as soon as he pleases." I felt rather mortified at Mr. Petulengro's interference; and showed no disposition to quit my seat; whereupon he came up to me and said, "Now, brother, do get out of the saddle—you are no bad hand at trotting, I am willing to acknowledge that; but at leaping a horse there is no one like Tawno. Let every dog be praised for his own gift. You have been showing off in your line for the last half-hour; now do give Tawno a chance of exhibiting a little; poor fellow, he hasn't often a chance of exhibiting, as his wife keeps him so much in sight." Not wishing to appear desirous of engrossing the public attention, and feeling rather desirous to see how Tawno, of whose exploits in leaping horses I had frequently heard, would acquit himself in the affair, I at length dismounted, and Tawno, at a bound, leaped into the saddle, where he really looked like Gunnar of Hlitharend, save and except that the complexion of Gunnar was florid, whereas that of Tawno was of nearly Mulatto darkness; and that all Tawno's features were cast in the Grecian model, whereas Gunnar had a snub nose. "There's a leaping-bar behind the house," said the landlord. "Leaping-bar!" said Mr. Petulengro, scornfully. "Do you think my black pal ever rides at a leaping-bar? No more than at a windlestraw. Leap over that meadow wall, Tawno." Just past the house, in the direction in which I had been trotting, was a wall about four feet high, beyond which was a small meadow. Tawno rode the horse gently up to the wall, permitted him to look over, then backed

steelyard, and going to the heap of stones there, he took up several of them and weighed them, then flinging them down before me, he said, 'There are six pounds, neighbour; now, get off the ass, and hand her over to me.' Well, I sat like one dumbfounded for a time, till at last I asked him what he meant? 'What do I mean,' said he, 'you old rascal, why, I mean to claim my purchase,' and then he swore so awfully, that scarcely knowing what I did I got down, and he jumped on the animal and rode off as fast as he could." "I suppose he was the fellow," said I, "whom I just now met upon a fine grey ass, which he was beating with a cudgel." "I dare say he was," said the old man, "I saw him beating her as he rode away, and I thought I should have died." "I never heard such a story," said I; "well, do you mean to submit to such a piece of roguery quietly?" "Oh dear" said the old man, "what can I do? I am seventy nine years of age; I am bad on my feet, and dar'n't go after him." "Shall I go?" said I; "the fellow is a thief, and any one has a right to stop him." "Oh if you could but bring her again to me," said the old man, "I would bless you to my dying day, but have a care, I don't know but after all the law may say that she is his lawful purchase. I asked six pounds for her and he gave me six pounds." "Six flints you mean," said I; "no, no, the law is not quite so bad as that either; I know something about her, and am sure that she will never sanction such a quibble. At all events, I'll ride after the fellow." Thereupon turning the horse round, I put him to his very best trot; I rode nearly a mile without obtaining a glimpse of the fellow, and was becoming apprehensive that he had escaped me by turning down some by-path, two or three of which I had passed. Suddenly, however, on the road making a slight turning, I perceived him right before me, moving at a tolerably swift pace, having by this time probably overcome the resistance of the animal. Putting my horse to a full gallop, I shouted at the top of my voice, "Get off

steelyard, and going to the heap of stones there, he took up several of them and weighed them, then flinging them down before me, he said, 'There are six pounds, neighbour; now, get off the ass, and hand her over to me.' Well, I sat like one dumfounded for a time, till at last I asked him what he meant? 'What do I mean,' said he, 'you old rascal, why, I mean to claim my purchase,' and then he swore so awfully, that scarcely knowing what I did I got down, and he jumped on the animal and rode off as fast as he could. "I suppose he was the fellow," said I, "whom I just now met upon a fine grey ass, which he was beating with a cudgel." "I dare say he was," said the old man, "I saw him beating her as he rode away, and I thought I should have died." "I never heard such a story," said I; "well, do you mean to submit to such a piece of roguery quietly?" "Oh dear," said the old man, "what can I do? I am seventy-nine years of age; I am bad on my feet, and dat'n't go after him." "Shall I go?" said I, "the fellow is a thief, and any one has a right to stop him." "Oh if you could but bring her again to me," said the old man, "I would bless you to my dying day, but have a care; I don't know but after all the law may say that she is his lawful purchase. I asked six pounds for her, and he gave me six pounds." "Six shillings you mean," said I. "no, no, the law is not quite so bad as that either, I know something about her, and am sure that she will never sanction such a quibble. At all events, I'll ride after the fellow." Thereupon turning the horse round, I put him to his very best trot; I rode nearly a mile without obtaining a glimpse of the fellow, and was becoming apprehensive that he had escaped me by turning down some by-path, two or three of which I had passed. Suddenly, however, on the road making a slight turning, I perceived him right before me, moving at a tolerably swift pace, having by this time probably overcome the resistance of the animal. Putting my horse to a full gallop, I shouted at the top of my voice, "Get off



over, felt rather thirsty, from the heat of the day, I told him that I should have great pleasure in attending to him. Whereupon, turning off together, we proceeded at half a mile, sometimes between stone walls, and at other times hedges, till we reached a small hamlet, through which we passed, and presently came to a very pretty cottage, delightfully situated within a garden, surrounded by a hedge of woodbines. Opening a gate at one corner of the garden, he led the way to a large shed which stood partly behind the cottage, which he said was his stable; thereupon he dismounted, and led his donkey into the shed, which was without stalls, but had a long rack and manger. On one side he tied his donkey, after taking off her caparisons, and I followed his example, tying my horse at the other side with a rope halter which he gave me; he then asked me to come in and taste his mead, but I told him that I must attend to the comfort of my horse first, and forthwith, taking a wisp of straw, rubbed him carefully down. Then taking a pailful of clear water, which stood in the shed, I allowed the horse to drink about half a pint, and then turning to the old man, who all the time had stood by looking at my proceedings, I asked him whether he had any oats? "I have all kinds of grain," he replied, and, going out, he presently returned with two measures, one a large and the other a small one, both filled with oats, mixed with a few beans, and handing the large one to me for the horse, he emptied the other before the donkey, who before she began to despatch it, turned her nose to her master's face and fairly kissed him. Having given my horse his portion, I told the old man that I was ready to taste his mead as soon as he pleased, whereupon he ushered me into his cottage, where, making me sit down by a deal table in a neatly-sanded kitchen, he produced from an old-fashioned closet a bottle, holding about a quart, and a couple of cups, which might each contain about half a pint, then opening the bottle and filling the cups with a brown-coloured liquor, he handed one to me, and taking a seat opposite to me, he lifted the other,

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added, and saying to me—"Health and Welcome!" pressed it to his lips and drank.

"Health and thanks," I replied; and being thirsty, emptied my cup at a draught; I had scarcely done so, however, when I half repented. The mead deliciously sweet and mellow, but appeared strong and fiery, my eyes reeled in my head, and my head became slightly dizzy. "Mead is a strong drink," said the old man, as he looked at me, with a half smile and a countenance. "This is, at any rate," said I, "strong, indeed, that I would not drink another cup on any consideration." "And I would not ask you," said the old man; "for, if you did, you would most probably be stupid all day, and wake next morning with a headache." "Mead is a good drink, but woundily strong especially to those who be not used to it, as I suppose you are not." "Where do you get it?" said I. "I make it myself," said the old man, "from the honey which my bees make." "Have you many bees?" inquired. "A great many," said the old man. "How do you keep them?" said I, "for the sake of making mead with their honey?" "I keep them," he replied, "partly because I am fond of them, and partly for the sake of the honey they bring me in, they make me a great deal of honey, some of which I sell, and with a little I make me mead to warm my poor heart with, or occasionally treat a friend with like yourself." "And do you support yourself entirely by means of your bees?" "No," said the old man; "I have a little bit of ground by my house, which is my principal means of support." "And do you live alone?" "Yes," said he, "with the exception of the bees and the donkey, I live quite alone." "And have you always lived alone?" The old man emptied his cup, and his heart being warm with mead, he told me his history, which was simple enough. His father was a small yeoman, who, at his death, had left him, his only child, the cottage, with a piece of ground behind it, and on this little property he had spent some years, about fifteen or sixteen

had married an industrious young woman, by whom I had one daughter, who died before reaching years of womanhood. His wife, however, had survived his daughter many years, and had been a great comfort to him, assisting him in his rural occupations; but, about four years before the present period, he had lost her since which time he had lived alone, making himself as comfortable as he could; cultivating his ground with the help of a lad from the neighbouring village, attending to his bees, and occasionally riding his donkey to market, and bearing the word of God, which he said he was sorry he could not read, twice a week regularly at the parish church. Such was the old man's tale.

When he had finished speaking, he led me behind his house, and showed me his little domain. It consisted of about two acres in admirable cultivation; a small portion of it formed a kitchen garden, while the rest was sown with four kinds of grain, wheat, barley, pease, and beans. The air was full of ambrosial sweets, resembling those proceeding from an orange grove; a place, which though I had never seen at that time, I since have. In the garden was the habitation of the bees, a long box supported upon three oaken stumps. It was full of small round glass windows, and appeared to be divided into a great many compartments, much resembling drawers placed sideways. He told me that, as one compartment was filled, the bees left it for another; so that, whenever he wanted honey, he could procure some without injuring the insects. Through the little round windows I could see several of the bees at work; hundreds were going in and out of the doors; hundreds were buzzing about on the flowers, the woodbines, and beans. As I looked around on the well-cultivated field, the garden, and the bees, I thought I had never before seen so rural and peaceful a scene.

When we returned to the cottage we again sat down, and I asked the old man whether he was not afraid to live alone. He told me that he was not, for that, upon whole, his neighbours were very kind to him. I.

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ioned the fellow who had swindled him of his do-
pon the road. "That was no neighbour of mine,"
he old man, "and perhaps I shall never see him a-
r his like." "It's a dreadful thing," said I, "to
o other resource, when injured, than to shed tear
he road." "It is so," said the old man; "but
aw the tears of the old, and sent a helper." "I
did you not help yourself?" said I. "Instead of
ing off your ass, why did you not punch at the fe-
r at any rate use dreadful language, call him a vi-
and shout robbery?" "Punch!" said the old
"shout! what, with these hands, and this voice—
how you run on! I am old, young chap, I am o-
"Well," said I, "it is a shameful thing to cry even
old." "You think so now," said the old man,
cause you are young and strong; perhaps when yo-
as old as I, you will not be ashamed to cry."

Upon the whole I was rather pleased with the old
and much with all about him. As evening drew
I told him that I must proceed on my journey; w-
upon he invited me to tarry with him during the
telling me that he had a nice room and bed abo-
my service. I, however, declined; and bidding
farewell, mounted my horse, and departed. Rega-
the road, I proceeded once more in the direction o-
north; and, after a few hours, coming to a comfo-
public-house, I stopped and put up for the night.

CHAPTER XXII

*The Singular Noise—Sleeping in a Meadow—The Boon
Cure for Wakefulness—Literary Tea-party—
Byron.*

I DID not wake till rather late the next morning; and when I did, I felt considerable drowsiness, with a slight headache, which I was uncharitably enough to attribute to the mead which I had drank on the preceding day. After feeding my horse, and breakfasting, I proceeded on my wanderings. Nothing occurred worthy of relating till midday was considerably past, when I came to a pleasant valley, between two gentle hills. I had dismounted, in order to ease my horse, and was leading him along by the bridle, when, on my right, behind a bank in which some umbrageous ashes were growing, I heard a singular noise. I stopped short and listened, and presently said to myself, "Surely this is snoring, perhaps that of a hedgehog." On further consideration, however, I was convinced that the noise which I heard, and which certainly seemed to be snoring, could not possibly proceed from the nostrils of so small an animal, but must rather come from those of a giant, so loud and sonorous was it. About two or three yards farther was a gate, partly open, to which I went, and peeping into the field, saw a man lying on some rich grass, under the shade of one of the ashes; he was snoring away at a great rate. Impelled by curiosity, I fastened the bridle of my horse to the gate, and went up to the man. He was a genteelly-dressed individual; rather corpulent with dark features, and seemingly about forty-five. He lay on his back, his hat slightly over his brow, and at his right hand lay an open book. So strenuously did he

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more that the wind from his nostrils agitated, perceptible fine carbatic fowl which he wore at his bosom. I gazed upon him for some time, expecting that he might awake but he did not, but kept on snoring, his breast heaving convulsively. At last, the noise he made became terrible, that I felt alarmed for his safety, imagining that a fit might seize him, and he lose his life while asleep. I therefore exclaimed, "Sir, sir, awake! you sleep overmuch." But my voice failed to rouse him, and he continued snoring as before: whereupon I touched him slightly with my riding wand, but failing to wake him, I touched him again more vigorously: whereupon he opened his eyes, and, probably imagining himself in a dream, closed them again. But I was determined to rouse him, and cried as loud as I could, "Sir, sir, no sleep no more!" He heard what I said, opened his eyes again, stared at me with a look of some consciousness, and, half raising himself upon his elbows, asked me what was the matter. "I beg your pardon," said I, "but I took the liberty of awaking you, because you appeared to be much disturbed in your sleep—I was fearful, too, that you might catch a fever from sleeping under a tree." "I run no risk," said the man, "I often come and sleep here; and as for being disturbed in sleep, I felt very comfortable; I wish you had awoken me." "Well," said I, "I beg your pardon once more. I assure you that what I did was with the best intention." "Oh! pray make no further apology," said the individual, "I make no doubt that what you did was done kindly; but there's an old proverb to the effect 'that you should let sleeping dogs lie,' he added with a smile. Then, getting up, and stretching himself with a yawn, he took up his book and said, "I have slept quite long enough, and it's quite time for me to be going home." "Excuse my curiosity," said I, "may I inquire what may induce you to come and sleep in this meadow?" "To tell you the truth," answered he, "I am a bad sleeper." "Pray pardon me," said I, "but I thought that you were some one of those who sleep soundly."

I did so," said the individual, "I am beholden to meadow and this book; but I am talking riddles, will explain myself. I am the owner of a very pretty property, of which this valley forms part. Some years ago, however, up started a person who said the property was his; a lawsuit ensued, and I was on the brink of losing my all, when, most unexpectedly, the suit was determined in my favour. Owing, however, to the anxiety to which my mind had been subjected for years, my nerves had become terribly shaken; and no sooner was the trial terminated than sleep forsook my pillow. I sometimes passed nights without closing an eye; took opiates, but they rather increased than alleviated my malady. About three weeks ago a friend of mine put this book into my hand, and advised me to take every day to some pleasant part of my estate, and to read a page or two, assuring me, if I did, that I should infallibly fall asleep. I took his advice, and selecting this place, which I considered the pleasantest part of my property, I came, and lying down, commenced reading the book, and before finishing a page was in a dead slumber. Every day since then I have repeated the experiment, and every time with equal success. I am a single man, without any children; and yesterday I made my will, in which, in the event of my friend's surviving me, I have left him all my fortune, in gratitude for his having procured for me the most invaluable of all blessings—sleep."

"Dear me," said I, "how very extraordinary! Do you think that your going to sleep is caused by the meadow or the book?" "I suppose by both," said my new acquaintance, "acting in co-operation." "It may be so," said I; "the magic influence does certainly not proceed from the meadow alone; for since I have been here, I have not felt the slightest inclination to sleep. Does the book consist of prose or poetry?" "It consists of poetry," said the individual. "Not Byron's?" said I. "Byron's!" repeated the individual, with a smile of contempt; "no, no; there is

nothing narcotic in Byron's poetry. I don't like it. I used to read it, but it thrilled, agitated, and kept me awake. No, this is not Byron's poetry, but the inimitable —'s"—mentioning a name which I had never heard till then. "Will you permit me to look at it?" said I. "With pleasure," he answered, politely handing me the book. I took the volume, and glanced over the contents. It was written in blank verse, and appeared to abound in descriptions of scenery, there was much mention of mountains, valleys, streams and waterfalls, harebells and daffodils. These descriptions were interspersed with dialogues, which, though they proceeded from the mouths of pedlars and rustics, were of the most edifying description, mostly on subjects moral or metaphysical, and couched in the most gentlemanly and unexceptionable language, without the slightest mixture of vulgarity, coarseness, or piebald grammar. Such appeared to me to be the contents of the book; but before I could form a very clear idea of them, I found myself nodding, and a surprising desire to sleep coming over me. Rousing myself, however, by a strong effort, I closed the book, and, returning it to the owner, inquired of him, "Whether he had any motive in coming and lying down in the meadow, besides the wish of enjoying sleep?" "None whatever," he replied; "in-so, always provided I could enjoy the blessing of sleep; for by lying down under trees, I may possibly catch the rheumatism, or be stung by serpents, and, moreover, in the rainy season and winter the thing will be impossible, unless I erect a tent, which will possibly destroy the charm." "Well," said I, "you need give yourself no further trouble about coming here, as I am fully convinced that with this book in your hand, you may go to sleep anywhere, as your friend was doubtless aware, though he wished to interest your imagination for a time by persuading you to lie abroad, therefore, in future, whenever you feel disposed to sleep, try to read the book, and you will be sound asleep in a minute; the

narcotic influence lies in the look, and not in the
 "I will follow your advice," said the individual,
 this very night take it with me to bed; though I
 in time to be able to sleep without it, my nerves
 already much quieted from the slumbers I have en-
 in this field." He then moved toward's the gate, &
 we parted; he going one way, and I and my horse
 other.

More than twenty years subsequent to this pe-
 after much wandering about the world, returning
 my native country. I was invited to a literary tea-
 where, the discourse turning upon poetry. I, in o-
 to show that I was not more ignorant than my pe-
 hours, began to talk about Byron, for whose writing
 really entertained a considerable admiration, though
 had no particular esteem for the man himself. At
 I received no answer to what I said—the comp-
 merely surveying me with a kind of sleepy stare.
 length a lady, about the age of forty, with a large
 on her face, observed in a drawling tone, "That
 had not read Byron—at least since her girlhood—
 then only a few passages; but that the impression
 her mind was, that his writings were of a highly ob-
 jectable character." "I also read a little of him
 my boyhood," said a gentleman, about sixty, but w-
 evidently, from his dress and demeanour, wished
 appear about thirty, "but I highly disapproved of him
 for, notwithstanding he was a nobleman, he is frequent-
 very coarse, and very fond of raising emotion. No
 emotion is what I dislike;" drawling out the la-
 syllable of the word dislike. "There is only one poet f-
 me—the divine—"—and then he mentioned a name
 which I had only once heard, and afterwards quite fo-
 gotten; the name mentioned by the snorer in the field.
 "Ah! there is no one like him!" murmured some
 more of the company; "the poet of nature—of nature
 without its vulgarity." I wished very much to ask the
 people whether they were ever bad sleepers, and whether
 they had read the poet, so called, from a desire of be-
 coming so.

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to sleep. Within a few days, however, I hear it had of late become very fashionable and genteel to appear half asleep, and that one could exhibit a more marked mark of superlative breeding than by occasion of company setting one's rhonchal organ in action. I ceased to wonder at the popularity, which I found to be universal, of the new poetry for, certainly, to make one's self appear sleepy in company usually to induce sleep, nothing could be more efficacious than a slight predilection of his poems.

Byron, with his wit and emotion to say nothing of mouthings and coxcombry, was dethroned, and I prophesied he would be more than twenty years, on the day of his funeral, though I had little

thought his humiliation would have been brought about by me whose sole strength consists in setting people to sleep. Well, all things are doomed to termination. Before that termination, however, I will venture to prophesy that people will become a little more availing and yawning be a little less in fashion.— If Byron be once more reinstated on his throne, his rival will always stand a good chance of being worshipped by those whose ruined nerves are unable to the narcotic powers of opium and morphine.

CHAPTER XXIII

Drivers and Front Outside Passengers—Fatigue of Body and Mind—Unexpected Greeting—My Inn—The Governor—Engagement

I CONTINUED my journey, passing through one or two villages. The day was exceedingly hot, and the road dusty. In order to cause my horse as little fatigue as possible, and not to chafe his back, I led him by the bridle, my doing which brought upon me a shower of remarks, jests, and would-be witticisms from the drivers and front outside passengers of sundry stage-coaches, which passed me in one direction or the other. In this way I proceeded till considerably past noon, when I felt myself very fatigued, and my horse appeared no less so; and it is probable that the lazy and listless manner in which we were moving on tired us both much more effectually than hurrying along at a swift trot would have done, for I have observed that when the energies of the body are not exerted a languor frequently comes over it. At length, arriving at a very large building with an archway, near the entrance of a town, I sat down on what appeared to be a stepping-block, and presently experienced a great depression of spirits. I began to ask myself whither I was going, and what I should do with myself and the horse which I held by the bridle? It appeared to me that I was alone in the world with the poor animal, who looked for support to me, who knew not how to support myself. Then the image of Isopel Berners came into my mind, and when I bethought me how I had lost her for ever, and how happy I might have been with her in the New World had she not deserted me, I became yet more miserable

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As I sat in this frame of mind, I suddenly felt someone clap me on the shoulder, and heard a voice say, "Ha! comrade of the dingle, what chance has brought you into these parts?" I turned round, and beheld a man in the dress of a postillion, whom I instantly recognised as he to whom I had rendered assistance on the night of the storm.

"Ah!" said I, "is it you? I am glad to see you. I was feeling very lonely and melancholy."

"Lonely and melancholy," he replied, "how is that? how can any one be lonely and melancholy with such a noble horse as that you hold by the bridle?"

"The horse," said I, "is one cause of my melancholy, for I know not in the world what to do with it."

"Is it your own?"

"Yes," said I, "I may call it my own, though I borrowed the money to purchase it."

"Well, why don't you sell it?"

"It is not always easy to find a purchaser for a horse like this," said I; "can you recommend me one?"

"I? Why, no, not exactly; but you'll find a purchaser shortly—pooh! if you have no other cause of disquiet than that horse, cheer up, man, don't be cast down. Have you nothing else on your mind? By-the-bye, what's become of the young woman you were keeping company with in that queer lodging-place—yours?"

"She has left me," said I.

"You quarrelled, I suppose?"

"No," said I, "we did not exactly quarrel, but we are parted."

"Well," replied he, "but you will soon come together again."

"No," said I, "we are parted for ever."

"For ever! Pooh! you little know how people sometimes come together again who think they are parted for ever. Here's something on that point relating to myself. You remember, when I told you of

woman, my fellow-servant when I lived with the E. family in Mumbo Jumbo's town, and how she and I when our foolish governors were thinking of changing their religion, agreed to stand by each other, as true to old Church of England, and to give our governors warning, provided they tried to make us renegs. Well, she and I parted soon after that, and never thought to meet again, yet we met the other day in the field for she lately came to live with a great family now from here, and we have since agreed to marry, to have a little farm, for we have both a trifle of money, and live together till 'death us do part' So much for planning for ever! But what do I mean by keeping broiling in the sun with your horse's bridle in my hand, and you on my own ground? Do you know where you are? Why, that great house is my inn, and is, it's my master's, the best fellow in——. Come along you and your horse both will find a welcome at my inn.

Thereupon he led the way into a large court in which there were coaches, chaises, and a great many people taking my horse from me, he led it into a nice stall, and fastened it to the rack—he then conducted me into a postillion's keeping-room, which at that time chanced to be empty, and he then fetched a pot of beer and sat down by me.

After a little conversation he asked me what I intended to do, and I told him frankly that I did not know; whereupon he observed that, provided I had no objection, he had little doubt that I could be accommodated for some time at his inn. "Our upper ostler," said he, "died about a week ago; he was a clever fellow, and, besides his trade, understood reading and accounts."

"Dear me," said I, interrupting him, "I am not fitted for the place of ostler—moreover, I refused the place of ostler at a public-house, which was offered to me only a few days ago." The postillion burst into a laugh. "Ostler at a public-house, indeed! why, you would not compare a berth at a place like that with the

ization of ostler at my inn, the first road-house in England! However, I was not thinking of the place as an ostler for you; you are, as you say, not fitted for it; any rate not at a house like this. We have, moreover, the best under-ostler in all England—old Bill, with the drawback that he is rather fond of drink. We could make shift with him very well, provided we could find with a man of writing and figures, who could give an account of the hay and corn which comes in and goes out, and wouldn't object to give a look occasionally at the yard. Now it appears to me that you are just such a kind of man, and if you will allow me to speak to the governor, I don't doubt that he will gladly take you as he feels kindly disposed towards you from what he has heard me say concerning you."

"And what should I do with my horse?" said I.

"The horse need give you no uneasiness," said the postilion; "I know he will be welcome here both for feed and manger, and perhaps in a little time you may find a purchaser, as a vast number of sporting people frequent this house." I offered two or three more objections, which the postilion overcame with great force of argument, and the pot being nearly empty, he drained it to the bottom drop, and then starting up, left me alone.

In about twenty minutes he returned, accompanied by a highly intelligent-looking individual dressed in blue and black, with a particularly white cravat, and without a hat on his head; this individual, whom I should have mistaken for a gentleman but for the intelligence depicted in his face, he introduced to me as the master of the inn. The master of the inn shook me warmly by the hand, told me that he was happy to see me at his house, and thanked me in the handsomest terms for the kindness I had shown to his servant in the affair of the thunderstorm. Then saying that he was informed I was out of employ, he assured me that he should be most happy to engage me to keep his hay and corn account, and as general superintendent of the road, and

that with respect to the horse which he was told he begged to inform me that I was perfectly at to keep it at the inn upon the very best, until I find a purchaser,—that with regard to wages,—I had no sooner mentioned wages than I cut him saying, that provided I stayed I should be most to serve him for bed and board, and requested that he would allow me until the next morning to consider his offer; he willingly consented to my request begging that I would call for anything I pleased me alone with the postillion.

I passed that night until about ten o'clock with the postillion, when he left me, having to drive a distance of about ten miles across the country; before his departure however, I told him that I had determined to accept of his offer of his governor, as he called him. At the bottom of my heart I was most happy that an offer had been made, which secured to myself and the animal a comfortable retreat at a moment when I knew not where in the world to take myself and him.

CHAPTER XXIV

*An Inn of Times gone by—A First-rate Publican—
and Corn—Old-fashioned Ostler—Highwaymen—
Mounted Police—Grooming.*

THE inn, of which I had become an inhabitant, was a place of infinite life and bustle. Travellers of all descriptions, from all the cardinal points, were continually stopping at it; and to attend to their wants, and minister to their convenience, an army of servants, of every description or other, was kept; waiters, chambermaids, grooms, postillions, shoe-blacks, cooks, scullions, what not, for there was a barber and hair-dresser, I had been at Paris, and talked French with a cockney accent; the French sounding all the better, as no accent is so melodious as the cockney. Jacks creaked in kitchens turning round spits, on which large joints of meat piped and smoked before the great big fires. I was running up and down stairs, and along galleries, slamming of doors, cries of "Coming, sir," and "Please to step this way, ma'am," during eighteen hours of four-and-twenty. Truly a very great place for life and bustle was this inn. And often in after life, when lonely and melancholy, I have called up the time I spent there, and never failed to become cheerful from the recollection.

I found the master of the house a very kind and agreeable person. Before being an inn-keeper he had been some other line of business, but on the death of his former proprietor of the inn had married his widow, who was still alive, but being somewhat infirm, lived in a retired part of the house. I have said that he was a good and civil; he was, however, not one of those

who suffer themselves to be made fools of by anybody; he knew his customers, and had a calm clear eye, which would look through a man without seeming to do so. The accommodation of his house was of the very best description; his wines were good, his viands equal so, and his charges not immoderate; though he very properly took care of himself. He was no vulgar keeper, had a host of friends, and deserved them. During the time I lived with him, he was presented, in a large assembly of his friends and customers, with a dinner at his own house which was very costly, at which the best of wines were sported, and after the dinner with a piece of plate, estimated at fifty guineas. He received the plate, made a neat speech of thanks, and when the bill was called for, made another neat speech in which he refused to receive one farthing for the entertainment, ordering in at the same time two dozen more of the best champagne, and sitting down amidst uproarious applause and cries of "You shall be no loser by it!" Nothing very wonderful in such conduct, some people will say. I don't say there is, nor have I any intention to endeavour to persuade the reader that the host of the was a *Cavalier Portomoor*; he merely gave a good prospect, but it is not every person who will give you a good prospect. Had he been a vulgar pullian, he would have sent in a swamping bill after receiving the plate; but the more vulgar pullian would have been presented with plate, perhaps not, but every a vulgar pullian has been presented with plate, whose adherents never received a good prospect, except in the shape of a swamping bill.

I found my share of distributing hay and corn, and requiring an account thereof, anywhere but disagreeable, particularly after I had accepted the good will of the old owner, who at first looked upon me with rather an evil eye, considering me somewhat in the light of one who had usurped an office which belonged to himself, the right of government; but there was little good to be done, and by speaking kindly to him, never

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giving myself any airs of assumption, but, abetted by frequently reading the newspapers to him though passionately fond of news and politics, unable to read—I soon succeeded in placing my excellent terms with him. A regular character was the old ostler; he was a Yorkshireman by birth, & had seen a great deal of life in the vicinity of London, which, on the death of his parents, who were very poor people, he went at a very early age. Amongst the places where he had served as ostler was a small inn at Hounslow, much frequented by highwaymen, & exploits he was fond of narrating, especially of Jerry Abershaw, who, he said, was a capital ride on hearing his accounts of that worthy I had resolved that the old fellow had not been in London, and had not formed his acquaintance about the time of thinking of writing the life of the said Abershaw, doubting that with his assistance I could have produced a book at least as remarkable as the life and adventures of that entirely imaginary personage, Joseph Sellick. I was, however, mistaken, and whenever Abershaw's life shall appear, before the printer—a publisher credibly informs me that it has not yet appeared—I beg and entreat the publisher to state, if he likes best, the life of Abershaw in the habit of Sellick, for in the latter work I am informing in the course of the last months there has been an enormous demand for the friend, however, after talking over Abershaw, we frequently add that, good rider, Abershaw certainly he was decidedly inferior to Richard Ferguson, called Galloping Dick, who was a pal of Abershaw's, had enjoyed a career as long, and nearly as remarkable as his own. I learned from him that both were customers at the Hounslow inn, and that he frequently drank with them in the corn-room, & that no man could desire more jolly or enterprising companions over a glass of "summat," but that on the road it was anything but desirable to meet them, they were terrible, cursing and swearing.

thrusting the muzzles of their pistols into people's mouths; and at this part of his locution the old man winked, and said, in a somewhat lower voice, that upon the whole they were right in doing so, and that when a person had once made up his mind to become a highwayman, his best policy was to go the whole hog, fearing nothing, but making everybody afraid of him; that people never thought of resisting a savage-faced, foul-mouthed highwayman, and if he were taken, were afraid to bear witness against him, lest he should get off and cut their throats some time or other upon the roads; whereas people would resist being robbed by a sneaking, pale-visaged rascal, and would swear bodily against him on the first opportunity,—adding, that Abershaw and Ferguson, two most awful fellows, had enjoyed a long career, whereas two disbanded officers of the army, who wished to rob a coach like gentlemen, had begged the passengers' pardon, and talked of hard necessity, had been set upon by the passengers themselves, amongst whom were three women, pulled from their horses, conducted to Maidstone, and hanged with as little pity as such contemptible fellows deserved. "There is nothing like going the whole hog," he repeated, "and if ever I had been a highwayman, I would have done so; I should have thought *pro quo* the more safe; and, moreover, shouldn't have sent *me* myself To curry favour with those; but then, sometimes at the expense of your own witness, as I have known fellows do, why, it is the greatest . . ."

"So it is," interposed my friend the postilion, who chanced to be present at a considerable part of the old ostler's discourse; "it is, as you say, the greatest of humbug, and merely, after all, gets a fellow into trouble; but no regular bred highwayman would do it. I say, George, catch the Pope of Rome trying to curry favour with anybody he robs; catch old Blunderbuss currying favour with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean and Chapter, should he meet them in a stage-coach; it would be with him, *brave* Abbot, as he

next clink, where they might lie till they could be properly dealt with by law; instead of which, the Government are repealing the wise old laws enacted against such characters, giving fresh licences every day to the public-houses, and saying that it would be a pity to c down their rookeries and thickets, because they look very picturesque, and, in fact, giving them all kind of encouragement; why, if such behaviour is not enough to drive an honest man mad, I know not what is. It is of no use talking, I only wish the power were in my hands, and if I did not make short work of them, might I be a mere jackass postillion all the remainder of my life."

Besides acquiring from the ancient ostler a great deal of curious information respecting the ways and habits of the heroes of the road, with whom he had come in contact in the early portion of his life, I picked up from him many excellent hints relating to the art of grooming horses. Whilst at the inn, I frequently groomed the stage and post horses, and those driven up by travellers in their gigs. I was not compelled, nor indeed expected, to do so; but I took pleasure in the occupation; and I remember at that period one of the principal objects of my ambition was to be a first-rate groom, and to make the skins of the creatures I took in hand look sleek and glossy like those of moles. I have said that I derived valuable hints from the old man, and, indeed, became a very tolerable groom, but there was a certain hankling touch which I could never learn from him, though he possessed it himself, and which I could never attain to by my own endeavours, though my want of success certainly did not proceed from want of application, for I have rubbed the horses down, pruned and tinned all the time, after the genuine ostler fashion, until the perspiration fell in heavy drops upon my shoes, and I when I had done my best, and asked the old fellow what he thought of my work, I could never extract from him more than a kind of grunt, which might be translated, "not so very bad, but I have seen a better groomed

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ich better," which leads me to suppose that a person in order to be a first-rate groom, must have something in him when he is born which I had not, and, indeed, which many other people have not who pretend to be grooms. What does the reader think?

CHAPTER XXV

Stable Hartshorn—How to manage a Horse on Journey—Your Best Friend

OF one thing I am certain, that the reader is much delighted with the wholesome smell of the with which many of these pages are redolent ; in contrast to the sickly odours exhaled from those of my contemporaries, especially of those who profess to be of the highly fashionable class, and who fill their reception-rooms, well may they be styled so, in dukes, duchesses, earls, countesses, archbishops, bishops, mayors, mayoresses—not forgetting the writers themselves, both male and female—congregate and upon one another, how cheering, how refreshing, having been nearly knocked down with such an atmosphere, to come in contact with genuine stable harts ! Oh ! the reader shall have yet more of the stable of that old ostler for which he or she will doubtless exclaim, " Much obliged ! "—and lest I should forget to perform my promise, the reader shall have it now.

I shall never forget a harangue from the great old man, which I listened to one warm evening he and I sat on the threshold of the stable, after he attended to some of the wants of a batch of new horses. It related to the manner in which a gentleman should take care of his horse and self whilst on a journey on to retrace, and was addressed to my

the supposition of my one day coming to an end.

" I suppose becoming a gentleman

" You are a gentleman," said he, " should be able to take a journey on a horse of your own, and will not have a much better than the one I



without counting it up—supposing you to be a gentleman. Give the waiter sixpence, and order out your horse, and when your horse is out, pay for the corn, and give the ostler a shilling, then mount your horse and walk him gently for five miles; and whilst you are walking him in this manner, it may be as well to tell you to take care that you do not let him down and smash his knees, more especially if the road be a particularly good one, for it is not at a desperate hiverman pace, and over very bad roads, that a horse tumbles and smashes his knees, but on your particularly nice road, when the horse is going gently and lazily, and is half asleep, like the gemman on his back; well, at the end of the five miles, when the horse has digested his food, and is all right, you may begin to push your horse on, trotting him a mile at a heat, and then walking him a quarter of a one, that his wind may be not distressed; and you may go on in that manner for thirty miles, never galloping of course, for none but fools or hivermen ever gallop horses on roads; and at the end of that distance you may stop at some other nice inn for dinner. I say, when your horse is led into the stable, after that same thirty miles' trotting and walking, don't let the saddle be whisked off at once, for if you do your horse will have such a sore back as will frighten you, but let your saddle remain on your horse's back, with the girths loosened, till after his next feed of corn, and be sure that he has no corn, much less water, till after a long hour or more; after he is fed he may be watered to the tune of half a pail, and then the ostler can give him a regular rub down; you may then sit down to dinner, and when you have dined get up and see to your horse as you did after breakfast, in fact you must do much after the same fashion as you did at t'other inn; see to your horse, and by no means disoblige the ostler. So when you have seen to your horse a second time, you will sit down to your bottle of wine—supposing you to be a gentleman—and after you have finished it, and your argument about the corn laws with any commercial



without counting it up—supposing you to be a gentleman. Give the water sixpence, and order out your horse, and when your horse is out, pay for the corn and give the ostler a shilling, then mount your horse and walk him about thirty miles; and I say, let you a walking horse be a good one, it may be as well to tell you to take care that you do not let him down as *smash his ribs*, nor *break his back*, if the road be a particularly good one, and that you do not waste his time, and over a rough road that a little tumble and some such business will do you particularly no road will do him any harm, gently and lightly, and I hint as to the ostler, that he should well, at the end of the thirty miles, let the horse undisturbed his food, and I say, let you a gentleman, let your horse on, trotting him a quarter of a mile, then walking him a quarter of a mile, and I say, let him be not distressed; and you may go on in the same manner, never galloping or coursing, for I say, that no gentlemen ever gallop horses out of the stable, and at the end of that distance you may sit down to either pease porridge or dinner. I say, when your horse is led into the stable after that same thirty miles' trotting and walking, don't let the saddle be whisked off at once, for if you do your horse will have such a sore back as will frighten you, but let your saddle remain on your horse's back, with the girths loosened, till after his next feed of corn, and be sure that he has no corn, much less water, till after a long hour or more; after he is fed he may be watered to the tune of half a pail, and then the ostler can give him a regular rub down; you may then sit down to dinner, and when you have dined get up and see to your horse as you did after breakfast, in fact you must do much after the same fashion as you did at t'other inn; see to your horse, and by no means disoblige the ostler. So when you have seen to your horse a second time, you will sit down to your bottle of wine—supposing you to be a gentleman—and after you have finished it, and your argument about the corn laws with any commercial

be a good horse; never buy a horse that is drawn u in the belly behind, a horse of that description can feed, and can never carry sixteen stone.

"So when you have got such a horse be proud of it—as I dare say you are of the one you have now—and wherever you go swear there a'n't another to match it in the country, and if anybody gives you the lie take him by the nose and tweak it off, just as you would do if anybody were to speak ill of your lady, or, for want of her, of your housekeeper. Take care of your horse, as you would of the apple of your eye—I am sure I would if I were ever a gentleman, which I don't ever expect to be, and humbly wish, seeing as how I am sixty-nine, and am rather too old to rule—yes, cherish and take care of your horse as perhaps the best friend you have in the world, for, after all, who will carry you through thick and thin as your horse will? not your gentlemen friends, I warrant nor your housekeeper, nor your upper servants male or female; perhaps your lady would if it is, if she is a wopper, and one of the right sort—the others would be more likely to take up mud and pelt you with it, provided they saw you in trouble than to help you. So take care of your horse and feed him every day with your own hands; give him three quarters of a peck of corn each day, mixed up with a little hay chaff, and allow him besides one hundredweight of hay in the course of the week; some say that the hay should be hardland hay, because it is wholesome; but I say let it be clover hay, because the horse likes it best, give him through summer and winter, once a week, a pailful of bran mash, cold in summer, and in winter hot; ride him gently about the neighbourhood every day, by which means you and give exercise to yourself and horse, and, moreover, have the satisfaction of exhibiting yourself and your horse to advantage, and hearing, perhaps, the men say what a fine horse, and the ladies remark what a fine man—never let your groom mount your horse, as it is ten to one, if you do, your groom will be willing to

CHAPTER XXVI

*The Stage-coachmen of England—A Bully served on
—His own Guard—The Broken Head.*

I LIVED on very good terms, not only with the inn and the old ostler, but with all the domestics : hangers-on at the inn, waiters, chambermaids, coo and scullions, not forgetting the "boots," of wh there were three. As for the postillions, I was sw brother with them all, and some of them went so far to swear that I was the best fellow in the world ; which high opinion entertained by them of me, I belie I was principally indebted to the good account th comrade gave of me, whom I had so hospitably receive in the dingle. I repeat that I lived on good ter with all the people connected with the inn, and w noticed and spoken kindly to by some of the guests—especially by that class termed commercial travellers—all of whom were great friends and patronizers of th landlord, and were the principal promoters of the dinner and subscribers to the gift of plate, which I have already spoken of, the whole fraternity striking me as th olliest set of fellows imaginable, the best customers to an inn, and the most liberal to servants ; there was one description of persons, however, frequenting the inn which I did not like at all, and which I did not get on well with, and these people were the stage-coachmen.

The stage-coachmen of England, at the time of which am spe sing, considered themselves mighty fine gentry. ay, I adva believe the most important personages of the realm, and their entertaining this high opinion of themselves, let scarcely be wondered at ; they were, you masters of driving ; driving was in

fashion, and sprigs of nobility used to dress as coachmen and imitate the slang and behaviour of coachmen, from whom occasionally they would take lessons in driving as they sat beside them on the box, which post of honour any sprig of nobility who happened to take a place on a coach claimed as his unquestionable right; and then these sprigs would smoke cigars and drink sherry with the coachmen in bar-rooms, and on the road; and, when bidding them farewell, would give them a guinea or a half-guinea and shake them by the hand, so that these fellows, being low fellows, very naturally thought no small liquor of themselves, but would talk familiarly of their friends lords so and so, the honourable misters so and so, and Sir Harry and Sir Charles, and be wonderfully saucy to any one who was not a lord, or something of the kind; and this high opinion of themselves received daily augmentation from the servile homage paid them by the generality of the untitled male passengers, especially those on the fore part of the coach who used to contend for the honour of sitting on the box with the coachman when no sprig was nigh to put in his claim. Oh! what servile homage these craven creatures did pay these same coach fellows, more especially after witnessing this or t'other act of brutality practised upon the weak and unoffending—upon some poor friendless woman travelling with but little money, and perhaps a brace of hungry children with her, or upon some thin and half-starved man travelling on the hind part of the coach from London to Liverpool, with only eighteen pence in his pocket after his fare was paid, to defray his expenses on the road; for as the insolence of these knights was vast, so was their rapacity enormous, they had been so long accustomed to have crowns and half-crowns rained upon them by their admirers and flatterers, that they would look at a shilling, for which many an honest labourer was happy to toil for ten hours under a broiling sun, with the utmost contempt; would blow upon it derisively, or fillip it into the air before they pocketed

it) but when nothing was given them, as would occasionally happen—for how could they receive from those who had nothing? and nobody was bound to give them anything, as they had certain wages from the employers—then what a scene would ensue! Truly the brutality and rapacious insolence of English coachmen had reached a climax; it was time these fellows should be disenchanting, and the time—thank Heaven!—was not far distant. Let the craven dastards who used to curry favour with them, and applaud their brutality lament their loss now that they and their vehicles have disappeared from the roads; I, who have ever been an enemy to insolence, cruelty, and tyranny, loathe their memory, and what is more, am not afraid to say so, well aware of the storm of vituperation, partly learned from them, which I may expect from those who used to fall down and worship them.

Amongst the coachmen who frequented the inn was one who was called "the bang-up coachman." He drove to our inn, in the fore part of every day, one of what were called the fast coaches, and afterwards took back the corresponding vehicle. He stayed at our house about twenty minutes, during which time the passengers of the coach which he was to return were dined; those at least who were inclined for dinner and could pay for it. He derived his sobriquet of "the bang-up coachman" partly from his being dressed in the extremity of coach dandyism, and partly from the peculiar insolence of his manner, and the unmerciful fashion in which he was in the habit of lashing on the poor horses committed to his charge. He was a large fellow of about thirty, with a face which, had not been bloated by excess, and insolence and cruelty stamped most visibly upon it, might have been called good-looking. His insolence indeed was so great that he was hated by all the minor fry connected with the road upon which he drove, especially the drivers, whom he was continually abusing or fighting with. Many was the heavy curse which he

ceived when his back was turned; but the generality of people were much afraid of him, for he was a swinging strong fellow, and had the reputation of being a fighter, and in one or two instances had beaten in a barbarous manner individuals who had quarrelled with him.

I was nearly having a fracas with this worthy. One day, after he had been drinking sherry with a sprig, he swaggered into the yard where I happened to be standing; just then a waiter came by carrying upon a tray part of a splendid Cheshire cheese, with a knife, plate, and napkin. Stopping the waiter, the coachman cut with the knife a tolerably large lump out of the very middle of the cheese stuck it on the end of the knife, and putting it to his mouth nibbled a slight piece off it, and then, tossing the rest away with disdain, flung the knife down upon the tray, motioning the waiter to proceed: "I wish," said I, "you may not want before you die what you have just flung away," whereupon the fellow turned furiously towards me; just then, however, his coach being standing at the door, there was a cry for coachman, so that he was forced to depart, contenting himself for the present with shaking his fist at me, and threatening to serve me out on the first opportunity; before, however, the opportunity occurred he himself got served out in a most unexpected manner.

The day after this incident he drove his coach to the inn, and after having dismounted and received the contributions of the generality of the passengers, he truttet up, with a cigar in his mouth, to an individual who had come with him, and who had just asked me a question with respect to the direction of a village about three miles off, to which he was going. "Remember the coachman," said the knight of the box to this individual, who was a thin person of about sixty, with a white hat, rather shabby black coat, and buff-coloured trousers, and who held an umbrella and a small bundle in his hand. "If you expect me to give you anything," said he to the coachman, "you are mistaken; I will give you nothing. You have been very insolent to me

as I rode behind you on the coach, and have encouraged two or three trumpery fellows, who rode along with you to cut scurvy jokes at my expense, and now you come to me for money: I am not so poor but I could have given you a shilling had you been civil; as it is, I give you nothing." "Oh! you won't, won't you?" said the coachman; "dear me! I hope I shan't starve because you won't give me any thing—a shilling! what I could afford to give you twenty if I thought fit, you pauper! civil to you, indeed!) things are come to a fine pass if I need be civil to you! Do you know what you are speaking to? why the best lords in the county are proud to speak to me. Why, it was only the other day that the Marquis of — said to me" and then he went on to say what the Marquis said to him after which, flinging down his cigar, he strutted up the road, swearing to himself about paupers.

"You say it is three miles to —," said the individual to me; "I think I shall light my pipe, and smoke it as I go along." Thereupon he took out from a side-pocket a tobacco-box and short meerschaum pipe and implements for striking a light, filled his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking. Presently the coachman drew near, I saw at once that there was mischief in his eye; the man smoking was standing with his back towards him, and he came so nigh to him, seemingly purposely, that as he passed a puff of smoke came of necessity against his face. "What do you mean by smoking in my face?" said he, striking the pipe of the elderly individual out of his mouth. The other, without manifesting much surprise, said, "I thank you; and if you will wait a minute, I will give you a receipt for that favour;" then gathering up his pipe, and taking off his coat and hat, he laid them on a stepping-block which stood near, and rubbing his hands together, he advanced towards the coachman in an attitude of offence, holding his hands crossed very near his face. The coachman, who probably expected but such a movement from a person of the

age and appearance of the individual whom he had insulted, stood for a moment motionless with surprise, but recollecting himself, he pointed at him denratively with his finger; the next moment, however, the other was close upon him, had struck aside the extended hand with his left fist, and given him a severe blow on the nose with his right, which he immediately followed by a left-hand blow in the eye; then drawing his body slightly backward, with the velocity of lightning he struck the coachman full in the mouth, and the last blow was the severest of all, for it cut the coachman's lips nearly through, blows so quickly and sharply dealt I had never seen. The coachman reeled like a fir-tree in a gale and seemed nearly unsensed. "Ho! what's this? a nght! a nght!" sounded from a dozen voices, and people came running from all directions to see what was going on. The coachman, coming somewhat to himself, disencumbered himself of his coat and hat, and encouraged by two or three of his brothers of the whip, showed some symptoms of fighting, endeavouring to close with his foe but the attempt was vain, his foe was not to be closed with, he did not shift or dodge about, but warded off the blows of his opponent with the greatest sang froid, always using the guard which I have already described and putting in, in return, short chopping blows with the swiftness of lightning. In a few minutes the countenance of the coachman was literally cut to pieces, and several of his teeth were dislodged, at length he gave in, stung with mortification however, he repented and asked for another round, it was granted, to his own complete demolition. The coachman did not drive his coach back that day, he did not appear on the box again for a week, but he never held up his head afterwards. Before I quitted the inn, he had disappeared from the road, going no one knew where.

The coachman, as I have said before, was very much disliked upon the road, but there was an *esprit de corps* amongst the coachmen, and those who stood by did

not like to see their brother chastised in such tremendous fashion. "I never saw such a fight before," said one. "Fight! why, I don't call it a fight at all, this chap here ha'n't got a scratch, whereas Tom is cut to pieces; it is all along of that guard of his: if Tom could ha' got within his guard he would have soon served the chap out." "So he would," said another. "it was owing to that guard. However, I think I see into and if I had not to drive this afternoon I would ha' a turn with the old fellow and soon serve him out." "I will fight him now for a guinea," said the other coachman. He took off his coat, observing however that the elderly hybrid made a motion towards him. He hitched it upon his shoulder again, and added, "that is, if he had not been fighting already. But as it is, I am above taking an advantage especially of such a poor old creature as this." And when he had said this, he looked around him, and there was a feeble titter of approbation from two or three of the craven crew, who were in the habit of currying favour with the coachmen. The elderly hybrid looked for a moment at these last, and then said, "I wish fellows as you I have nothing to say." Then turning to the coachmen, "and as for you," he said, "ye cowardly bullocks, I have but one word to say, that your reign upon the roads is nearly over, and that a time is coming when ye will be no longer wanted or employed in your present capacity, when ye will have to drive dung-carts and to assist at village executions, or rot in the work-house." Then putting on his coat and hat and taking up his bundle, not without a sneering glance at the rest of his smoking associates, he departed on his way. "I'll be with you," I told him.

"I am quite convinced that ye should be able to use your hands in the way ye have done," said I as I walked with this individual in the direction where he was bound.

"I will tell you how I became able to do so," said the elderly individual, proceeding to fill and light his

as he walked along. "My father was a journeyman engraver, who lived in a very riotous neighbourhood the outskirts of London. Wishing to give me something of an education, he sent me to a day-school, two three streets distant from where we lived, and there, being a rather puny boy, I suffered much persecution from my schoolfellows, who were a very blackguard

One day, as I was running home, with one of my mentors pursuing me, old Sergeant Broughton, the red fighting-man, seized me by the arm . . ."

"Dear me," said I, "has it ever been your luck to be acquainted with Sergeant Broughton?"

"You may well call it luck," said the elderly individual; "but for him I should never have been able to make my way through the world. He lived only a few doors from our house, so as I was running along the street, with my tyrant behind me, Sergeant Broughton caught me by the arm. 'Stop, my boy,' said he; 'I have frequently seen that scamp ill-treating you, now I will teach you how to send him home with a bloody nose; down with your bag of books, and now, my little chuck' whispered he to me, placing himself between me and my adversary, so that he could not observe his motions. 'Clench your fist in this manner, and hold your arms in this, and when he strikes at you, catch them as I now show you, and he can't hurt you; don't be afraid, but go at him.' I confess that I was somewhat afraid, but I considered myself in some measure under the protection of the famous Sergeant, so, clenching my fist, I went at my foe using the guard which my ally recommended. The result corresponded in a certain degree with the predictions of the Sergeant; I gave my foe a bloody nose and a black eye, though, notwithstanding my recent lesson in the art of self-defence, he contrived to give me two or three clumsy

blows. From that moment I was the especial favourite of the Sergeant, who gave me further lessons, so that in a little time I became a very fair boxer, beating everybody of my own size who attacked me. The old

little time I became a very fair boxer, beating everybody of my own size who attacked me. The old

gentleman, however, made me promise never to quarrelsome, nor to turn his instructions to account except in self-defence. I have always borne in mind my promise, and have made it a point of conscience never to fight unless absolutely compelled. Folks may rail against boxing if they please, but being able to box may sometimes stand a quiet man in good stead. How should I have fared to-day, but for the instructions of Sergeant Broughton? But for them, the brutal ruffian who insulted me must have passed unpunished. He will not soon forget the lesson which I have just given him—the only lesson he could understand. What would have been the use of reasoning with a fellow of that description? Brave old Broughton! I owe him much.”

“And your manner of fighting,” said I, “was the manner employed by Sergeant Broughton?”

“Yes,” said my new acquaintance, “it was the manner in which he beat every one who attempted to contend with him, till in an evil hour he entered the ring with Slack, without any training or preparation, and by a chance blow lost the battle to a man who had been beaten with ease by those who in the hands of Broughton appeared like so many children. It was the way of fighting of him who not taught Englishmen to box scientifically, who was the head and father of the fighters of what is now called the old school, the last of which were Johnson and Fitz Ben.”

“A wonderful man that Fitz Ben,” said I.

“He was so,” said the elderly individual, “but had it not been for Broughton, I question whether there would have ever been the better he was. (Oh! there is no one like old Broughton.) But for him I should at the present moment be speaking along the road pursued by the business and box-makers of the dirty patterns of that blackguard coachman.”

“What did you mean,” said I, “by those words of yours, that the coachmen would speedily disappear from the roads?”

“I meant,” said he, “that a new method of travelling

ling is about to be established, which will supersede the old. I am a poor engraver, as my father was before me; but engraving is an intellectual trade, and by following it, I have been brought in contact with some of the cleverest men in England. It has even made me acquainted with the projector of the scheme, which he has told me many of the wisest heads of England have been dreaming of during a period of six hundred years, and which it seems was alluded to by a certain Brazen Head in the story-book of Friar Bacon, who is generally supposed to have been a wizard, but in reality was a great philosopher. Young man in less than twenty years, by which time I shall be dead and gone, England will be surrounded with roads of metal, on which armies may travel with mighty velocity, and of which the walls of brass and iron by which the Friar proposed to defend his native land are types." He then, shaking me by the hand, proceeded on his way whilst I returned to the inn.

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was at present a kind of overlooker in the stables of the inn, had still some pounds in my purse, and, moreover, a capital horse in the stall.

"A very agreeable posture of affairs," said Francis, "other seriously at me. " my prospect sometimes I have

"No very agreeable posture of affairs," said Francis Ardry, looking rather seriously at me.

"No very agreeable posture of affairs," said I. "my prospect are not very bright, it is true, but sometimes I have visions, both waking and sleeping, which, though always strange, are invariably agreeable. Last night, in my chamber near the hayloft, I dreamt that I had passed over an almost interminable wilderness—an enormous wall rose before me, the wall methought, was the great wall of China—strange figures appeared to be beckoning to me from the top of the wall, such visions are not exactly to be sneered at. Not that such phantasies," said I, raising my voice, "are to be compared for a moment with such desirable things as fashion, fine clothes, cheques from uncles, parliamentary interest, the love of splendid terms. Ah! woman's love," said I, and sighed.

"What's the matter with the fellow?" said Francis.

"Like it," said I.

"What's the matter with the fellow?" said Francis.

"There is nothing like it," said I.

"There is no
"Like what"

"Love, divine love," said I
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"There is nothing like it," said I.
"Like what?" said I.
"Love, divine love," said Francis Arden. "I hate the
"Confound the love," said Francis Arden. "I hate the
very name. I have made myself a pretty fool by it
but trust me for ever being caught at such folly again.
In an evil hour I abandoned my former pursuits and
amusements for it, in one morning spent at Joey
there was more real pleasure than in
"Surely," said I, "you are not hankering after dis-
tractions which none but the gross and
low-minded can find any pleasure in. No one's thoughts are
ever so much as yours, and more riveted to the subject."

"Surely," said I, "you are not hankering after fighting again, a sport which none but the gross and unrefined care anything for." No one's thoughts can be occupied by something higher and more noble than dog-fighting; and what better than horse-racing?"

"Oh, there's nothing like it!"

"don't talk nonsense," said Francis Arty.

"said I?" "why, I was repeating to

"Surely," said I, "you are not hankering after it, getting again, a sport which none but the gross and unrefined care anything for. No one's thoughts should be occupied by something higher and more refined-fighting; and what better than the—
"There's nothing like it!" said Francis Ardy. "I was repeating to

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best of my recollection, what I heard you say on a former occasion."

"If ever I talked such stuff," said Francis Ardry, "I was a fool; and indeed I cannot deny that I have been one; no, there is no denying that I have been a l. What do you think? that false Annette has elly abandoned me"

"Well," said I, "perhaps you have yourself to thank her having done so, did you never treat her with dness, and repay her marks of affectionate interest h strange fits of eccentric humour?"

"Lord! how little you know of women," said Francis dry; "had I done as you suppose I should probably ve possessed her at the present moment. I treated r in a manner diametrically opposite to that. I aded her with presents, was always most assiduous to r, always at her feet, as I may say, yet she nevertheless andoned me—and for whom? I am almost ashamed say—for a tiddler!"

I took a glass of wine, Francis Ardry followed my pple and then proceeded to detail to me the treat- t which he had experienced from Annette, and from t he said, it appeared that her conduct to him had in the highest degree reprehensible, notwithstanding e had indulged her in every thing she was never to him, but loaded him continually with taunts, nults, and had finally, on his being unable to her with a sum of money which she had de- l, decamped from the lodgings which he had for her, carrying with her all the presents which ous times he had bestowed upon her, and had self under the protection of a gentleman who the bassoon at the Italian Opera, at which place ured that her sister had lately been engaged as ase. My friend informed me that at first he erieenced great agony at the ingratitude of g but at last had made up his mind to forget in order more effectually to do so, had left with the intention of witnessing a fight, which

CHAPTER XXVII

*Francis Ardry—His Misfortunes—Dog and Lion Fight—
Great Men of the World.*

A FEW days after the circumstance which I have here commemorated, it chanced that, as I was standing at the door of the inn, one of the numerous stage-coachs which were in the habit of stopping there drove up, and several passengers got down. I had assisted a woman with a couple of children to dismount, and had just delivered to her a bandbox, which appeared to be her only property, and which she had begged me to fetch down from the roof, when I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder, and heard a voice exclaim, "Is it possible, old fellow, that I find you in this place?" I turned round, and wrapped in a large blue cloak, I beheld my good friend Francis Ardry. I shook him most warmly by the hand, and said, "If you are surprised to see me, I am no less to see you; where are you bound to?"

"I am bound for L——; at any rate I am booked for that sea-port," said my friend in reply.

"I am sorry for it," said I, "for in that case we shall have to part in a quarter of an hour, the coach by which you came stopping no longer."

"And whither are you bound?" demanded my friend.

"I am stopping at present in this house, quite undetermined as to what to do."

"Then come along with me," said Francis Ardry.

"That I can scarcely do," said I; "I have a horse stall which I cannot afford to ruin by racing by the side of your coach."

My friend mused for a moment: "I have no par-

ticular business at L——," said he; "I was merely going thither to pass a day or two, till an affair, in which I am deeply interested, at C—— shall come off. I think I shall stay with you for four-and-twenty hours at least; I have been rather melancholy of late, and cannot afford to part with a friend like you at the present moment; it is an unexpected piece of good fortune to have met you; and I have not been very fortunate of late," he added, sighing.

"Well," said I, "I am glad to see you once more, whether fortunate or not; where is your baggage?"

"Yon trunk is mine," said Francis, pointing to a trunk of black Russian leather upon the coach.

"We will soon have it down," said I, and at a word which I gave to one of the hangers-on of the inn, the trunk was taken from the top of the coach. "Now," said I to Francis Ardry, "follow me, I am a person of some authority in this house," thereupon I led Francis Ardry into the house, and a word which I said to a waiter forthwith installed Francis Ardry in a comfortable private sitting-room, and his trunk in the very best sleeping-room of our extensive establishment.

It was now about one o'clock: Francis Ardry ordered dinner for two, to be ready at four, and a pint of sherry to be brought forthwith, which I requested my friend the waiter might be the very best, and which in effect turned out as I requested; we sat down, and when we had drank to each other's health, Frank requested me to make known to him how I had contrived to free myself from my embarrassments in London, what I had been about since I quitted that city, and the present posture of my affairs.

I related to Francis Ardry how I had composed the *Life of Joseph Sell*, and how the sale of it to the bookseller had enabled me to quit London with money in my pocket, which had supported me during a long course of ramble in the country, into the particulars of which I, however, did not enter with any considerable degree of fulness. I summed up my account by saying that "I

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was at present a kind of overlooker in the stables of the mn. had still some pounds in my purse, and, more over, a capital horse in the stall.

"No very agreeable posture of affairs," said Francis Ardy, looking rather seriously at me.

"I make no complaints," said I. "my prospects are not very bright, it is true, but sometimes I have visions, both waking and sleeping, which, though always strange, are invariably agreeable. Last night, in my chamber near the hubbitt I dreamt that I had passed over an almost interminable wilderness—an enormous wall rose before me, the wall methought, was the great wall of China—strange figures appeared to be looking to me from the top of the wall—such visions are not exactly to be sneezed at. Not that such phantasmagoria," said I, raising my voice, "are to be compared for a moment with such desirable things as lady fine clothes, chaques, trunks, parliamentary intelligence, the love of splendid females. Ah! woman's love," I, and sighed.

"What's the matter with the fellow?" said Francis Ardy.

"There is nothing like it," said I.

"Like what?"

"Love divine love," said Francis Ardy.

"Confirmed love," said Francis Ardy.

"Very rare," said I.

"I have much myself a pretty bit of love," said Francis Ardy.

"Confirmed love," said Francis Ardy.

"Very rare," said I.

best of my recollection, what I heard you say on a former occasion."

"If ever I talked such stuff," said Francis Ardry, "I was a fool; and indeed I cannot deny that I have been one; no, there is no denying that I have been a fool. What do you think? that false Annette has cruelly abandoned me."

"Well," said I, "perhaps you have yourself to thank for her having done so, did you never treat her with coldness, and repay her marks of affectionate interest with strange fits of eccentric humour?"

"Lord! how little you know of women," said Francis Ardry, "had I done as you suppose, I should probably have possessed her at the present moment. I treated her in a manner diametrically opposite to that. I loaded her with presents, was always most assiduous to her, always at her feet, as I may say, yet she nevertheless abandoned me—and for whom? I am almost ashamed to say—for a riddler."

I took a glass of wine, Francis Ardry followed my example and then proceeded to detail to me the treatment which he had experienced from Annette, and from what he said, it appeared that her conduct to him had been in the highest degree reprehensible, notwithstanding he had indulged her in every thing she was never civil to him, but loaded him continually with taunts and insults, and had finally, on his being unable to supply her with a sum of money which she had demanded, decamped from the lodgings which he had taken for her, carrying with her all the presents which at various times he had bestowed upon her, and had put herself under the protection of a gentleman who played the bassoon at the Italian Opera, at which place it appeared that her sister had lately been engaged as a danseuse. My friend informed me that at first he had experienced great agony at the ingratitude of Annette, but at last had made up his mind to forget her, and in order more effectually to do so, had left London with the intention of witnessing a fight, which

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as shortly coming off at a town in these parts, between some dogs and a lion; which combat, he informed me, had for some time past been looked forward to with intense eagerness by the gentlemen of the sporting world.

I commended him for his resolution at the same time advising him not to give up his mind entirely to dog-fighting, as he had formerly done, but when the present combat should be over, to return to his rhetorical studies, and allow all to marry some rich and handsome lady on the first opportunity, as with his person and expectations he had only to sue for the hand of the daughter of a marquis to be successful, telling him with a sigh that a woman were not Annette, and that upon the whole there was nothing like them. I which advice he answered that he intended to return to rhetoric as soon as the lion-fight should be over, but that he never intended to marry, having had enough of women; adding that he was glad he had no sister to her sex, he should be unable to treat her with respect, affection, and concourse, but he intended to return he had learned from an Arab whom he had met in Venice, to the effect that "one who had been stung by a snake shivers at the sight of a string."

After a little more conversation, we strolled to stable, where my horse was standing, my friend was a connoisseur in horse-flesh, surveyed the animal with attention, and after inquiring where and how I had obtained him, asked what I intended to do with him; on my telling him that I was undetermined, that I was afraid the horse was likely to prove a failure to me, he said, "It is a noble animal, and if you want you are about you may make a small thing of him. I do not want such an animal myself, do I know any one who does, but a great horse will be held shortly at a place where, it is true, I have never been, but of which I have heard a great deal from my acquaintances, where it is said a

se is always sure to fetch its value; that place is Lancaster, in Lincolnshire; you should take him there."

Francis Ardry and myself dined together, and after we partook of a bottle of the best port which the house afforded. After a few glasses we had a great deal of conversation, I again brought the subject of marriage and love, divine love, upon the carpet, but Francis most immediately begged me to drop it; and on my giving the delicacy to comply, he reverted to dog-fighting, on which he talked well and learnedly; amongst other things, he said that it was a princely sport of antiquity, and quoted from Quintus Curtius to prove that the princes of India must have been of the breed, they having, according to that author, treated Alexander to a fight between certain dogs and a lion. Coming, notwithstanding my friend's eloquence and learning, somewhat tired of the subject, I began to talk of Alexander. Francis Ardry said he was one of the two great men whom the world has produced, the other being Napoleon. I replied that I believed Tamerlane was a greater man than either, but Francis Ardry knew nothing of Tamerlane, save what he had gathered from the play of Timour the Tartar. "No," said he; "Alexander and Napoleon are the great men of the world, their names are known everywhere. Alexander has been dead upwards of two thousand years, but the English bumpkins sometimes christen their boys the name of Alexander—can there be a greater excellence of his greatness?" As for Napoleon, there are parts of India in which his bust is worshipped." Thinking to make up a triumvirate, I mentioned the name of Wellington, to which Francis Ardry merely said "Bah!" and resumed the subject of dog-fighting. Francis Ardry remained at the inn during that day and the next, and then departed to the dog and lion fight; I never saw him afterwards and merely heard of him once after a lapse of some years, and what I then heard was not exactly what I could have wished to

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He did not make much of the advantages which he possessed, a pity, for how great were those advantages. Power, intellect, eloquence, concentration, riches! yet with all these advantages, one thing highly needed seems to have been wanting in Francis. A desire, a craving, to perform something great and good. Oh! what a vast field may be won with intellect, courage, and energy! Why a person may carry the blessings of civilisation and religion to barbarians, yet at the same time be a dull and romantic soul! and what a triumph there is for him who, as yet, what a crown of glory! of far greater value than those surrounding the brows of your mere conquerors. Yet who has done so in these times? Not many. Not three, not two, something seems to have been always wanting. There is, however, one instance, in which the various requisites have been united, and the crown, the most desirable in the world—at least which I consider to be the most desirable—achieved, and only one, that of Brooke of Borneo.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Platitude and the Man in Black—The Postillion's Adventures—The Lone House & Goodly Assemblage.

never rains but it pours. I was destined to see at least more acquaintances than one. On the day of Francis Ardry's departure, shortly after he had taken leave of me, as I was standing in the corn-chamber at the end of writing-table or desk, fastened to the wall, with a book before me, in which I was making out an account of the corn and hay lately received and distributed, my friend the postillion came running in out of breath. "Here they both are," he gasped out; "they do come and look at them!"

"Whom do you mean?" said I.

"Why, that red-haired Jack Priest, and that idiotic son, Platitude, they have just been set down by the coachmen, and want a post-chaise to go across the country in; and what do you think? I am to have the driving of them. I have no time to lose, for I must get myself ready; so do come and look at them."

I hastened into the yard of the inn; two or three of the helpers of our establishment were employed in moving forward a post-chaise out of the chaise-house, which occupied one side of the yard, and which was spacious enough to contain nearly twenty of these vehicles, though it was never full, several of them being always out upon the roads, as the demand upon us for post-chauses across the country was very great. "Here they are," said the postillion, softly, nodding towards two individuals, in one of whom I recognised the man in black, and in the other Mr. Platitude;

‘there they are; have a good look at them while I go and get ready.’ The man in black and Mr. Platitude were walking up and down the yard, Mr. Platitude was doing his best to make himself appear ridiculous, talking very loud in exceedingly bad Italian, evidently for the purpose of attracting the notice of bystanders, in which he succeeded, all the stable-boys and hangers-on about the yard, attracted by his vociferation, grinning at his ridiculous figure as he hopped up and down. The man in black said little or nothing, but from the glances which he cast sideways appeared to be thoroughly ashamed of his companion, the worthy couple presently arrived close to where I was standing and the man in black, who was nearest to me, perceiving me, stood still as if hesitating, but recovering himself in a moment, he moved on without taking any further notice. Mr. Platitude exclaimed as they passed in broken English, ‘I hope we shall find the holy doctors all assembled,’ and as he returned, ‘I make no doubt that they will all be rejoined to see me.’ Not wishing to be standing in a gazer, I went to the chaise and assisted in attaching the horses, which had now been brought out, and finding the postillion presently arrived, and finding ready took the reins and mounted the box, which very politely opened the door for the two travellers. Mr. Platitude went in first, and without taking any notice of me, seated himself on the farther side. ‘In go man in black, and so do, himself nearest to me,’ said I, as I sent the chaise, whereupon the postillion asked his why, and the chaise drove to the yard. Just as I sent the door, however, as Mr. Platitude had recommenced talking in at the top of his voice, the man in black turned partly towards me, and gave me a wink with his left eye, as if he had seen my friend the postillion till I did not see my friend the postillion till I was morning when he gave me an account of the ad he had met with on his expedition. It appeared that he had driven the man in black and the Reverend

ade across the country by roads and lanes which he had some difficulty in threading. At length, when he had reached a part of the country where he had never seen before, the man in black pointed out to him a house near the corner of a wood, to which he informed him they were bound. The postillion said it was a strange-looking house, with a wall round it; and, upon the whole, bore something of the look of a madhouse. There was already a post chaise at the gate, from which three individuals had alighted: one of them the postillion said was a mean-looking scoundrel, with a regular petty-larceny expression in his countenance. He was dressed very much like the man in black, and the postillion said that he could almost have taken his bible oath that they were both of the same profession. The other two he said were parsons, he could swear that, though he had never seen them before; there could be no mistake about them. Church of England parsons the postillion swore they were, with their black coats, white cravats, and airs, in which clumsiness and conceit were most funnily blended—Church of England parsons of the Platitudé description, who had been in Italy, and seen the Pope, and kissed his toe, and picked up a little broken Italian, and come home greater fools than they went forth. It appeared that they were all acquaintances of Mr. Platitudé, for when the postillion had alighted and let Mr. Platitudé and his companion out of the chaise, Mr. Platitudé shook the whole three by the hand, conversed with his two brothers in a little broken jergo, and addressed the petty-larceny looking individual by the title of Reverend Doctor. In the midst of these greetings, however, the postillion said the man in black came up to him and proceeded to settle with him for the chaise; he had shaken hands with nobody, and had merely nodded to the others; "and now," said the postillion, "he evidently wished to get rid of me, fearing, probably, that I should see too much of the nonsense that was going on. It was whilst settling with me that he seemed to recognise me

heumatiz. Well, the father and son, I beg pardon, an the son and father, got down and went in, and after their carriage was gone, the chaise behind e up, in which was a huge fat fellow, weighing ty stone at least, but with something of a foreign and with him—who do you think? Why, a rascally arian minister, that is, a fellow who had been such inister, but who some years ago leaving his own le, who had bred him up and sent him to their ge at York, went over to the High Church, and is

I suppose, going over to some other church, for as talking, as he got down, wondrous fast in Latin, hat sounded something like Latin, to the fat fellow, appeared to take things wonderfully easy, and ly granted to the dog Latin which the scoundrel learned at the expense of the poor Unitarians at . So they went into the house, and presently ed another chaise, but ere I could make any further vations, the porter of the out-of-the-way house up to me, asking what I was stopping there for? ng me go away, and not pry into other people's erness. 'Pretty business,' said I to him, 'that is ; transacted in a place like this,' and then I was ; to say something uncivil, but he went to attend o newcomers, and I took myself away on my own erness as he bade me, not, however, before observing these two last were a couple of blackcoats."

e postillion then proceeded to relate how he made rest of his way to a small public-house, about a off, where he had intended to bait, and how he met re way a landau and pair belonging to a Scotch mb whom he had known in London, about whom lated some curious particulars, and then continued . ll, after I had passed him and his turn-out, I drove ht to the public-house, where I baited my horses, here I found some of the chaises and drivers who driven the folks to the lunatic-looking mansion, ere now waiting to take them up again. Whilst ones were eating their bait, I sat me down, as the

weather was warm, at a table outside, and smoked
 pipe, and drank some ale, in company with the
 man of the old gentleman who had gone to the
 with his son, and the coachman then told me that
 house was a Papist house, and that the present was
 grand meeting of all the fools and rascals in the country
 who came to bow down to images, and to concert schemes
 —pretty schemes, no doubt:—for overturning the
 religion of the country, and that for his part he did
 approve of being concerned with such doings, and that
 he was going to give his master warning next day.
 as we were drinking and discoursing, up drove a
 chariot of the Scotchman, and down got his valet and
 the driver, and whilst the driver was seeing after the
 horses, the valet came and sat down at the table where
 the gentleman's coachman and I were drinking. I knew
 the fellow well, a Scotchman like his master, and of
 the same kidney, with white kid gloves, red hair
 frizzled, a patch of paint on his face, and his hand
 covered with rings. This very fellow, I must tell you
 was one of those most busy in endeavouring to get me
 turned out of the servants' club in Park Lane, because
 he happened to serve a literary man; so he sat down,
 and in a kind of affected tone cried out, 'Landlord,
 bring me a glass of cold negus.' The landlord, however,
 told him that there was no negus, but that, if he pleased,
 he could have a jug of as good beer as any in the country.
 'Confound the beer,' said the valet, 'do you think I
 am accustomed to such vulgar beverage?' However,
 as he found there was nothing better to be had, he let
 the man bring him some beer, and when he had got it,
 he showed that he could drink it easily enough; so
 when he had drank two or three draughts, he turned his
 eyes in a contemptuous manner, first on the coachman,
 and then on me: I saw the scamp recollected me, for
 after staring at me and at my dress for about half a
 minute, he put on a broad grin, and flinging his head
 back, he uttered a loud laugh. Well, I did not like this;
 you may well believe, and taking the pipe out of my

mouth, I asked him if he meant anything personal, which he answered that he had said nothing to me and that he had a right to look where he pleased, and laugh when he pleased. Well, as to a certain extent I was right, as to looking and laughing; and as I have occasionally looked at a fool and laughed, though I was not the fool in this instance, I put my pipe in my mouth and said no more. This quiet and well-regulated behaviour of mine, however, the fellow interpreted into fear; so, after drinking a little more, I suddenly started up, and striding once or twice before the table, he asked me what I meant by that impertinent question of mine, saying that he had a good mind to wring my nose for my presumption. 'You have?' said I, getting up and laying down my pipe, 'well, I'll not give you an opportunity.' So I put myself in an attitude, and went up to him, saying, 'I have an old score to settle with you, you scamp, you wanted to get me turned out of the club, didn't you?' And thereupon remembering that he had threatened to wring my nose, I gave him a snorter upon his own. I wish you could have seen the fellow when he felt the smart, so that from trying to defend himself, he turned round, as with his hand to his face, attempted to run away, but I was now in a regular passion, and following him up got before him, and was going to pummel away at him when he burst into tears, and begged me not to hit him, saying that he was sorry if he had offended me and that, if I pleased, he would go down on his knees or do anything else I wanted. Well, when I heard he talk in this manner, I, of course, let him be; I could hardly help laughing at the figure he cut; his face was blubbered with tears and blood and paint; but I did not laugh at the poor creature either, but went to the table and took up my pipe, and smoked and drank, as if nothing had happened, and the fellow, after having been to the pump, came and sat down, crying, and trying to curry favour with me and the coachman; presently however, putting on a confidential look, he began

talk of the Popish house, and of the doings the said he supposed as how we were of the party, as it was all right; and then he began to talk of the of Rome, and what a nice man he was, and what thing it was to be of his religion, especially if fell over to him; and how it advanced them in the and gave them consideration; and how his master had been abroad and seen the Pope, and kissed him, and was going over to the Popish religion, and had per him to consent to do so, and to forsake his own, I think the scoundrel called the 'Piscopal Church of Scotland, and how many others of that church going over, thinking to better their condition in so doing, and to be more thought on, and how of the English church were thinking of going over and that he had no doubt that it would end all and comfortably. Well, as he was going on in this the old coachman began to spit, and getting up, all the beer that was in his jug upon the ground going away, ordered another jug of beer, and sat at another table, saying that he would not drink in company, and I too got up, and flung what remained in my jug, there wasn't more than a drop the fellow's face, saying I would soon to drink more in such company, and then I went to my horse, put them to, paid my reckoning, and drove home."

The postillion having related his story, to which I listened with all due attention, mused for a moment and then said, "I dare say you remember how some time since, when old Bill had been telling us how the Government, a long time ago, had done away with robbing on the highway, by putting down the robberies and places which the highwaymen frequented, and by sending out a good mounted police to hunt them down, I said that it was a shame that the present Government did not employ somewhat the same means in order to stop the proceedings of Mumbo Jumbo and his party ways in England. However, since I have seen a list of Popish rendezvous, and seen a number

of what is going on there, I should conceive that the Government are justified in allowing the gang the free exercise of their calling. Anybody is welcome to stoop and pick up nothing, or worse than nothing, and if Mumbo Jumbo's people, after their expeditions, return to their haunts with no better plunder in the shape of converts than what I saw going into yonder place of call, I should say they are welcome to what they get ; for if that's the kind of rubbish they steal out of the Church of England, or any other church, who in his senses but would say a good riddance, and many thanks for your trouble ; at any rate that is my opinion of the matter."

talk of the Popish house, and of the doings there, as said he supposed as how we were of the party, and that it was all right; and then he began to talk of the Pope of Rome, and what a nice man he was, and what a fine thing it was to be of his religion, especially if folks went over to him; and how it advanced them in the world, and gave them consideration; and how his master, who had been abroad and seen the Pope, and kissed his toe, was going over to the Popish religion, and had persuaded him to consent to do so, and to forsake his own, which I think the scoundrel called the 'Piscopal Church of Scotland, and how many others of that church were going over, thinking to better their condition in life by so doing, and to be more thought on, and how many of the English church were thinking of going over too, and that he had no doubt that it would end all right and comfortably. Well, as he was going on in this way, the old coachman began to spit, and getting up, flung all the beer that was in his jug upon the ground, and going away, ordered another jug of beer, and sat down at another table, saying that he would not drink in such company, and I too got up, and flung what beer remained in my jug, there wasn't more than a drop, at the fellow's face, saying I would scorn to drink any more in such company; and then I went to my horse, and it them to, paid my reckoning, and drove home."

The postillion having related his story, to which I listened with all due attention, mused for a moment, and then said, "I dare say you remember how some time since, when old Bill had been telling us how the Government, a long time ago, had done away with the highway, by putting down the public-houses and places which the highwaymen frequented, by sending out a good mounted police to hunt them down, I said that it was a shame that the present Government did not employ somewhat the same means in order to stop the proceedings of Mumbo Jumbo and his gang of rascals in England. However, since I have been in a fair to see your rendezvous, and seen what a

if what is going on there, I should conceive that the Government are justified in allowing the gang the free exercise of their calling. Anybody is welcome to stoop and pick up nothing, or worse than nothing, and if Dumbo Jumbo's people, after their expeditions, return to their haunts with no better plunder in the shape of converts than what I saw going into yonder place of call, I should say they are welcome to what they get; for if that's the kind of rubbish they steal out of the Church of England, or any other church, who in his senses but would say a good riddance, and many thanks for your trouble; at any rate that is my opinion of the matter."

CHAPTER XXIX

*Deliberations with Self—Resolution—Invitation
—The Commercial Traveller—The Landlord
The Comet Wine.*

It was now that I had frequent deliberations with myself. Should I continue at the inn in my present situation? I was not very much captivated with it; there was little poetry in keeping an account of the corn and straw which came in, and was given out, and I was fond of poetry; moreover, there was no glory to be expected in doing so, and I was fond of glory. I give up that situation, and remaining at the inn, come ostler under old Bill? There was more poetry in rubbing down horses than in keeping an account of straw, hay, and corn; there was also some prospect of glory attached to the situation of ostler, for the gentlemen and stable-boys occasionally talked of an ostler, a way down the road, who had been presented by the sporting people, not with a silver vase, as our governor had been, but with a silver currycomb, in testimony of their admiration for his skill; but I confess that the poetry of rubbing down had become, as all other poetry becomes, rather prosy by frequent repetition, and with respect to the chance of deriving glory from the employment, I entertained, in the event of my determining to stay, very slight hope of ever attaining skill in the ostler art sufficient to induce sporting people to bestow upon me a silver currycomb. I was not half so good an ostler as old Bill, who had never been presented with a silver currycomb, and I never expected to become so good. What chance had I? It was true, there was a prospect of some pecuniary emolument to be derived

CHAPTER XXIX

Deliberations with Self—Resolution—Invitation to Drink—The Commercial Traveller—The Landlord's Offer—The Comet Wine.

It was now that I had frequent deliberations with myself. Should I continue at the inn in my present position? I was not very much captivated with it; there was little poetry in keeping an account of the corn, hay, and straw which came in, and was given out, and I was fond of poetry; moreover, there was no glory at all to be expected in doing so, and I was fond of glory. Should I give up that situation, and remaining at the inn, become ostler under old Bill? There was more poetry in rubbing down horses than in keeping an account of straw, hay, and corn; there was also some prospect of glory attached to the situation of ostler, for the groom and stable-boys occasionally talked of an ostler, a great way down the road, who had been presented by some sporting people, not with a silver vase, as our governor had been, but with a silver currycomb, in testimony of their admiration for his skill; but I confess that the poetry of rubbing down had become, as all other poetry becomes, rather prosy by frequent repetition, and with respect to the chance of deriving glory from the employment, I entertained, in the event of my determining to stay, very slight hope of ever attaining skill in the ostler art sufficient to induce sporting people to bestow upon me a silver currycomb. I was not half so good an ostler as old Bill, who had never been presented with a silver currycomb, and I never expected to become so, therefore what chance had I? It was true, there was a prospect of some pecuniary emolument to be derived

the end of a dozen years, provided I kept myself sober, would amount to a considerable sum. I might, on the retirement of old Bill, by taking his place, save up a decent sum of money, provided, unlike him, I kept myself sober, and laid by all the shillings and sixpences I got; but the prospect of laying up a decent sum of money was not of sufficient importance to induce me to continue either at my wooden desk or in the inn-yard. The reader will remember what difficulty I had to make up my mind to become a merchant under the Armenian's auspices, even with the prospects of making two or three hundred thousand pounds by following the Armenian way of doing business, so it was not probable that I should feel disposed to be bookkeeper or ostler all my life with no other prospect than being able to make a tidy sum of money. If indeed, besides the prospect of making a tidy sum at the end of perhaps forty years' ostling, I had been certain of being presented with a silver currycomb with my name engraved upon it, which I might have left to my descendants, or, in default thereof, to the parish church destined to contain my bones, with directions that it might be soldered into the wall above the arch leading from the body of the church into the chancel—I will not say that with such a certainty of immortality, combined with such a prospect of modern pecuniary advantage, I might not have thought it worth my while to stay, but I entertained no such certainty, and taking everything in consideration, I determined to mount my horse and leave the inn.

This horse had caused me for some time past no little perplexity; I had frequently repented of having purchased him, more especially as the purchase had been made with another person's money, and had more than once shown him to people who, I imagined, were likely

they don't intend to purchase, they never made me an offer, and now that I had determined to mount on his back and ride away, what was I to do with him in the sequel? I could not maintain him long. Suddenly I bethought me of Horncastle, which Francis Ardry had mentioned as a place where the horse was likely to find a purchaser, and not having determined upon any particular place to which to repair, I thought that I could do no better than betake myself to Horncastle in the first instance, and there endeavour to dispose of my horse.

On making inquiries with respect to the situation of Horncastle, and the time when the fair would be held, I learned that the town was situated in Lincolnshire, about a hundred and fifty miles from the inn at which I was at present sojourning, and that the fair would be held nominally within about a month, but that it was always requisite to be on the spot some days before the nominal day of the fair, as all the best horses were generally sold before that time, and the people who came to purchase gone away with what they had bought.

The people of the inn were very sorry on being informed of my determination to depart. Old Bill told me that he had hoped as how I had intended to settle down there, and to take his place as ostler when he was fit for no more work, adding, that though I did not know much of the business, yet he had no doubt but that I might improve. My friend the postillion was particularly sorry, and taking me with him to the tap-room called for two pints of beer, to one of which he treated me; and whilst we were drinking told me how particularly sorry he was at the thought of my going, but that he hoped I should think better of the matter. On my telling him that I must go, he said that he trusted I should put off my departure for three weeks, in order

* I might be present at his marriage, the terms of which were just about to be published. He said that

respect to my dancing a minuet, such a thing was out of the question, as I had never learned to dance. At which he said that he was exceedingly sorry, and finding me determined to go, wished me success in all my undertakings.

The master of the house, to whom, as in duty bound, I communicated my intention before I spoke of it to the servants, was, I make no doubt, very sorry, though he did not exactly tell me so. What he said was, that he had never expected that I should remain long there, as such a situation never appeared to him quite suitable to me, though I had been very diligent, and had given him perfect satisfaction. On his inquiring when I intended to depart, I informed him next day, whereupon he begged that I would defer my departure till the next day but one, and do him the favour of dining with him on the morrow. I informed him that I should be only too happy.

On the following day at four o'clock I dined with the landlord, in company with a commercial traveller. The dinner was good, though plain, consisting of boiled mackerel—rather a rarity in those parts at that time—with fennel sauce, a prime baron of roast beef after the mackerel, then a tart and noble Cheshire cheese; we had prime sherry at dinner, and whilst eating the cheese prime porter, that of Barclay, the only good porter in the world. After the cloth was removed we had a bottle of very good port; and whilst partaking of the port I had an argument with the commercial traveller on the subject of the corn-laws.

The commercial traveller, having worsted me in the argument on the subject of the corn-laws, got up in great glee, saying that he must order his gig, as business must be attended to. Before leaving the room, however, he shook me patronisingly by the hand, and said

tone that it escaped my ear.

No sooner had he departed than the master of the house told me that his friend the traveller had just said that I was a confounded sensible young fellow, and that *at all opinionated*, a sentiment in which he himself perfectly agreed—then hemming once or twice, he said that as I was going on a journey he hoped I was tolerably well provided with money, adding that travelling was rather expensive, especially on horseback, the manner in which he supposed, as I had a horse in the stable I intended to travel. I told him that though I was not particularly well supplied with money, I had sufficient for the expenses of my journey, at the end of which I hoped to procure more. He then hemmed again, and said that since I had been at the inn I had rendered him a great deal of service in more ways than one, and that he could not think of permitting me to depart without making me some remuneration; then putting his hand into his waistcoat pocket he handed me a cheque for ten pounds, which he had prepared beforehand, the value of which he said I could receive at the next town, or that, if I wished it, any waiter in the house would cash it for me. I thanked him for his generosity in the best terms I could select, but, handing him back his cheque, I told him that I could not accept it, saying that, so far from his being my debtor, I believed myself to be indebted to him, as not only myself but my horse had been living at his house for several weeks. He replied, that as for my board at a house like his it amounted to nothing, and as for the little corn and hay which the horse had consumed it was of no consequence, and that he must insist upon my taking the cheque. But I again declined, telling him that doing so would be a violation of a rule which I had determined to follow, and which nothing but the greatest necessity would ever compel me to break through—never to incur obligations. "But," said he, "receiving this money will not be incurring an obligation, it is your

On I went—
est to east—ascending—and passing over—
—by bridge and ferry—
What a beautiful country is England! People
road to see beautiful countries, and leave their
ehind unknown, unnoticed—their own the most
ful! And then, again, what a country for adven-
especially to those who travel it on foot, or on
back. People run abroad in quest of adventures,
traverse Spain and Portugal on mule or on horse-
; whereas there are ten times more adventures
e met with in England than in Spain, Portugal, or
id Germany to boot. Witness the number of
entures narrated in the present book—a book
rely devoted to England. Why, there is not a
pter in the present book which is not full of adven-
es, with the exception of the present one, and this
not yet terminated.

After traversing two or three counties, I reached
ie confines of Lincolnshire. During one particularly
ot day I put up at a public-house, to which in the
evening came a party of harvesters to make merry,
who, finding me wandering about the house a stranger,
invited me to partake of their ale, so I drank with the
harvesters, who sang me songs about rural life, such as—

"Sitting in the swale, and listening to the swindle of the flail, as
it sounds dub a dub on the corn, from the neighbouring barn."

In requital for which I treated them with a song, not of
Romanville, but the song of "Sivord and the horse
Grayman." I remained with them till it was dark
having, after sunset, entered into deep discourse wit
a celebrated ratcatcher, who communicated to me th
secrets of his trade, saying, amongst other thing
"When you see the rats pouring out of their holes, as
running up my hands and arms, it's not after me th
comes, but after the oils I carries about me they comes"
nd who subsequently spoke in the most enthusias

were fast disappearing from England, rats were every day becoming more abundant. I had quitted this good company, and having mounted my horse, was making my way towards a town at about six miles' distance, at a swinging trot, my thoughts deeply engaged on what I had gathered from the rat-catcher, when all on a sudden a light glared upon the horse's face, who reared round in great terror, and flung me out of the saddle, as from a sling, or with as much violence as the horse Grayman in the ballad, flings Seward the Snarewayne. I fell upon the ground—felt a kind of crashing about my neck—and forthwith became senseless.

about his knees," said I. "Instead of thinking about your horse's knees," said the old man, "be thankful that you have not broke your own neck." "You do not talk wisely," said I, "when a man's neck is broke he is provided for; but when his horse's knees are broke he is a lost jockey—that is, if he has nothing but his horse to depend upon. A pretty figure I should cut at Horncastle, mounted on a horse blood-raw at the knees." "Oh, you are going to Horncastle," said the old man, seriously, "then I can sympathise with you in your anxiety about your horse, being a Lincolnshire man, and the son of one who bred horses. I will myself go down into the stable, and examine into the condition of your horse, so pray remain quiet till I return; it would certainly be a terrible thing to appear at Horncastle on a broken-kneed horse."

He left the room, and returned at the end of about ten minutes, followed by another person. "Your horse is safe," said he, "and his knees are unblemished, not a hair ruffled. He is a fine animal, and will do credit to Horncastle; but here is the surgeon come to examine into your own condition." The surgeon was a man about thirty-five, thin, and rather tall; his face was long and pale, and his hair, which was light, was carefully combed back as much as possible from his forehead. He was dressed very neatly, and spoke in a very precise tone. "Allow me to feel your pulse, friend," said he, taking me by the right wrist. I uttered a cry, for at the motion which he caused a thrill of agony darted through my arm. "I hope your arm is not broke, my friend," said the surgeon, "allow me to see, first of all, we must divest you of this cumbrous frock."

The frock was removed with some difficulty, and then the upper vestments of my frame, with more difficulty still. The surgeon felt my arm, moving it up and down, causing me unspeakable pain. "There

is no more violent contusion. I am told you are a goodly astle; I am afraid you will be hardly able to hold your horse thither in time to dispose of him, however, we shall see—your arm must be bandaged, friend; after which I will bleed you, and administer a composing draught."

To be short, the surgeon did as he proposed, and when he had administered the composing draught, he said, "Be of good cheer. I should not be surprised if you are yet in time for Horncastle." He then departed with the master of the house, and the woman, leaving me to my repose. I soon began to feel drowsy, and was just composing myself to slumber, lying on my back, as the surgeon had advised me when I heard steps ascending the stairs, and in a moment more the surgeon entered again, followed by the master of the house.

"I hope we don't disturb you," said the former. "My reason for returning is to relieve your mind from any anxiety with respect to your horse. I am by no means sure that you will be able to get to your accident, to reach Horncastle in time to quiet you; however, I will buy your horse for any reasonable sum I have been down to the stable and approve of his figure. What do you want for him?" "This is a strange time of night," said I, "to come to me about your buying my horse, and I am not in a fitting situation to be apprised to about such a matter. What do you want him for?" "For my own use," said the surgeon. "I am a professional man, and am obliged to be continually driving about. I have at least one hundred and fifty miles every week. He will never answer your purpose," said I. "He is not a driving horse, and was never taken to the stable in his life. He is fit for nothing but to trotting, at which he has few equals."

"I will tell you whether he is a riding or driving horse, sometimes I ride, sometimes drive. We can come to terms. I will buy him, though it is chiefly to remove any anxiety from

light-headed; allow me to feel your pulse," and he attempted to feel my left wrist. "I am not light-headed," said I, "and I require no one to feel my pulse; but I should be light-headed if I were to sell my horse for less than I have demanded. But I have a curiosity to know what you would be willing to offer." "Thirty pounds," said the surgeon, "is all I can afford to give; and that is a great deal for a country surgeon to offer for a horse." "Thirty pounds," said I, "why he cost me nearly double that sum. To tell you the truth, I am afraid you want to take advantage of my situation." "Not in the least," friend," said the surgeon, "not in the least, I only wish to set your mind at rest about your horse, but as you think he is worth more than I can afford to offer, take him to Hornastle by all means; I will do my best to cure you in time. Good-night, I will see you again on the morrow." Thereupon he once more departed with the master of the house. "A sharp one," I heard him say, with a laugh, as the door closed upon him.

Left to myself I again essayed to compose myself to rest, but for some time in vain. I had been terribly shaken by my fall, and had subsequently, owing to the incision of the surgeon's lancet, been deprived of much of the vital fluid; it is when the body is in such a state that the merest trifles affect and agitate the mind, no wonder, then, that the return of the surgeon and the master of the house for the purpose of inquiring whether I would sell my horse struck me as being highly extraordinary, considering the hour of the night, and the situation in which they knew me to be. What could they mean by such conduct—did they wish to cheat me of the animal? "Well, well," said I, "if they did, what matters, they found their match, yes, yes," said I, "but I am in their power, perhaps."

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but I instantly dismissed the apprehension which came into my mind, with a pooh, nonsense! In a little time, however, a far more foolish and chimerical idea began to disturb me—the idea of being flung from my horse; was I not disgraced for ever as a horseman by being flung from my horse? Assuredly, I thought; and the idea of being disgraced as a horseman, operating on my nervous system, caused me very acute misery. “After all,” said I to myself—it was perhaps the contemptible opinion which the surgeon must have formed of my equestrian powers, which induced him to offer to take my horse off my hands, he perhaps thought I was unable to manage a horse, and therefore in pity returned in the dead of night to offer to purchase the animal which had flung me, and then the thought that the surgeon had conceived a contemptible opinion of my equestrian powers caused me the acutest misery, and continued tormenting me until some other idea (I have forgot what it was, but doubtless equally foolish) took possession of my mind. At length, brought on by the agitation of my spirits, there came over me the same feeling of horror that I had experienced of old when I was a boy, and likewise of late within the dingle; it was, however, not so violent as it had been on those occasions, and I struggled manfully against it, until by degrees it passed away, and then I fell asleep; and in my sleep I had an ugly dream. I dreamt that I had died of the injuries I had received from my fall, and that no sooner had my soul departed from my body than it entered that of a quadruped, even my own horse in the stable—in a word, I was, to all intents and purposes, my own steed; and as I stood in the stable chewing hay (and I remember that the hay was exceedingly tough), the door opened, and the surgeon who had attended me came in. “My good animal,” said he, “as your late master scarcely left enough to pay for the expenses of his funeral, and nothing to remunerate me for my trouble, I shall make bold to take possession of you. If your paces are good, I shall

his enchanted palace in the wilderness. At last, as I was still madly dashing on, panting and blowing, and had almost given up all hope, I saw at a distance before me a heap of stones by the side of the road, probably placed there for the purpose of repairing it; a thought appeared to strike me—I will shy at those stones, and if I can't get rid of him so, resign myself to my fate. So I increased my speed, till arriving within about ten yards of the heap I made a desperate start, turning half round with nearly the velocity of a mill-store. Oh, the joy I experienced when I felt my enemy canted over my neck, and saw him lying senseless in the road! "I have you now in my power," I said, or rather neighed, as going up to my prostrate foe I stood over him. "Suppose I were to tear now, and let my fore feet fall upon you, what would your life be worth? that is supposing you are not killed already—but he there I will do you no further harm, but not to Horncastle without a rider, and when there— and without further reflection off I trotted in the direction of Horncastle, but had not gone far before my bundle fell from my neck, got entangled with my hind foot—I felt myself falling, a thrill of agony shot through me—my knees would be broken, and what could I do at Horncastle with a pair of broken knees? I struggled, but I could not disengage my off fore foot, and downward I fell, but before I had reached the ground I awoke, and found myself half out of bed, my lacerated arm in considerable pain, and my left hand not touching the floor.

With some difficulty I readjusted myself in bed. It was now early morning, and the first rays of the sun were beginning to penetrate the shutters of a window on my left, which probably looked out on a garden, as I caught a glimpse or two of the leaves of trees through its small decorated pane at the side. For some time I lay awake, and at last my spirit's being in a straggling state. At last my eyes fell upon a small

on the mantelpiece and that was a remarkable teapot out of which I have just been drinking "

The old man fixed his eyes intently on me, and methought the expression of his countenance became yet more melancholy. "Yes," said he, at last, "I am fond of china—I have reason to be fond of china—but for china I should . . . and here he sighed again.

"You value it for the quaintness and singularity of its form," said I. "it appears to be less adapted for real use than our own pottery."

"I care little about its form," said the old man. "I care for it simply on account of . . . however, why talk to you on a subject which can have no possible interest for you? I expect the surgeon here presently."

"I do not like that surgeon at all," said I, "how strangely he behaved last night, coming back, when I was just falling asleep, to ask me if I would sell my horse."

The old man smiled. "He has but one failing," said he, "an itch for horse dealing—but for that he might be a richer man than he is. he is continually buying and exchanging horses and generally finds himself a loser by his bargains—but he is a worthy creature, and skilful in his profession—it is well for you that you are under his care."

The old man then left me, and in about an hour returned with the surgeon, who examined me and reported favourably as to my case. He spoke to me with kindness and feeling, and did not introduce the subject of the horse. I asked him whether he thought I should be in time for the fair. "I saw some people making their way thither to-day," said he; "the fair lasts three weeks, and it has just commenced. Yes, I think I may promise you that you will be in time for the very heat of it. In a few days you will be able to mount your saddle with your arm in a sling, but you

must by no means appear with your arm in a sling at Horncastle, as people would think that your horse had flung you, and that you wanted to dispose of because he was a vicious brute. You must, by all means drop the sling before you get to Horncastle."

For three days I kept my apartment by the advice of the surgeon. I passed my time as I best could. Stretched on my bed, I either abandoned myself to reflection, or listened to the voices of the birds in the neighbouring garden. Sometimes, as I lay awake at night, I would endeavour to catch the tick of a clock which methought sounded from some distant part of the house.

The old man visited me twice or thrice every day to inquire into my state. His words were few on the occasions, and he did not stay long. Yet his voice and his words were kind. What surprised me most in connection with this individual was the delicacy of conduct which he exhibited in not letting a word proceed from his lips which could testify curiosity respecting who I was, or whence I came. All he knew of me was, that I had been flung from my horse on my way to a fair, for the purpose of disposing of the animal, and that I was now his guest. I might be a common horse-dealer for what he knew yet I was treated by him with all the attention which I could have expected had I been an alderman of Boston's heir, and known to him as such. The county in which I am now, thought I at last, must be either extraordinarily devoted to hospitality, or this old host of mine must be an extraordinary individual. On the evening of the fourth day, feeling tired of my confinement, I put my clothes on in the best manner I could, and left the chamber. Descending a flight of stairs, I reached a kind of quadrangle, from which branched two or three passages; one of these I entered, and had a door at the farther end, and one on each side. *the one to the left standing partly open, I entered* and found myself in a middle-sized room with a large window, or rather glass door, which looked into a garden.

a small beaufet, which stood opposite the glass door, was covered with china—there were cups, teapots, and vases of various forms, and on all of them I observed characters—not a teapot, not a tea-cup, nor a vase of whatever form or size, but appeared to possess hieroglyphics on some part or other. After surveying these articles for some time with no little interest, I passed into the garden, in which there were small parterres of flowers, and two or three trees, and which, where the house did not abut was bounded by a wall; turning to the right by a walk by the side of the house, I passed by a door—probably the one I had seen at the end of the passage—and arrived at another window similar to that through which I had come, and which also stood open. I was about to pass by it, when I heard the voice of my entertainer exclaiming “Is that you? pray come in.”

I entered the room, which seemed to be a counterpart of the one which I had just left. It was of the same size, had the same kind of furniture, and appeared to be equally well stocked with china. one prominent article it possessed, however, which the other room did not exhibit—namely, a clock, which with its pendulum moving a tick-a-tick hung against the wall opposite to the door the sight of which made me conclude that the sound which methought I had heard in the stillness of the night was not an imaginary one. There it hung on the wall, with its pendulum moving tick-a-tick. The old gentleman was seated in an easy-chair a little way into the room, having the glass door on his right hand. On a table before him lay a large, open volume, in which I observed Roman letters as well as characters. A few inches beyond the book on the table, covered all over with hieroglyphics, stood a china vase. The eyes of the old man were fixed upon it.

“Sit down,” said he, motioning me with his hand to

and you have never so much as asked me who I am."

"In forbearing to do that," said the old man, "I merely obey the Chinese precept 'Ask no questions of a guest;' it is written on both sides of the teapot out of which you have had your tea."

"I wish I knew Chinese," said I. "Is it a difficult language to acquire?"

"I have reason to think so," said the old man. "I have been occupied with it five and forty years, and I am still very imperfectly acquainted with it; at least I frequently find myself at a crockery sentence the meaning of which to me is very dark though, it is true these sentences are mostly verses which are, of course, more difficult to understand than mere prose."

"Are your Chinese studies," said I, "confined to crockery literature?"

"Entirely," said the old man; "I read nothing else."

"I have heard," said I, "that the Chinese have no letters, but that for every word they have a separate character—is it so?"

"For every word they have a particular character," said the old man, "though, to prevent confusion, they have arranged their words under two hundred and fourteen what we should call radicals, but which they call keys. As we arrange all our words in a dictionary under twenty-four letters, so do they arrange all their words, or characters, under two hundred and fourteen radical signs; the simplest radicals being the first, and the more complex the last."

"Does the Chinese resemble any of the European languages in words?" said I.

"I am scarcely competent to inform you," said the old man; "but I believe not."

"What does that character represent?" said I, pointing to one on the vase.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Convalescence—The Surgeon's Bill—Letter of Recommendation—Commencement of the Old Man's History.

Two days—three days passed away—and I still remained at the house of my hospitable entertainer; my bruised limb rapidly recovering the power of performing its functions. I passed my time agreeably enough, sometimes in my chamber, communing with my own thoughts, sometimes in the stable, attending to, and not unfrequently conversing with, my horse, and at meal-time—for I seldom saw him at any other—discoursing with the old gentleman sometimes on the Chinese vocabulary, sometimes on Chinese syntax, and once or twice on English horsetlesh; though on this latter subject, notwithstanding his descent from a race of horse-traders, he did not enter with much alacrity. As a small requital for his kindness, I gave him one day, after dinner, unasked a brief account of my history and pursuits. He listened with attention; and when it was concluded, he thanked me for the confidence which I had reposed in him. "Such conduct," said he, "deserves a return. I will tell you my own history; it is brief, but may perhaps not prove uninteresting to you—though the relation of it will give me some pain." "Pray, then, do not recite it," said I. "Yes," said the old man, "I will tell you, for I wish you to know it." He was about to begin, when he was interrupted by the arrival of the surgeon. The surgeon examined into the state of my bruised limb, and told me, what indeed I already well knew, that it was rapidly improving. "You will not even require a sling," said he, "to ride to Horncastle. When do you propose going?" he demanded. "When do you think I may venture?"

was my duty; indeed, truth compels me to acknowledge that I scarcely regretted his death. The cause of his want of proper filial feeling was the opposition which I had experienced from him in an affair which deeply concerned me. I had formed an attachment for a young female in the neighbourhood, who, though poor, was of highly respectable birth, her father having been curate of the Established Church. She was, at the time of which I am speaking, an orphan, having lost both her parents, and supported herself by keeping a small school. My attachment was returned, and we had pledged our vows, but my father, who could not reconcile himself to her lack of fortune, forbade our marriage in the most positive terms. He was wrong, for she was a fortune in herself—amiable and accomplished. Oh! I cannot tell you all she was"—and here the old man drew his hand across his eyes. "By the death of my father, the only obstacle to our happiness appeared to be removed. We agreed, therefore, that our marriage should take place within the course of a year, and I forthwith commenced enlarging my house and getting my affairs in order. Having been left in the easy circumstances which I have described, I determined to follow no business, but to pass my life in a strictly domestic manner, and to be very, very happy. Amongst other property derived from my father were several horses, which I disposed of in this neighbourhood, with the exception of two remarkably fine ones, which I determined to take to the next fair at Horncastle, the only place where I expected to be able to obtain what I considered to be their full value. At length the time arrived for the commencement of the fair, which was within three months of the period which my beloved and myself had fixed upon for the celebration of our nuptials. To the fair I went, a couple of trusty men

of my mother keenly, but that of my father less than was my duty; indeed, truth compels me to acknowledge that I scarcely regretted his death. The cause of his want of proper filial feeling was the opposition which I had experienced from him in an affair which deeply concerned me. I had formed an attachment for a young female in the neighbourhood, who, though poor, was of highly respectable birth, her father having been a curate of the Established Church. She was, at the time of which I am speaking, an orphan, having lost both her parents, and supported herself by keeping a small school. My attachment was returned, and we had pledged our vows, but my father, who could not reconcile himself to her lack of fortune, forbade our marriage in the most positive terms. He was wrong, for she was a fortune in herself—amiable and accomplished. Oh! I cannot tell you all she was—and here the old man drew his hand across his eyes. "By the death of my father, the only obstacle to our happiness appeared to be removed. We agreed, therefore, that our marriage should take place within the course of a year; and I forthwith commenced enlarging my house and getting my affairs in order. Having been left in the easy circumstances which I have described, I determined to follow no business, but to pass my life in a strictly domestic manner, and to be very, very happy. Amongst other property derived from my father were several horses, which I disposed of in this neighbourhood, with the exception of two remarkably fine ones, which I determined to take to the next fair at Horncastle, the only place where I expected to be able to obtain what I considered to be their full value. At length the time arrived for the commencement of the fair, which was within three months of the period which my beloved and myself had fixed upon for the celebration of our nuptials. To the fair I went, a couple of trusty men

followed the man into the magistrates' room. There I found the tradesman to whom I had paid the note for the furniture, at the town fifteen miles off, in attendance, accompanied by an agent of the Bank of England; the former, it seems, had paid the note into a provincial bank, the proprietors of which, discovering it to be a forgery, had forthwith written up to the Bank of England, who had sent down their agent to investigate the matter. A third individual stood beside them—the person in my own immediate neighbourhood to whom I had paid the second note. This, by some means or other, before the coming down of the agent, had found its way to the same provincial bank, and also being pronounced a forgery, it had speedily been traced to the person to whom I had paid it. It was owing to the apparition of this second note that the agent had determined without further inquiry to cause me to be summoned before the rural tribunal.

"In a few words the magistrates' clerk gave me to understand the state of the case. I was filled with surprise and consternation. I knew myself to be perfectly innocent of any fraudulent intention, but at the time of which I am speaking it was a matter fraught with the greatest danger to be mixed up, however innocently, with the passing of false money. The law with respect to forgery was terribly severe, and the innocent as well as the guilty occasionally suffered. Of this I was not altogether ignorant; unfortunately, however, in my transactions with the stranger, the idea of false notes being offered to me, and my being brought into trouble by means of them, never entered my mind. Recovering myself a little, I stated that the notes in question were two of three notes which I
Horncastle
I had
for a pair of which

Thereupon I produced from my pocket-box third note, which was forthwith pronounced a fake. I had scarcely produced the third note when I received the one, which I had changed for the Horse-dealer, and with the remembrance came the certain conviction that it was also a forgery; tempted for a moment to produce it, and to explain the circumstance—would to God I had done so! but: at the idea of having been so wretchedly duped, I desisted, and the opportunity was lost. I must confess that the agent of the bank behaved, upon the whole, in a very handsome manner—he said that as it was evident that I had disposed of certain horses at the bank, it was very possible that I might have received notes in question in exchange for them, and that he was willing, as he had received a very excellent account of my general conduct, to press the matter no farther than that is, provided . . . And here he stopped! There was one of the three magistrates who were present asked whether I chanced to have any more of these spurious notes in my possession. He had certainly a right to ask the question, but there was something peculiar in his tone—insinuating suspicion. It is certainly difficult to judge of the motives which rule a person's conduct, but I cannot help imagining that he was somewhat influenced in his behaviour on that occasion, which was nothing but friendly, by my having refused to sell him horses at a price less than that which I expected to receive for them. But, be this as it may, the question filled me with uneasiness, and I bitterly repented not having produced the fourth note explicit. Thereupon the magistrate, in a friendly tone, demanded to see my pocket-box. I demurred, but to demur would be useless, and produced the fourth amongst two or three country notes. The agent took it up and examined it. 'Well, is it a genuine note?' 'I am sorry to say that it is not,' he replied, 'it is a forgery, like the other three.'

SAID A PERSON COULD BEHIND ME, WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT
: ?

"Seeing matters begin to look so serious, I aroused myself, and endeavoured to speak in my own behalf, giving a candid account of the manner in which I became possessed of the notes; but my explanation did not appear to meet much credit; the magistrate, to whom I have in particular alluded, asked why I had not at once stated the fact of my having received a fourth note; and the agent, though in a very quiet tone, observed that he could not help thinking it somewhat strange that I should have changed a note of so much value for a perfect stranger, even supposing that he had purchased my horses, and had paid me their value in hard cash; and I noticed that he laid a particular emphasis on the last words. I might have observed that I was an inexperienced young man, who, meaning no harm myself, suspected none in others, but I was confused, stunned, and my tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of my mouth. The men who had taken my horses to Horncastle, and for whom I had sent, as they lived close at hand, now arrived, but the evidence which they could give was anything but conclusive in my favour; they had seen me in company with an individual at Horncastle, to whom by my orders they had delivered certain horses, but they had seen no part of the money transaction; the fellow, whether from design or not, having taken me aside into a retired place, where he had paid me the three spurious notes, and induced me to change the fourth, which throughout the affair was what bore most materially against me. How matters might have terminated I do not know; I might have been committed to prison, and I might have been . . . Just then, when I most needed a friend, and least expected to find one, for though amongst those present there were several who were my neighbours, and who had professed friendship for me, none of them when

Then saw that I needed support and encouragement
and forward he would me any but, on the contrary
agreement for their bases to enjoy my terms and my
friends just then a crowd entered the room in the
person of the surgeon of the neighbourhood, the first
of them who was attended out. He was not on my
terms yet terms with me but he had occasionally spoken
to me and had attended my father in his dying hours
and attending to him. As I was in trouble, he not
hesitated to assist me. After a short parable in which
he appeared to the best of my understanding, he begged to
be informed of the state of the case, whereupon the
lawyer was called in and all its details. He was
not slow in taking up the case and spoke well and
eloquently. I felt that it was in the improbability
that a person of such talents and position would be wil-
lingly misled by a man of such rank that of which I
appeared I was a needed thing, that as he was fully
satisfied of my innocence he was ready to enter into
any surety with respect to my appearance at any time
to answer all things which might be laid to my charge.
This last observation had particular effect, and as he
was a person universally respected, both for his skill in
his profession and his general demeanour, people began
to think that a person of station like him in interest could
scarcely be connected in anything criminal, and thence
my friend the magistrate. I call him so ironically—
made two or three demurs, it was at last agreed between
him and his brethren of the bench that for the present
I should be merely called upon to enter into my own
recognizance for the sum of two hundred pounds, to
appear whenever it should be deemed requisite to enter
into any further investigation of the matter.

So I was permitted to depart from the tribunal of
petty justice without handcuffs, and uncollared by a
stable; but people looked coldly and suspiciously
on me. The first thing I did was to hasten to the
of my beloved in order to inform her of every
action. I found her

number had been found in my possession, that I was already committed, and that probably I should be executed. My affianced one tenderly loved me, and her constitution was delicate, fit succeeded fit; she broke a bloodvessel, and I found her deluged in blood; the surgeon had just been sent for, he came and afforded her every possible relief. I was distracted, he bade me have hope, but I observed he looked very grave.

"By the skill of the surgeon, the poor girl was saved in the first instance from the arms of death, and for a few weeks she appeared to be rapidly recovering, by degrees, however, she became melancholy, a worm preyed upon her spirit, a slow fever took possession of her frame. I subsequently learnt that the same malicious female who had first carried to her an exaggerated account of the affair, and who was a distant relative of her own, frequently visited her, and did all in her power to excite her fears with respect to its eventual termination. Time passed on in a very wretched manner, our friend the surgeon showing to us both every mark of kindness and attention.

"It was owing to this excellent man that my innocence was eventually established. Having been called to a town on the borders of Yorkshire to a medical consultation, he chanced to be taking a glass of wine with the landlord of the inn at which he stopped, when the waiter brought in a note to be changed, saying 'that the Quaker gentleman who had been for some days in the house, and was about to depart, had sent it to be changed, in order that he might pay his bill. The landlord took the note, and looked at it. 'A fifty-pound bill,' said he, 'I don't like changing bills of that amount, lest they should prove bad ones; however, as it comes from a Quaker gentleman, I suppose it is all right.' The mention of a fifty-pound note aroused the attention of my friend, and he requested to be permitted to look

Here the old man drew his hand before his eyes, and remained for some time without speaking; at length he moved his hand, and commenced again with a broken voice: "You will pardon me if I dwell over this part of my story. I am unable to dwell upon it. How dwell for a period when I saw my earthly treasure pine away gradually day by day, and knew that nothing could save her! She was young and beautiful, and all she could do console me as I grew old, she was but quite resigned. A little time before her death she expressed a wish that we should be married. I was too happy to comply with her request. We were married. I took her to this house, where in less than a week she expired in my arms."

marks on the teapot for the mastery in my mind, and at last the painful idea drove the marks of the teapot out; they, however, would occasionally return and flit across my mind for a moment or two, and their coming was like a momentary relief from intense pain. I thought once or twice that I would have the teapot placed before me, that I might examine the marks at leisure, but I considered that it would be as well to defer the re-examination of the marks till the next morning: at that time I did not take tea of an evening. By deferring the examination thus, I had something to look forward to on the next morning. The day was a melancholy one, but it certainly was more tolerable to me than any of the others had been since the death of my beloved. As I lay awake that night I occasionally thought of the marks, and in my sleep methought I saw them upon the teapot vividly before me. On the morrow, I examined the marks again, how singular they looked! Surely they must mean something, and if so, what could they mean? and at last I thought within myself whether it would be possible for me to make out what they meant: that day I felt more relief than on the preceding one, and towards night I walked a little about.

"In about a week's time I received a visit from my friend the surgeon, after a little discourse, he told me that he perceived I was better than when he had last seen me, and asked me what I had been about; I told him that I had been principally occupied in considering certain marks which I had found on a teapot, and wondering what they could mean, he smiled at first, but instantly assuming a serious look, he asked to see the teapot. I produced it, and after having surveyed the marks with attention, he observed that they were highly curious, and also wondered what they

with so much care. 'Best teas direct from China,' said a voice close to my side, and looking round I saw a youngish man with a frizzled head, flat face, and an immensely wide mouth, standing in his shirt-sleeves by the door. 'Direct from China,' said he, 'perhaps you will do me the favour to walk in and scent them?' 'I do not want any tea' said I. I was only standing at the window examining those marks on the bowl and the chests. I have observed similar ones on a teapot at home.' 'Pray walk in, sir,' said the young fellow, extending his mouth till it reached nearly from ear to ear; 'pray walk in, and I shall be happy to give you any information respecting the manners and customs of the Chinese in my power. Thereupon I followed him into his shop, where he began to harangue on the manners, customs, and peculiarities of the Chinese, especially their manner of preparing tea, not forgetting to tell me that the only genuine Chinese tea ever imported into England was to be found in his shop. 'With respect to those marks' said he, 'on the bowl and the chests, they are nothing more or less than Chinese writing expressing something though what I can't exactly tell you. Allow me to sell you this pound of tea,' he added, showing me a paper parcel. 'On the envelope there is a printed account of the Chinese system of writing, extracted from authors of the most established reputation. These things I print, principally with the hope of, in some degree, removing the worse than Gothic ignorance prevalent amongst the natives of these parts. I am from London myself. With respect to all that relates to the Chinese real imperial tea, I assure you, sir, that . . . Well, to make short of what you doubtless consider a very tiresome story, I purchased the tea and carried it home. The tea proved imperially bad, but the paper envelope really contained some information on the Chinese language and writing, amounting to about as much as you gained from me the other day. On learning that the marks on the teapot expressed words, I felt my interest

with respect to them considerably increased, and returned to the task of inspecting them with greater zeal before, hoping, by continually looking at them, to be able eventually to understand their meaning, in hope you may easily believe I was disappointed, in my desire to understand what they represented on the increase. In this dilemma I determined to go again to the shopkeeper from whom I bought the I found him in rather low spirits, his shirt-sleeves soiled, and his hair was out of curl. On my inquiring how he got on, he informed me that he intended to leave, having received little or no encouragement from the people, in their Gothic ignorance, preferring with an old-fashioned shopkeeper over the way so far from possessing any acquaintance with the and institutions of the Chinese, did not, he believed, know that tea came from China. 'Come for some more, I suppose,' said he. On my giving an answer in the negative he looked somewhat but when I added that I came to consult with to the means which I must take in order to the Chinese language he brightened up. 'You a grammar,' said he, rubbing his hands. 'Not one?' said I. 'No,' he replied, 'but a seller can procure you one.' As I was taking parture, he told me that as he was about to in his neighbourhood, the bowl at the window, and the inscription, besides some other pieces of a similar description, were at my service. I chose to purchase them. I consented, and three days afterwards took from off his shelves a china in his possession which bore inscriptions what he demanded. Had I waited till the effects, which occurred within a few weeks, probably have procured it for a fifth part which I paid, the other pieces realising. I did not, however, grudge the poor fellow got from me, as I considered myself to be in debt for the information he had afforded.

"As for the rest of my story, it may be briefly told. I followed the advice of the shopkeeper, and applied to a bookseller, who wrote to his correspondent in London. After a long interval, I was informed that if I wished to learn Chinese, I must do so through the medium of French; there being neither Chinese grammar nor dictionary in our language. I was at first very disheartened, I determined, however, at last to gratify my desire of learning Chinese, even at the expense of learning French. I procured the books, and in order to qualify myself to turn them to account, took lessons in French from a little Swi—the usher of a neighbouring boarding-school. I was very stupid in acquiring French, perseverance, however, enabled me to acquire a knowledge sufficient for the object I had in view. In about two years I began to study Chinese by myself, through the medium of the French.

"Well," said I, "and how did you get on with the study of Chinese?"

And then the old man proceeded to inform me how he got on with the study of Chinese, enumerating all the difficulties he had had to encounter, dilating upon his frequent despondence of mind, and occasionally his utter despair of ever mastering Chinese. He told me that more than once he had determined upon giving up the study, but then the misery in his head forthwith returned, to escape from which he had as often resumed it. It appeared, however, that ten years elapsed before he was able to use ten of the two hundred and fourteen keys which serve to undo the locks of Chinese writing.

"And are you able at present to use the entire number?" I demanded.

"Yes," said the old man, "I can at present use the whole number. I know the key for every particular lock, though I frequently find the wards unwilling to give way."

"Has nothing particular occurred to you," said I, "during the time that you have been prosecuting your studies?"

"Thinking of the work in which I have been for these studies," said the old man, "only one stone has remained which requires any attention. The death of my old friend the doctor was not without its effects. . . . I was a great clock-maker, and for a time in my studies. He was, however, who succeeded was very different from me and in a few years, for a father, . . . I gradually returned to the study of the Chinese language."

"And . . . the Chinese language?"

"Yes," said the old man, "in taking out scriptures in the Chinese books of the old man, I have at different times, . . . I, in my time for inscription which I translated was that a feast of my beloved!"

"And how many of these pieces have you now have at present in your possession?"

"About fifteen hundred!"

"And how did you obtain them?" I demanded.

"Without much labour," said the old man, "in neighbouring towns and villages, . . . at auction of which, about twenty years ago, there were in these parts."

"And may I ask your reasons for confining your studies entirely to the crockery literature of China when you have all the rest at your disposal?"

"The inscriptions enable me to pass my time," said the old man; "what more would the whole literature of China do?"

"And from those inscriptions," said I, "what a book is in your power to make, whenever so disposed. Translations from the crockery literature of China which a book would be sure to take, even glorious journals would not disdain to publish it."

The old man smiled. "I have no desire for literary distinction," said he; "no ambition. My original wish is to pass my life in easy, quiet obscurity with my

castle is distant, and I wish to be there to-night. Pray can you inform me what's o'clock ? "

The old man, rising, looked towards the clock which hung on the side of the room at his left hand, on the farther side of the table at which he was seated.

" I am rather short sighted," said I, " and cannot distinguish the numbers at that distance "

" It is ten o'clock," said the old man ; " I believe somewhat past "

" A quarter, perhaps ? "

" Yes," said the old man, " a quarter, or — "

" Or ? "

" Seven minutes or ten minutes past ten "

" I do not understand you "

" Why, to tell you the truth," said the old man, with a smile, " there is one thing to the knowledge of which I could never exactly attain "

" Do you mean to say," said I, " that you do not know what's o'clock "

" I can give a guess," said the old man, " to within a few minutes "

" But you cannot tell the exact moment ? "

" No," said the old man

" In the name of wonder," said I, " with that thing there on the wall continually ticking in your ear, how comes it that you do not know what's o'clock ? "

" Why," said the old man, " I have contented myself with giving a tolerably good guess — to do more would have been too great trouble "

" But you have learnt Chinese," said I

" Yes," said the old man " I have learnt Chinese."

" Well," said I, " I really would counsel you to learn to know what's o'clock as soon as possible. Consider what a sad thing it would be to be cut out of the world not knowing what's o'clock. A millmouth part of the trouble required to learn Chinese would, if employed, infallibly teach you to know what's o'clock "

" I had a motive for learning Chinese," said the old man, " the hope of appeasing the misery in my head.

CHAPTER XXXV

The Rectifying of the Heart's Altar

THE next morning, as I was dressing, and, my mind being pre-occupied, failed to make the necessary preparations for my departure, there, with the assistance of a stable lad, I washed and spruced myself, and then, returning into the house, I made the female attendant wait a moment as I looked for some compensation for the trouble I had caused. Hearing that the old gentleman was in his study, repaired to him. "I am come to take leave of you, said I, and to thank you for all the hospitality which I have received at your hands." The eyes of the old man were fixed steadfastly on the inscription which had found him studying on a former occasion. "At length," he murmured to himself, "I have it—I think I have it," and then, looking at me, he said, "You are about to depart."

"Yes," said I, "my horse will be at the front door in a few minutes. I am glad, however, before I go, to find that you have mastered the inscription."

"Yes," said the old man. "I believe I have mastered it; it seems to consist of some verses relating to the worship of the Spirit of the Hearth."

"What is the Spirit of the Hearth?" said I.

"One of the many demons which the Chinese worship," the old man, "they do not worship one God, but many." And then the old man told me a great many highly-interesting particulars respecting the demon worship of the Chinese.

After the lapse of at least half-an-hour I said, "I cannot linger here any longer, however willing. How-

stle is distant, and I wish to be there to-night. Pray n you inform me what's o'clock ? "

The old man, rising, looked towards the clock which ng on the side of the room at his left hand, on the rther side of the table at which he was seated

" I am rather short-sighted," said I, " and cannot stinguish the numbers at that distance "

" It is ten o'clock," said the old man ; " I believe mewhat past."

" A quarter, perhaps ? "

" Yes," said the old man, " a quarter, or——"

" Or ? "

" Seven minutes or ten minutes past ten "

" I do not understand you "

" Why, to tell you the truth," said the old man, ith a smile, " there is one thing to the knowledge of hich I could never exactly attain "

" Do you mean to say," said I, " that you do not now what's o'clock ? "

" I can give a guess," said the old man, " to within a ew minutes "

" But you cannot tell the exact moment ? "

" No," said the old man "

" In the name of wonder," said I, " with that thing here on the wall continually ticking in your ear, how omes it that you do not know what's o'clock ? "

" Why," said the old man, " I have contented myself with giving a tolerably good guess, to do more would ave been too great trouble "

" But you have learnt Chinese," said I

" Yes," said the old man, " I have learnt Chinese."

" Well," said I, " I really would counsel you to learn o know what's o'clock as soon as possible Consider what a sad thing it would be to go out of the world not knowing what's o'clock. A mulhonth part of the trouble required to learn Chinese would, if employed, infallibly teach you to know what's o'clock."

" I had a motive for learning Chinese," said the old man, " the hope of appeasing the misery in my head.

in the fair on the following day. The ostler, to whom I had given the half-crown, occasionally assisted me, though he was too much occupied by the horses of other guests to devote any length of time to the service of mine; he more than once repeated to me his firm conviction that himself and partners could afford to offer me summut for the horse; and at a later hour when, in compliance with his invitation, I took a glass of summut with himself and partners, in a little room surrounded with corn-chests, on which we sat, both himself and partners endeavoured to impress upon me, chiefly by means of nods and winks, their conviction that they could afford to give me summut for the horse, provided I were disposed to sell him; in return for which intimation, with as many nods and winks as they had all collectively used, I endeavoured to unpress upon them my conviction that I could get summut handsomer in the fair than they might be disposed to offer me, seeing as how—which how I followed by a wink and a nod, which they seemed perfectly to understand, one or two of them declaring that if the case was so, it made a great deal of difference, and that they did not wish to be any hindrance to me, more particularly as it was quite clear I had been an ostler like themselves.

It was late at night when I began to think of retiring to rest. On inquiring if there was any place in which I could sleep, I was informed that there was a bed at my service, provided I chose to sleep in a two-bedded room, one of the beds of which was engaged by another gentleman. I expressed my satisfaction at this arrangement, and was conducted by a maid-servant up many pairs of stairs to a garret, in which were two small beds, in one of which she gave me to understand another gentleman slept; he had, however, not yet retired to rest; I asked who he was, but the maid-servant could give me no information about him, save that he was a highly respectable gentleman, and a friend of her master's. Presently

him," said the ostler, coming up to me, and knowingly, "I think I and my partners may give you a summut under seventy pounds;" to which of half-insinuated offer I made no reply, save by in the same kind of knowing manner in which I observed him wink. "Rather leary!" said the ostler. "Well, young man, perhaps you will come to-night with me and my partners, when we will settle the matter over." Before I had time to answer the landlord, a well-dressed good looking man in the appearance with the ostler, he bore the letter in his hand. Without glancing at me, he betook himself once to consider the horse, going round him, and serving every point with the utmost minuteness. At last, after having gone round the horse three times, he stopped beside me, and keeping his eyes on the horse, he bent his head towards his right shoulder. "That horse is worth some money," said he, turning towards me suddenly, and slightly touching me on the arm with the letter which he held in his hand, to which motion I made no reply, save by bending my head towards the right shoulder as I had seen him do. "The man is going to talk to me and my partners all to-night," said the ostler who had expressed an opinion that he and his friends might offer me somewhat under seventy pounds for the animal. "Do not," said the landlord, "the young man knows what he is doing. In the meantime lead the horse to the reserved stall and see well after him. My friend," said he, taking me aside after the ostler had led the animal away, "he recommends you to me in the strongest manner, on my account alone I take you and your horse in. I cannot advise you not to be taken in, as I should say by your look, that you are tolerably awake. but there are queer hands at Horncastle at this time, and those friends of mine, you understand me . . .; but I have a deal to do at present, so you must excuse me." hereupon went into the house.

That same evening I was engaged at least two hours

in the fair on the following day. The ostler, to whom I had given the half-crown, occasionally assisted me, though he was too much occupied by the horses of other guests to devote any length of time to the service of mine; he more than once repeated to me his firm conviction that himself and partners could afford to offer me summut for the horse; and at a later hour when, in compliance with his invitation, I took a glass of summut with himself and partners, in a little room surrounded with corn-chests, on which we sat, both himself and partners endeavoured to impress upon me, chiefly by means of nods and winks, their conviction that they could afford to give me summut for the horse, provided I were disposed to sell him; in return for which intimation, with as many nods and winks as they had all collectively used, I endeavoured to impress upon them my conviction that I could get summut handsomer in the fair than they might be disposed to offer me, seeing as how—which how I followed by a wink and a nod, which they seemed perfectly to understand, one or two of them declaring that if the case was so, it made a great deal of difference, and that they did not wish to be any hindrance to me, more particularly as it was quite clear I had been an ostler like themselves.

It was late at night when I began to think of retiring to rest. On inquiring if there was any place in which I could sleep, I was informed that there was a bed at my service, provided I chose to sleep in a two bedded room, one of the beds of which was engaged by another gentleman. I expressed my satisfaction at this arrangement, and was conducted by a maid-servant up many pairs of stairs to a garret, in which were two small beds, in one of which she gave me to understand another gentleman slept; he had, however, not yet retired to rest; I asked who he was, but the maid-servant could give me no information about him, save that he was a highly respectable gentleman, and a friend of her master's. Presently

I, and looking around me I observed two live-barred gates, one on each side of the road, and fronting each other. Turning my horse's head to one, I pressed my heels to his sides, loosened the reins, and gave an encouraging cry, whereupon the animal cleared the gate in a twinkling. Before he had advanced ten yards in the field to which the gate opened, I had turned him round, and again giving him cry and rein, I caused him to leap back again into the road, and still allowing him head, I made him leap the other gate—and forthwith turning him round, I caused him to leap once more into the road, where he stood proudly tossing his head, as much as to say, "What more?" "A fine horse! a capital horse!" said several of the connoisseurs. "What do you ask for him?" "Too much for any of you to pay," said I. "A horse like this is intended for other kind of customers than any of you." "How do you know that?" said one—the very same person whom I had heard complaining in the street of the paucity of good horses in the fair. "Come, let us know what you ask for him?" "A hundred and fifty pounds!" said I; "neither more nor less." "Do you call that a great price?" said the man. "Why, I thought you would have asked double that amount! You do yourself in justice, young man." "Perhaps I do," said I, "but that's my affair; I do not choose to take more." "I wish you would let me get into the saddle," said the man; "the horse knows you, and therefore shows to more advantage, but I should like to see how he would move under me, who am a stranger. Will you let me get into the saddle, young man?" "No," said I, "I will not let you get into the saddle." "Why not?" said the man. "Lest you should be a Yorkshireman," said I, "and should run away with the horse." "Yorkshire?" said the man; "I am from Suffolk; silly Suffolk—so you need not be afraid of my running away with the horse." "Oh! if that's the case," said I, "I should be afraid that the horse would run away

be disposed to make ? " " Well, then," said the other, "be quick and purchase the horse, or perhaps I may." "Do you think I am to be dictated to by a fellow of your description ?" said his lordship. "begone, or . . . " "What do you ask for this horse ?" said the other to me very coolly. "A hundred and fifty," said I. "I shouldn't mind giving it you," said he. "You will do no such thing," said his lordship, speaking so fast that he almost stuttered. "Sir," said he to me. "I must give you what you ask. Symonds, take possession of the animal for me," said he to the other jockey who attended him. "You will please to do no such thing without my consent," said I; "I have not sold him." "I have this moment told you that I will give you the price you demand," said his lordship. "Is not that sufficient ?" "No," said I. "there is a proper manner of doing everything--had you come forward in a manly and gentlemanly manner to purchase the horse I should have been happy to sell him to you, but after all the fault you have found with him, I would not sell him to you at any price, so send your friend to find up another." "You behave in this manner, I suppose," said his lordship, "because this fellow has expressed a willingness to come to your terms. I would advise you to be cautious how you trust the animal in his hands. I think I have seen him before, and could tell you." "What can you tell of me ?" said the other, going up to him, "except that I have been a poor dicky boy, and that now I am a dealer in horses, and that my father was legged, that is all you could tell of me, and that I don't mind telling myself, but there are two things they can't say of me, they can't say that I am either a coward, or a screw either, except so far as one who gets his bread by horses may be expected to be, and they can't say of me that I ever ate up an ice which a young woman was waiting for, or that I ever backed out of a tight horse!" said he, motioning with his finger tauntingly to the other; "what do you want with a horse, except to take the



be disposed to make ? " Well then " said the other, "be quick and purchase the horse - or perhaps I may " "Do you think I am to be dictated to by a fellow of your description ? " said his lordship - begone - or "What do you ask for this horse ? " said the other to me very coolly. " A hundred and fifty " said I - " I shouldn't mind giving it you " said he - " You will do no such thing," said his lordship speaking so fast that he almost stuttered. " Sir," said he to me - " I must give you what you ask. Symonds, take possession of the animal for me," said he to the other jockey who attended him - " You will please to do no such thing without my consent," said I; " I have not sold him - I have this moment told you that I will give you the price you demand," said his lordship. " Is not that sufficient ? " " No " said I "there is a proper manner of doing everything - had you come forward in a manly and gentlemanly manner to purchase the horse I should have been happy to sell him to you, but after all the fault you have found with him, I would not sell him to you at any price, so send your friend to hunt up another - You behave in this manner, I suppose " said his lordship - because this fellow has expressed a willingness to come to your terms. I would advise you to be cautious how you trust the animal in his hands - I think I have seen him before, and could tell you - " What can you tell of me ? " said the other, going up to him, - except that I have been a poor ducky-boy - and that now I am a dealer in horses, and that my father was hanged - that is all you could tell of me, and that I don't mind telling myself, but there are two things they can't say of me, they can't say that I am either a coward or a screw either, except so far as one who gets his bread by horses may be expected to be, and they can't say of me that I ever ate up an ice which a young woman was waiting for, or that I ever backed out of a fight - Horse ! " said he, motioning with his finger tauntingly to the other; " what do you want with a horse - except to take the

which master of our language."

"Is the gentleman a German?" said I; "if so, I can interpret for him anything he wishes to say."

"The deuce you can!" said the jockey, taking his pipe out of his mouth and staring at me through the smoke.

"Ha! you speak German," vociferated the foreigner in that language. "By Isten, I am glad of it! I wanted to say . . ." And here he said in German what he wished to say, and which was of no great importance, and which I translated into English.

"Well, if you don't put me out," said the jockey, "what language is that—Dutch?"

"High Dutch," said I.

"High Dutch, and you speak High Dutch,—why, I had booked you for as great an ignoramus as myself, who can't write—no, nor distinguish in a book a great A from a bull's foot."

"A person may be a very clever man," said I;—"no, not a clever man, for clever signifies clevkly, and a clever man one who is able to read and write, and entitled to the benefit of his clergy or clerkship—but a person may be a very acute person without being able to read or write. I never saw a more acute countenance than your own."

"No soft soap," said the jockey, "for I never uses any. However, thank you for your information. I have hitherto thought myself a 'tation clever fellow, but from henceforth shall consider myself just the contrary, and only—what's the word?—confounded 'cute."

"Just so," said I.

"Well," said the jockey, "as you say you can speak High Dutch, I should like to hear you and master six foot six fire away at each other."

"I cannot speak German," said I, "but I can understand tolerably well what others say in it."

"Come, no backing out," said the jockey, "let's hear you fire away for the glory of Old England."

Magyars first made their appearance in Muscovy in the year 884, under the leadership of Almus, called so from Alom, which, in the Hungarian language signifies a dream; his mother, before his birth, having dreamt that the child with which she was *expecting* would be the father of a long succession of kings, which in fact was the case, that after beating the Russians he entered Hungary, and came to a place called Ungvar from which many people believe that modern Hungary derived its name. he captured it, and held in it a grand festival, which lasted four days, at the end of which he resigned the leadership of the Magyars to his son Arpad. This Arpad and his Magyars utterly subdued Pannonia—that is, Hungary and Transylvania, wresting the government of it from the Slavonian tribes who inhabited it, and settling down amongst them as conquerors! After giving me this information the Hungarian exclaimed with much animation—A goodly country that which they entered on, consisting of a plain surrounded by mountains, some of which intersect it here and there, with noble rapid rivers. The grandest of which is the mighty Danube, a country with tiny volcanoes, casting up puffs of smoke and steam, and from which hot springs arise, good for the sick, with many fountains, some of which are so pleasant to the taste as to be preferred to wine, with a generous soil which, warmed by a beautiful sun, is able to produce corn, grapes, and even the Indian weed, in fact, one of the finest countries in the world, which even a Spaniard would pronounce to be nearly equal to Spain. Here they rested—meditating however, fresh conquests. Oh, the Magyars soon showed themselves a mighty people. Besides Hungary and Transylvania, they subdued Bulgaria and Bosnia, and the land of Tot, now called Slavonia. The generals of Zoltan, the son of Arpad, led troops of horsemen to the banks of the Rhine. One of them, at the head of a host, besieged Constantinople.

...more of Hungary. You call him your great captain; what did he do?

Hungarian. Do! what no other man of his day could have done. He broke the power of the Turk when he was coming to overwhelm Europe. From the blow inflicted by Hunyadi the Turk never thoroughly recovered; he has been frequently worsted in latter times but none but Hunyadi could have routed the armies of Amurath and Mahomed the Second.

Myself. How was it that he had an opportunity of displaying his military genius?

Hungarian. I can hardly tell you, but his valour soon made him famous. King Albert made him Ban of Szorenyi. He became eventually viceroy of Transylvania, and governor of Hungary. His first grand action was the defeat of the Bashaw Isack, and though himself surprised and routed at St. Imre, he speedily regained his prestige by defeating the Turks, with enormous slaughter, killing their leader, Mezerebeg; and subsequently, at the battle of the Iron Gates, he destroyed ninety thousand Turks, sent by Amurath to avenge the late disgrace. It was then that the Greeks called him Achilles.

Myself. He was not always successful.

Hungarian. Who could he always be successful against the early Turk? He was defeated in the battle in which King Vladislaus lost his life, but his victories outnumbered his defeats threefold. His grandest victory—perhaps the grandest ever achieved by man—was over the terrible Mahomed the Second, who after the taking of Constantinople in 1453, said, "One God in Heaven—one king on earth," and marched to besiege Belgrade at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand men, swearing, by the beard of the prophet, that he would stop within it ere two months were elapsed." He brought with him dogs, to eat the bodies of the Christians whom he should take or slay, so says Florentinus; hear what he also says. The Turk sat down before the town towards the end of June, 1454, covering the Donau and

you have heard of the name of Corvinus ?

Myself. Yes, I have heard of the name of Corvinus.

Hungarian. By my God, I am glad of it ; I thought our hammer of destruction, our thunderbolt, whom the Greeks called Achilles, must be known to the people of Iorncastle. Well, Hunyadi and Corvinus are the same.

Myself. Corvinus means the man of the crow, or raven. I suppose that your John, when a boy, climbed up to a crow or raven's nest, and stole the young, a bold feat, well befitting a young hero.

Hungarian. By Isten, you are an acute guesser ; a robbery there was, but it was not Hunyadi who robbed the raven, but the raven who robbed Hunyadi.

Myself. How was that ?

Hungarian. In this manner Hunyadi, according to tradition, was the son of King Sigmond, by a peasant's daughter. The king saw and fell in love with her, whilst marching against the vauvode of Wallachia. He had some difficulty in persuading her to consent to his wishes, and she only yielded at last on the king making her a solemn promise that in the event of her becoming with child by him, he would handsomely provide for her and the infant. The king proceeded on his expedition ; and on his returning in triumph from Wallachia, again saw

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.....

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..... who informed him that she was
king was delighted with the in-
money, and at the same time a
e brought forth a son, to bring
the child, and present it to him
to peasant's daughter brought
baptized by the name of John
woman communicated the
other, whose name was Gaspar.
her and the child to the king
went, and both set out.

On their way, the woman
laid the child down, giving

was coming to overwhelm Europe. From the blow inflicted by Hunyadi the Turk never thoroughly recovered; he has been frequently worsted in latter times but none but Hunyadi could have routed the armies of Amurath and Mahomed the Second.

Myself. How was it that he had an opportunity of displaying his military genius?

Hungarian. I can hardly tell you, but his valour soon made him famous; King Albert made him Ban of Szorenyi. He became eventually varvode of Transylvania, and governor of Hungary. His first grand action was the defeat of the Bashaw Isack, and though himself surprised and routed at St. Imre, he speedily regained his prestige by defeating the Turks, with enormous slaughter, killing their leader, Mezerbeg; and subsequently, at the battle of the Iron Gates, he destroyed ninety thousand Turks, sent by Amurath to avenge the late disgrace. It was then that the Greek called him Achilles.

Myself. He was not always successful.

Hungarian. Who could be always successful against the early Turk? He was defeated in the battle in which King Vladislaus lost his life, but his victories outnumbered his defeats threefold. His grandest victory,—perhaps the grandest ever achieved by man—was over the terrible Mahomed the Second; who, after the taking of Constantinople in 1453, said, "One God in Heaven—one king on earth;" and marched to besiege Belgrad at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand men swearing, by the beard of the prophet, "that he would sup within it ere two months were elapsed." He brought with him dogs, to eat the bodies of the Christians whom he should take or slay; so says Florentius; hear what he also says: The Turk sat down before the town towards the end of June, 1454, covering the Donau and

borned received a great wound over his left eye. The
ks then, turning their faces, fled, leaving behind
n three hundred cannon in the hands of the Chris-
ns, and more than twenty four thousand slain on the
d of battle "

Myrd/ After that battle I suppose Hunyadi enjoyed
triumphs in peace ?

Hungarian In the deepest for he shortly died. His
at soul quitted his body which was exhausted by
most superhuman exertions on the 11th of August
15. Shortly before he died according to Florentinus
omet appeared sent as it would seem, to announce
coming end. The whole Christian world mourned
loss. The Pope ordered the cardinals to perform a
veral ceremony at Rome in his honour. His pres-
emy himself grieved for him and pronounced his funeral
logium. When Mahmud the second heard of his
ath, he struck his head for some time against the
ound without speaking. Suddenly he broke silence
th these words, ' Notwithstanding he was my enemy
t do I bewail his loss since the sun has shone in
even, no Prince had ever yet such a man.

Myrd/ What was the name of his Prince ?

Hungarian Lasko the Fifth who though under in-
nte obligations to Hunyadi was nothing but grateful
him, for he once consented to a plot which was laid
assassinate him, executed by his mortal enemy Ubril-
ount of Csepel, and after Hunyadi's death caused his
deat son Hunyadi Lasko to be executed on a false
rmation and imprisoned his younger son Matyas
ko, on the death of Lasko, was elected by the Magis-
the then king, on the 24th of January, 1451.

Myrd/ Was this Matyas a good king ?

Hungarian Was Matyas Corvinus a good king ?

that Hungary was the most renowned warrior - some of our best learned by him. It was he who organised the Hussar force, and it was he who took Vienna. Why does your Government always send fools to represent it at Vienna?

Myself. I really cannot say. But with respect to the Hussar force, is it of Hungarian origin?

Hungarian. Its name shows its origin. Huz, in Hungarian, is twenty, and the Hussar force is so called because it is formed of twentieths. A law was issued, by which it was ordered that every Hungarian nobleman, out of every twenty dependants, should produce a well-equipped horseman, and with him proceed to the field of battle.

Myself. Why did Matvas capture Vienna?

Hungarian. Because the Emperor Frederick took part against him with the King of Poland, who claimed the kingdom of Hungary for his son, and had also assisted the Turk. He captured it in the year 1487, but did not survive his triumph long, expiring there in the year 1490. He was so voracious a man, that it was said of him, after his death, "Truth died with Matvas." It might be added, that the glory of Hungary departed with him. I wish to say nothing more connected with Hungarian history.

Myself. Another word. Did Matvas leave a son?

Hungarian. A natural son, Hunyadi John, called so after the great man. He would have been universally acknowledged as King of Hungary but for the illegitimacy of his birth. As it was, Ulaszlo, the son of the King of Poland, afterwards called Ulaszlo the Second, who claimed Hungary as being descended from Albert, was nominated king by a great majority of the Magyar electors. Hunyadi John for some time disputed the throne with him; there was some bloodshed, but Hunyadi John eventually submitted, and became the faithful captain of Ulaszlo, notwithstanding that the Turk

zedeleem. Ulaszlo left a son, Lajos the Second, without skin, as it is said, certainly without a head. Contrary to the advice of all his wise counsellors—amongst them was Batory Stephen, who became eventually King of Poland—engaged, with twenty-five thousand men, at Mohacs, Soliman the Turk, who had an army of two hundred thousand. Drak! the Magyars were annihilated, King Lajos disappeared with his treasure and armour in a bog. We call that battle, which was fought on the 29th of August, 1526, the destruction of Mohacs, but it was the destruction of Hungary.

Myself. You have twice used the word drak; what is the meaning of it? Is it Hungarian?

Hungarian. No! it belongs to the mad Wallacks. They are a nation of madmen on the other side of Transylvania. Their country was formerly a fief of Hungary, like Moldavia, which is inhabited by the same race, so speak the same language, and are equally mad.

Myself. What language do they speak?

Hungarian. A strange mixture of Latin and Slavonian, they themselves being a mixed race of Romans and Slavonians. Trajan sent certain legions to form military colonies in Dacia; and the present Wallacks and Moldavians are, to a certain extent, the descendants of the Roman soldiers, who married the women of the country. I say to a certain extent, for the Slavonian element, both in blood and language, seems to prevail.

Myself. And what is drak?

Hungarian. Dragon; which the Wallacks use for a symbol. The term is curious, as it shows that the old Romans looked upon the dragon as an infernal being.

Myself. You have been in Wallachia?

Hungarian. I have, and glad I was to get out of it. I hate the mad Wallacks.

Myself. Why do you call them mad?

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W. Why do you call them mad?

especially amongst those of the reformed faith, to which I have myself the honour of belonging, those of the reformed faith found the Musli more tolerant than the Pope. Many Hungarians went with the Turks to the siege of Vienna, while Tokeli and his horsemen guarded Hungary for them. A gallant enterprise that siege of Vienna, the last and effort of the Turk, failed, and he speedily lost Hungary, but he did not sneak from Hungary like a hunted hound. His defence of Buda will not be soon forgotten, where Apt-Basha, the governor, fighting like a lion in the breach. There's many a Hun, man would prefer Stambul to Vienna. Why does your Government always send fools to represent that Vienna?

Myself. I have already told you that I cannot say. What became of Tokeli.

Hungarian. When Hungary was lost he retired with the Turks into Turkey. Count Renoncourt, in his Memoirs, mentions having seen him at Adrianople. The Sultan, in consideration of the services which he had rendered to the Moslem in Hungary, made over the revenues of certain towns and districts for his subsistence. The Count says that he always went armed to the teeth and was always attended by a young female dressed in male attire, who had followed him in his wars and had more than once saved his life. His end is wrapped in mystery, I—whose greatest boast, next to being a Hungarian, is to be of his blood—know nothing of his end.

Myself. Allow me to ask who you are?

Hungarian. Egy szegény Magyar Nemes ember, a poor Hungarian nobleman, son of one yet poorer. I was born in Transylvania, not far to the west of good Colosvar. I served some time in the Austrian Army as a noble Hussar, but am now equerry to a great nobleman, to whom I am distantly related. In his service I have

travelled far and wide, buying horses. I ha
Russia and Turkey, and am now at Horncast
have had the satisfaction to meet with you, a
your horse, which is, in truth, a noble brute.

Myself. For a soldier and equestrian you see
a great deal of the history of your country.

Hungarian. All I know is derived from Fl
Buda, whom we call Budai Ferentz. He was
of Greek and Latin at the Reformed College of
where I was educated. he wrote a work entitled
Polgari Lexikon: Lives of Great Hungarians.
He was dead before I was born, but I found
when I was a child, in the solitary home of
which stood on the confines of a garden, or
and that book I used to devour in winter, as
the winds were whistling around the house.
my blood used to glow at the descriptions of
valour, and likewise of Turkish. for Florentinus h
done justice to the Turk. Many a passage
this have I got by heart; it is connected with
on the plain of Rigo, which Hunyadi lost—" "
day, which was Friday, as the two armies we
up in battle array, a Magyar hero, riding forth,
up and down, challenging the Turks to single
Then came out to meet him the son of a renowned
of Asia; rushing upon each other, both bro
lances, but the Magyar hero and his horse rol
upon the ground, for the Turks had always
horses." O young man of Horncastle! if e
learn Hungarian—and learn it assuredly you w
what I have told you—read the book of Flore
Buda, even if you go to Hungary to get it, for
scarcely find it elsewhere, and even there with di
for the book has been long out of print. It d
the actions of the great men of Hungary down
middle of the sixteenth century, and besides being
in the purest Hungarian, has the merit of having
author a professor of the Reformed College at Deb
Myself. I will go to Hungary rather than not!

terrible horse of the Turk presently flung his own master whereupon the two champions returned to their respective armies ; but in the grand conflict which ensued the Turks beat the Magyars, pursuing them till night and striking them on the necks with their scymetar. The Turk is a noble fellow ; I should wish to be a Turk were I not a Magyar.

Myself. The Turk always keeps his word, I am told.

Hungarian. Which the Christian very seldom does and even the Hungarian does not always. In 1444 Ulaszlo made, at Szeged, peace with Amurath for ten years, which he swore with an oath to keep, but at the instigation of the Pope Julian he broke it, and induced his great captain, Hunyadi John, to share in the perjury. The consequence was the battle of Varna, of the 10th of November, in which Hunyadi was routed, and Ulaszlo slain. Did you ever hear his epitaph ? it is both solemn and edifying :—

“ Romulide Cannas ego Varnam clade notavi.
Deserta mortales non temerare eadem :
Me nisi Pontifices jussissent rumpere foedus
Non ferret Scythicum Pannonis ora jugum ”

“Halloo !” said the jockey, starting up from a doze in which he had been indulging for the last hour, his head leaning upon his breast, “ what is that ? That not High Dutch ; I bargained for High Dutch, and left you speaking what I believed to be High Dutch as it sounded very much like the language of horses as I have been told High Dutch does ; but as for what you are speaking now, whatever you may call it, sounds more like the language of another kind of animal. I suppose you want to insult me, because I was once dicky-boy.”

“ Nothing of the kind,” said I, “ the gentleman was making a quotation in Latin.”—

"Latin, was it?" said the Jockey, "that alters
 case. Latin is gentle, and I have sent my eldest
 to an a school to learn it. Come, let us hear you
 away in Latin," he continued, proceeding to red light
 pipe, which, before going to sleep, he had laid on
 table.

"If you wish to follow the discourse in Latin,"
 the Hungarian in very bad English. "I am obliged
 I learned to speak very good Latin in the college
 Delreezen."

"That's more," said I, "than I have here in
 colleges where I have been—in my little conversat
 which we may yet have. I wish you would use German."

"Well," said the Jockey, taking a whiff, "make yo
 conversation as short as possible, whether in Latin
 Dutch, for, to tell you the truth, I am rather tired
 merely playing listener."

"You were saying you had been in Russia," said
 "I believe the Russians are part of the Slavonian race."

Hungarian. Yes, part of the great Slavonian fami
 one of the most numerous races in the world. Th
 Russians themselves are very numerous—would th
 he Magyars could boast of the ninth part of their number
Myself. What is the number of the Magyars?

Hungarian. Barely four millions. We came a trib
 of Tartars into Europe, and settled down among
 Slavonians, whom we conquered, but who never coalesce
 with us. The Austrian at present plays in Pannoni
 the Slavonian against us, and us against the Slavonian
 at the downfall of the Austrian is at hand; they, lik
 not a numerous people.

Myself. Who will bring about his downfall?

Hungarian. The Russian. The Rysckie Tsar will lea
 ple forth, all the Slavonians will join him, he
 conquer all before him.

Myself. Are the Russians good soldiers?

Hungarian. They are stubborn and unflinching to an
 nishing degree, and their fidelity to their Tsar is
 admirable. See how the Russians behaved at

be allowed to return to Russia. Without the
: hesitation they, to a man, chose the latter,
well aware that their beloved Tsar, the cruel
astlowits, would put them all to death, amidst
: the most horrible, for not doing what was im-
—preserving the town.

It. You speak Russian ?

garian. A little. I was born in the vicinity of a
nan tribe, the servants of our house were Scla-
: ; and I early acquired something of their language,
differs not much from that of Russia, when in
untry I quickly understood what was said.

It. Have the Russians any literature ?

garian. Doubtless, but I am not acquainted with
: do not read their language, but I know some-
of their popular tales, to which I used to listen
r *izbushkas*, a principal personage in these is a
n quite original—called *Baba Yaga*.

It. Who is *Baba Yaga* ?

garian. A female phantom, who is described as
ig along the *puszta* or steppe, in a mortar, pound-
th a pestle at a tremendous rate, and leaving a
race on the ground behind her with her tongue,
is three yards long, and with which she seizes
en and horses coming in her way, swallowing them
into her capacious belly. She has several daugh-
-ery handsome, and with plenty of money; happy
ung *Mujik* who catches and marries one of them,
y make excellent wives.

any thanks," said I, "for the information you
afforded me; this is rather poor wine," I observed,
poured out a glass—"I suppose you have better
in Hungary ?"

CHAPTER XL

The Horncastle Welcome—Tzerneluck and Bielebock.

The pipe of the Hungarian had, for some time past exhibited considerable symptoms of exhaustion, little or no rattling having been heard in the tube, and scarcely a particle of smoke, drawn through the syphon, having been emitted from the lips of the tall possessor. He now rose from his seat, and going to a corner of the room placed his pipe against the wall, then striding up and down the room, he cracked his fingers several times exclaiming in a half-musing manner, "Oh, the deep nation, which, in order to display its sympathy for Hungary, sends its fool to Vienna to drink the sweet wine of Tokay!"

The jockey, having looked for some time at the tall figure with evident approbation, winked at me with the brilliant eye of his on which there was no speck, saying "Did you ever see a taller fellow?"

"Never," said I.

"Or a finer?"

"That's another question," said I, "which I am not so willing to answer; however, as I am fond of truth and scorn to flatter, I will take the liberty of saying that I think I have seen a finer."

"A finer! where?" said the jockey; whilst the Hungarian, who appeared to understand what we said stood still, and looked full at me.

"Amongst a strange set of people," said I, "whom if I were to name, you would, I dare say, only laugh at me."

"Who be they?" said the jockey. "Come, don't be

"Eljen edes csigany ur—eljen gul eray!" said the Hungarian, swinging round his bottle and discharging it at the window, but, either not possessing the jockey's accuracy of aim, or reckless of consequences, he flung his bottle so that it struck against part of the wooden setting of the panes, breaking along with the wood and itself three or four panes to pieces. The crash was horrid, and wine and particles of glass flew back into the room, to the no small danger of its inmates. "What do you think of that?" said the jockey; "were you ever so honoured before?" "Honoured!" said I. "God preserve me in future from such honour;" and I put my finger to my cheek, which was slightly hurt by a particle of the glass. "That's the way we of the confraternity honour great men at Horncastle," said the jockey. "What, you are hurt! never mind; all the better; your scratch shows that you are the body the compliment was paid to." "And what are you going to do with the other bottle?" said I. "Do with it!" said the jockey, "why, drink it, cosily and comfortably, whilst holding a little quiet talk. The Romany Rye at Horncastle, what an idea!"

"And what will the master of the house say to all this damage which you have caused him?"

"What will your master say, William?" said the jockey to the waiter, who had witnessed the singular scene just described without exhibiting the slightest mark of surprise. William smiled, and slightly shrugging his shoulders, replied, "Very little, I dare say, sir; this a'n't the first time your honour has done a thing of this kind." "Nor will it be the first time that I shall have paid for it," said the jockey; "well, I shall have never paid for a certain item in the bill with more pleas-

ure than I shall pay for it now. Come, William, draw the cork, and let us taste the pink champagne."

The waiter drew the cork, and filled the glasses with a pinky liquor, which bubbled, hissed, and foamed. "How do you like it?" said the jockey, after I had imitated the example of my companions by despatching my portion at a draught.

"It is wonderful wine," said I: "I have never tasted champagne before, though I have frequently heard it praised; it more than answers my expectations; but, I confess, I should not wish to be obliged to drink it every day."

"Nor I," said the jockey; "for everyday drinking give me a glass of old port, or . . ."

"Of hard old ale," I interposed, "which, according to my mind, is better than all the wine in the world."

"Well said, Romany Rye," said the jockey, "just my own opinion; now, William, make yourself scarce."

The waiter withdrew, and I said to the jockey, "How did you become acquainted with the Romany chaps?"

"I first became acquainted with them," said the jockey, "when I lived with old Fulcher the basket-maker, who took me up when I was adrift upon the world; I do not mean the present Fulcher, who is likewise called old Fulcher, but his father who has been dead this many a year; while living with him in the caravan, I frequently met them in the green lanes, and of latter years I have had occasional dealings with them in the horse line."

"And the gypsies have mentioned me to you," said I.

"Frequently," said the jockey, "and not only these of these parts; why, there's scarcely a part of England in which I have not heard the name of the Romany Rye mentioned by these people. The power you have over them is wonderful; that is, I should have thought it wonderful, had they not more than once told me the cause."

"And what is the cause?" said I, "for I am sure I do not know."

"The cause is this," said the jockey, "they never

"Only a few words," said the jockey; "they were always chary in teaching me any."

"They were vary sherry to me too," said the Hungarian, speaking in broken English. "I only could learn from them half-a-dozen words, for example, gul ray, which, in the czigany of my country, means sweet gentleman; or edes ur in my own Magyar."

"Gudlo Rye, in the Romany of mine, means a sugar'd gentleman," said I, "then there are gypsies in your country?"

"Plenty," said the Hungarian, speaking German, "and in Russia and Turkey too, and wherever they are found, they are alike in their ways and language. Oh, they are a strange race, and how little known. I know little of them, but enough to say that one horse-load of nonsense has been written about them; there is one Walter Scott. . . ."

"Mind what you say about him," said I; "he is our grand authority in matters of philology and history."

"A pretty philologist," said the Hungarian, "who makes the gypsies speak Roth-Welsch, the dialect of thieves; a pretty historian, who couples together Thor and Tzernebock."

"Where does he do that?" said I.

"In his conceited romance of Ivanhoe, he couples Thor and Tzernebock together, and calls them gods of the heathen Saxons."

"Well," said I, "Thur or Thor was certainly a god of the heathen Saxons."

"True," said the Hungarian, "but why couple him with Tzernebock? Tzernebock was a word which your Walter had picked up somewhere without knowing the meaning. Tzernebock was no god of the Saxons, but

that ever pretended to be soldiers, and would have sent them all headlong into the Black Sea, had they dared to confront it on its shores; but why be angry with an ignorant, who couples together Thor and Tzernebock? Ha! ha!"

"You have read his novels?" said I.

"Yes, I read them now and then. I do not speak much English, but I can read it well, and I have read some of his romances, and mean to read his Napoleon, in the hope of finding Thor and Tzernebock coupled together in it, as in his high-flying *Ivanhoe*."

"Come," said the jockey, "no more Dutch, whether high or low. I am tired of it, unless we can have some English, I am off to bed."

"I should be very glad to hear some English," said I; "especially from your mouth. Several things which you have mentioned have awakened my curiosity. Suppose you give us your history?"

"My history?" said the jockey. "A rum idea! however, lest conversation should lag, I'll give it you. First of all, however, a glass of champagne to each."

After we had each taken a glass of champagne, the jockey commenced his history

lack being one and the same word, and tantamount to Latin."

"I dare say you are right," said I, "but why was Italy termed *Welschland*?"

"I do not know," said the Hungarian.

"Then I think I can tell you," said I, "it was called so because the original inhabitants were a Cimbric tribe, who were called *Gwyltiad*—that is a race of wild people, living in coverts, who were of the same blood, and spoke the same language as the present inhabitants of Wales. *Welsch* seems merely a modification of *Gwyltiad*. Pray continue your history," said I to the jockey, "only please to do so in a language which we can understand, and first of all interpret the sentence with which you began it."

"I told you that my grandfather was a *shorter*," said the jockey, "by which is meant a gentleman who shortens or reduces the current coin of these realms, for which practice he was *scragg'd*—that is hung by the scrag of the neck. And when I said that my father was a *smasher*, I meant one who passed forged notes, thereby doing his best to smash the Bank of England. By being *lagg'd*, I meant he was laid fast—that is, had a chain put round his leg and then transported."

"Your explanations are perfectly satisfactory," said I; "the three first words are metaphorical, and the fourth, *lagg'd*, is the old genuine Norse term *lagda*, which signifies laid, whether in durance, or in bed, has nothing to do with the matter. What you have told me confirms me in an opinion which I had long entertained, that thieves' Latin is a strange mysterious speech, formed of metaphorical terms and words derived from various ancient languages. Pray tell me, now, how the gentleman—your grandfather—contrived to shorten the coin of these realms?"

"You shall hear," said the jockey, "but I have one thing to beg of you, which is, that when I have once begun my history you will not interrupt me with questions; I don't like them, they stop me, and puts me

old houses and names. I have known a Mortimer who was a hedger and ditcher, a Berners who was born in the workhouse, and a descendant of the De Burghs, who bore the falcon, mending old kettles, and making horse and pony shoes in a dingle "

"Odd enough," said the jockey, "but you were saying you knew one Berners—man or woman? I would ask."

"A woman" said I

"What might her Christian name be?" said the jockey.

"It is not to be mentioned lightly," said I, with a sigh.

"I shouldn't wonder if it were Isopel" said the jockey, with an arch glance of his one brilliant eye

"It was Isopel" said I, "did you know Isopel Berners?"

"Ay, and have reason to know her," said the jockey, putting his hand into his left waistcoat pocket, as if to feel for something "for she gave me what I believe few men could do—a most confounded wapping. But now, Mr. Romany Rye, I have again to tell you that I don't like to be interrupted when I'm speaking, and to add that if you break in upon me a third time, you and I shall quarrel."

"Pray, proceed with your story," said I, "I will not interrupt you again"

"Good," said the jockey "Where was I? Oh, with a set of people who had given up their minds to shortening! Reducing the coin, though rather a lucrative, was a very dangerous trade. Coin filed felt rough to the touch; coin clipped could be easily detected by the eye, and as for coin reduced by aquafortis, it was generally so discoloured that, unless a great deal of pains was used to polish it, people were apt to stare at it in a strange manner, and to say, 'What have they been doing to this here gold?' My grandfather, as I said before, was connected with a gang of shorters, and sometimes shortened money, and at other times passed off what had been shortened by other gentry.

by nature; he was of an easy, generous temper, the most unfortunate temper, by-the-bye, for success in this life that any person can be possessed of, as those who have it are almost sure to be made dupes of by the designing. But, though easy and generous, he was anything but a fool; he had a quick and witty tongue of his own when he chose to exert it, and woe be to those who insulted him openly, for there was not a better boxer in the whole country round. My parents were married several years before I came into the world, who was their first and only child. I may be called an unfortunate creature; I was born with this beam or scale on my left eye, which does not allow me to see with it; and though I can see tolerably sharply with the other, indeed more than most people can with both of theirs, it is a great misfortune not to have two eyes like other people. Moreover, setting aside the affair of my eye, I had a very ugly countenance; my mouth being slightly wrung aside, and my complexion rather swarthy. In fact, I looked so queer that the gossips and neighbours, when they first saw me, swore I was a changeling—perhaps it would have been well if I had never been born; or my poor father, who had been particularly anxious to have a son, no sooner saw me than he turned away, went to the neighbouring town, and did not return for two days. I am by no means certain that I was not the cause of his ruin, for till I came into the world he was fond of his home, and attended much to business, but afterwards he went frequently into company, and did not seem to care much about his affairs: he was, however, a kind man, and when his wife gave him advice never struck her, nor do I ever remember that he kicked me when I came in his way, or so much as cursed my ugly face, though it was easy to see that he didn't overlike me. When I was six years old I was sent to the village school, where I was soon booked for a dunce, because the master found it impossible to teach me either to read or write. Before I had been at school two years, however, I had beaten boys four years older

The young man whom my father had paid for the horses with his smashing notes was soon in trouble about them, and ran some risk, as I have heard, of being executed; but he bore a good character, told a plain story, and, above all, had friends, and was admitted to bail; to one of his friends he described my father and myself. This person happened to be at an inn in Yorkshire, where my father, disguised as a Quaker, attempted to pass a forged note. The note was shown to this individual, who pronounced it a forgery, it being exactly similar to those for which the young man had been in trouble, and which he had seen. My father, however, being supposed a respectable man, because he was dressed as a Quaker—the very reason, by-the-bye, why anybody who knew aught of the Quakers would have suspected him to be a rogue—would have been let go, had I not made my appearance, dressed as his footboy. The friend of the young man looked at my eye, and seized hold of my father, who made a desperate resistance, I assisting him, as in duty bound. Being, however, overpowered by numbers, he bade me by a look, and a word or two in Latin, to make myself scarce. Though my heart was fit to break, I obeyed my father, who was speedily committed. I followed him to the county town in which he was lodged, where shortly after I saw him tried, convicted, and condemned. I then, having made friends with the jailor's wife, visited him in his cell, where I found him very much cast down. He said that my mother had appeared to him in a dream, and talked to him about a resurrection and Christ Jesus; there was a Bible before him, and he told me the chaplain had just been praying with him. He reproached himself much, saying, he was afraid he had been my ruin, by teaching me bad habits. I told him not to say any such thing, for that I had been the cause of his, owing to the misfortune of my eye. He begged me to give over all unlawful pursuits, saying, that if persisted in, they were sure of bringing a person to destruction. I advised him to try and make his escape:

Fulcher. I was in the town on my father's account, and he was there on his son's, who, having committed a small larceny, was in trouble. Young Fulcher, however, unlike my father, got off, though he did not give the son of a lord a hundred guineas to speak for him, and ten more to pledge his sacred honour for his honesty, but gave Counsellor P—— one-and-twenty shillings to defend him, who so frightened the principal evidence, a plain honest farming man, that he flatly contradicted what he had first said, and at last acknowledged himself to be all the rogues in the world, and, amongst other things, a perjured villain. Old Fulcher, before he left the town with his son,—and here it will be well to say that he and his son left it in a kind of triumph, the base drummer of a militia regiment, to whom they had given half-a-crown, beating his drum before them—Old Fulcher, I say, asked me to go and visit him, telling me where, at such a time, I might find him and his caravan and family, offering, if I thought fit, to teach me basket-making: so, after my father had been sent off, I went and found up old Fulcher, and became his apprentice in the basket-making line. I stayed with him till the time of his death, which happened in about three months, travelling about with him and his family, and living in green lanes, where we saw gypsies and tramps, and all kinds of strange characters. Old Fulcher, besides being an industrious basket-maker, was an out-and-out thief, as was also his son, and indeed every member of his family. They used to make baskets during the day, and thieve during a great part of the night. I had not been with them twelve hours before old Fulcher told me that I must thieve as well as the rest. I demurred at first, for I remembered the fate of my father, and what he had told me about leaving off bad courses, but soon allowed myself to be overpersuaded; more especially as the first robbery I was asked to do was a fruit robbery. I was to go with young Fulcher and steal some fine Morell cherries, which grew against a wall in a gentleman's garden, so young Fulcher and I

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and relished by His Majesty. The master, however, of the carp, on losing his favourite, became more melancholy than ever, and in a little time hanged himself. 'What's sport for one, is death to another,' I once heard at the village school read out of a copy-book.

"This was the last larceny old Fulcher ever committed. He could keep his neck always out of the noose, but he could not always keep his leg out of the trap. A few nights after, *having removed to a distance*, he went to an osier car in order to steal some osiers for his basket-making, for he never bought any. I followed a little way behind. Old Fulcher had frequently stolen osiers out of the car whulst in the neighbourhood, but during his absence the property, of which the car was part, had been let to a young gentleman, a great hand for preserving game. Old Fulcher had not got far into the car before he put his foot into a man-trap. Hearing old Fulcher shriek, I ran up, and found him in a dreadful condition. Putting a large stick which I carried into the jaws of the trap, I contrived to prize them open, and get old Fulcher's leg out, but the leg was broken. So I ran to the caravan and told young Fulcher of what had happened, and he and I went and helped his father home. A doctor was sent for, who said that it was necessary to take the leg off, but old Fulcher, being very much afraid of pain, said it should not be taken off and the doctor went away; but after some days, old Fulcher becoming worse, ordered the doctor to be sent for, who came and took off his leg, but it was then too late, mortification had come on, and in a little time old Fulcher died.

"Thus perished old Fulcher: he was succeeded in his business by his son, young Fulcher, who, immediately after the death of his father, was called old Fulcher, it being our English custom to call everybody old as soon as their fathers are buried; young Fulcher—I mean he who had been called young, but was now old Fulcher—wanted me to go out and commit larcenies with him but I told him that I would have nothing more to do

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he churchyard, and, after paying me a compliment on what they had seen me do, proposed that I should join company with them ; I asked them who they were, and they told me. The one was Hopping Ned, and the other Biting Giles. Both had their gifts, by which they got their livelihood ; Ned could hop a hundred yards with any man in England, and Giles could lift up with his teeth any dresser or kitchen table in the country, and standing erect, hold it dangling in his jaws. There's many a big oak table and dresser, in certain districts of England, which bear the marks of Giles's teeth ; and I make no doubt that, a hundred or two years hence, there'll be strange stories about those marks, and that people will point them out as a proof that there were giants in bygone time, and that many a dentist will moralise on the decays which human teeth have undergone.

" They wanted me to go about with them, and exhibit my gift occasionally, as they did theirs, promising that the money that was got by the exhibitions should be honestly divided. I consented, and we set off together, and that evening coming to a village, and putting up at the ale-house, all the grand folks of the village being there smoking their pipes, we contrived to introduce the subject of hopping—the upshot being that Ned hopped against the schoolmaster for a pound, and beat him hollow ; shortly after, Giles, for a wager took up the kitchen table in his jaws, though he had to pay a shilling to the landlady for the marks he left, whose grandchildren will perhaps get money by exhibiting them. As for myself, I did nothing that day, but the next, on which my companions did nothing, I showed off at hulling stones against a cripple, the crack man for stone-throwing of a small town a few miles farther on. Bets were made to the tune of some pounds ; I contrived to beat the cripple, and just contrived, for to do him justice I must acknowledge he was a first-rate hand at stones, though he had a game hip, and went sideways ; his head when he walked—his movements

Oh, I could give you a hundred instances, both ancient and modern, of this unseemly propensity of our illustrious race, though I will only trouble you with a few more ancient ones. They not only nicknamed Regner, but his sons also, who were all kings, and distinguished men: one, whose name was Biorn, they nicknamed Ironsides; another, Sigurd, Snake in the eye; another, White Sark, or White Shirt—I wonder they did not call him Dirty Shirt; and Ivarr, another, who was king of Northumberland, they called Beinlausi, or the Legless, because he was spindle-shanked, had no sap in his bones, and consequently no children. He was a great king, it is true, and very wise, nevertheless his blackguard countrymen, always averse, as their descendants are, to give credit to anybody for any valuable quality or possession, must needs lay hold, do you see . . .

But before I could say any more, the jockey, having laid down his pipe, rose, and having taken off his coat, advanced towards me.

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But before I could say any more, the jockey, having laid down his pipe, rose, and having taken off his coat advanced towards me.

for myself, I am very much obliged to the young man of Horncastle for his interruption, though he has told me, that one of his dirty townsmen, called me 'Loony-stroke.' By listen' there is more learning in what he has just said, than in all the verbiage English histories of Thor and Thornebeck I ever read.

"I care nothing for his learning," said the jockey, "I consider myself as good a man as he, for all his learning, so stand out of the way, Mr. Six o'clock, or

"I shall do no such thing," said the Hungarian. "I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself. You are a young man to drink champagne with, and you make him drunk, he interrupts you with very good sense. He asks your pardon, yet you not."

"Well," said the jockey, "I am satisfied. I am rather a short-tempered person, but I bear no malice. He is, as you say, drunk as my wine, and has perhaps taken a drop too much, not being used to such high liquor, but one does not have to be put out of one's tale, more especially when one was about to reveal do you see, myself, a little secret of the little learning one has. However, I leave you now. Here is a line to each of you, we will exchange from each and think no more about it."

The jockey having shaken both of our hands and flung our glasses at his own with a last champagne remained in the hotel put on his coat, and went as reported in page 314.

"Where was I?" he roared about the country with Haggard, Ned and Bingley. There were fagots down, and a merry and prosperous time was had. However, nothing occurred here in the way of the same date in which it began, and our story was now at a close.

human. He was called Ugly Moses. I was so amazed at his faces, that though poor myself I gave him sixpence, which I have never grudged to this day, for I never saw anything like them. The fun thröve wonderfully after he had been admitted into it. He died some little time ago, keeper of a public-house, which he had been enabled to take from the profits of his faces. A son of his, one of the children he was making faces to when my comrades entered his door, is at present a barrister, and a very rising one. He has his gift—he has not, it is true, the gift of the gab, but he has something better, he was born with a grin on his face, a quiet grin; he would not have done to grin through a collar like his father, and would never have been taken up by Hopping Ned and Biting Giles, but that grin of his caused him to be noticed by a much greater person than either; an attorney observing it took a liking to the lad, and prophesied that he would some day be heard of in the world; and in order to give him the first lift, took him into his office, at first to light fires and do such kind of work, and after a little time taught him to write, then promoted him to a desk, articulated him afterwards, and being unmarried and without children, left him what he had when he died. The young fellow, after practising at the law some time, went to the bar, where, in a few years, helped on by his grin, for he had nothing else to recommend him, he became, as I said before, a rising barrister. He comes our circuit, and I occasionally employ him, when I am obliged to go to law about such a thing as an unsound horse. He generally brings me through—or that grin of his does—and yet, I don't confound him, but I'm 'an, and whom I

to the purpose, and understands law thoroughly, and that's not all. When at college, for he has been at college, he carried off everything before him as a Latiner, and was first-rate at a game they call matthew mattocks. I don't know exactly what it is, but I have heard that he who is first-rate at matthew mattocks is thought more of than if he were first-rate Latiner.

"Well, the chap that I'm talking about, not only came out first-rate Latiner, but first-rate at matthew mattocks too, doing, in fact—as I am told by those who know, for I was never at college myself—what no one had ever done before. Well, he makes his appearance at our circuit, does very well of course, but he has a somewhat high front, as becomes an honest man, and one who has beat every one at Latin and matthew mattocks; and who can speak first-rate law and sense;—but see now the cove with the grin, who has like myself never been at college, knows nothing of Latin, or matthew mattocks, and has no particular gift of the gab, has two briefs for his one, and I suppose very properly, for that grin of his carries favour with the juries; and mark me, that grin of his will enable him to beat the other in the long run. We all know what all barrister coves look forward to—a seat on the hop sack. Well, I'll bet a bull to a penny, that the grinner gets upon it, and the snarler doesn't, at any rate, that he gets there first. I call my cove—the other is my cove—a snarler, because your first-rates at matthew mattocks are called snarlers, and for no other reason; for the chap, though with a high front, is a good chap, and once drank a glass of ale with me, after buying an animal out of my stable. I have often thought it a pity that he wasn't born with a grin on his face, like the son of Ugly Moses. It is true he would scarcely then have been an out and outer at Latin and matthew mattocks, but

"I will now shorten my history as much as I can, for we have talked as much as folks do during a whole night in the Commons' House, though, of course, not with so much learning, or so much to the purpose, because—why? They are in the House of Commons, and we in a public room of an inn at Horncastle. The goodness of the ale, do ye see, never depending on what it is made of, oh, no! but on the fashion and appearance of the jug in which it is served up. After being turned out of the firm, I got my living in two or three honest ways, which I shall not trouble you with describing. I did not like any of them, however, as they did not exactly suit my humour; at last I found one which did. One Saturday forenoon, I chanced to be in the cattle-market of a place about eighty miles from here, there I won the favour of an old gentleman who sold dickeys. He had a very shabby squad of animals, without soul or spirit; nobody would buy them, till I leaped upon their hinder ends, and by merely wriggling in a particular manner, made them caper and bound so to people's liking, that in a few hours every one of them was sold at very sufficient prices. The old gentleman was so pleased with my skill, that he took me home with him and in a very little time into partnership. It's a good thing to have a gift, but yet better to have two. I might have got a very decent livelihood by throwing stones, but I much question whether I should ever have attained to the position in society which I now occupy but for my knowledge of animals. I lived very comfortably with the old gentleman till he died, which he did about a fortnight after he had laid his old lady in the ground. Having no children, he left me what should remain after he had been buried decently, and the remainder was six dickeys and thirty shillings.

gine he is taking me in, I contrives to sell him a screw for thirty pounds, not worth forty shillings. All honest respectable people have at present great confidence in me, and frequently commissions me to buy them horses at great fairs like this.

"This short young gentleman was recommended to me by a great landed proprietor, to whom he bore letters of recommendation from some great prince in his own country, who had a long time ago been entertained at the house of the landed proprietor, and the consequence is, that I brings young six foot six to Horncastle, and purchases for him the horse of the Romany Rye. I don't do these kind things for nothing, it is true; that can't be expected; for every one must live by his trade; but, as I said before, when I am treated handsomely, I treat folks so. *Honesty*, I have discovered, as perhaps some other people have, is by far the best policy; though, as I also said before, when I'm along with thieves, I can beat them at their own game. If I am obliged to do it, I can pass off the veriest screw as a flying drummedary, for even when I was a chuld I had found out by various means what may be done with animals. I wish now to ask a civil question, Mr. Romany Rye. Certain folks have told me that you are a horse witch; are you one, or are you not?"

"I, like yourself," said I, "know, to a certain extent, what may be done with animals."

"Then how would you, Mr. Romany Rye, pass off the veriest screw in the world for a flying drummedary?"

"By putting a small live eel down his throat; as long as the eel remained in his stomach, the horse would appear brisk and lively in a surprising degree."

"And how would you contrive to make a regular kicker and biter appear so tame and gentle, that any

able, that he would not have the heart to kick or bite anybody, for a season at least."

"And where did you learn all this?" said the jockey.

"I have read about the eel in an old English book, and about the making drunk in a Spanish novel, and, singularly enough, I was told the same things by a wild blacksmith in Ireland. Now tell me, do you bewitch horses in this way?"

"I?" said the jockey. "merry upon us! I wouldn't do such things for a hatful of money. No no preserve me from live eels and hocussing! And now let me ask you how you would spirit a horse out of a field?"

"How would I spirit a horse out of a field?"

"Yes! supposing you were down in the world, and had determined on taking up the horse-stealing line of business."

"Why, I should . . . But I tell you what, friend, I see you are trying to pump me, and I tell you plainly that I will hear something from you with respect to your art, before I tell you anything more. Now how would you whisper a horse out of a field, provided you were down in the world, and so forth?"

"Ah, ah, I see you are up to game, Mr. Romany: however, I am a gentleman in mind if not by birth, and I scorn to do the unhandsome thing to anybody who has dealt fairly towards me. Now you told me something I didn't know, and I'll tell you something which perhaps you do know. I whispers a horse out of a field in this way. I have a mare in my stable, well, in the early season of the year I goes into my stable. . . Well, I puts the sponge into a small bottle which I keeps corked. I takes my bottle in my hand, and goes into a field, suppose by night, where there is a very fine stag horse. I manage with great difficulty to get within ten yards of the horse, who stands staring at me just ready to run away. I then uncorks my bottle, presses

cket. My business is done, for the next two hours a horse would follow me anywhere—the difficulty, indeed, would be to get rid of him. Now is that your way doing business?"

"My way of doing business? Mercy upon us! I wuldn't steal a horse in that way, or indeed in any way, for all the money in the world; however let me tell you, for your comfort, that a trial somewhat similar is described in the history of Herodotus."

"In the history of Herodotus' ass," said the jockey, well, if I did write a book it should be about something more genteel than a dokey.

"I did not say Herodotus' ass," said I, "but Herodotus, a very genteel writer. I assure you, who wrote a history about very genteel people in a language no less genteel than Greek, more than two thousand years ago. There was a dispute as to who should be king amongst certain wretched chieftains. At last they agreed to obey him whose horse should neigh first on a certain day, in front of the royal palace before the rising of the sun, for you must know that they did not worship the person who made the sun as we do, but the sun itself. So one of these chieftains took a note of the matter to his groom and saying he wondered who would be king, the fellow said, 'Why you, master, or I don't know much about horses.' So the day before the day of the trial what does the groom do, but take his master's horse before the palace and introduce him to a mare in the stable and then lead him forth again. Well, early the next day all the chieftains on their horses appeared in front of the palace before the dawn of day. Not a horse

"*It's a name—his name—Darius Hystaspes.*"

"And the groom's?"

"I don't know."

"And he made a good king?"

"First-rate."

"Only think! well, if he made a good king, w
wonderful king the groom would have made th
whose knowledge of horses he was put on the th
And now another question, Mr. Romany Rye:
you particular words which have power to sooth
aggravate horses?"

"You should ask me," said I, "whether I have b
that can be aggravated or soothed by particular w
No words have any particular power over horses or
animals who have never heard them before—how sh
they? But certain animals connect ideas of miser
enjoyment with particular words which they are
acquainted with. I'll give you an example. I kne
cob in Ireland that could be driven to a state of hic
madness by a particular word, used by a particular
son, in a particular tone; but that word was conne
with a very painful operation which had been perform
upon him by that individual, who had frequently
ployed it at a certain period whilst the animal had b
under his treatment. The same cob could be soot
in a moment by another word, used by the same i
vidual in a very different kind of tone—the word
deaghblasda, or sweet tasted. Some time after
operation, whilst the cob was yet under his hands,
fellow—who was what the Irish call a *fairy smith*—
done all he could to soothe the creature, and had
last succeeded by giving it gingerbread-buttons, of wh
the cob became passionately fond. Invariably, howev
before giving it a button, he said, 'Deaghblasda,' w
word the cob by degrees associated an idea

the button, which the smith never failed to give him for using the word *deaghblasda*."

"There is nothing wonderful to be done," said the jockey, "without a good deal of preparation, as I know myself. Folks stare and wonder at certain things which they would only laugh at if they knew how they were done: and to prove what I say is true, I will give you one or two examples. Can either of you lend me a handkerchief? That won't do," said he, as I presented him with a silk one. "I wish for a delicate white handkerchief. That's just the kind of thing," said he, as a Hungarian offered him a fine white cambric handkerchief, beautifully worked with gold at the horns; now you shall see me set this handkerchief on fire." "Don't let him do so by any means," said the Hungarian, speaking to me in German; "it is the gift of a lady whom I highly admire, and I would not have it burnt for the world." "He has no occasion to be under any apprehension," said the jockey, after I had interpreted to him what the Hungarian had said; "I will restore it to him uninjured, or my name is not Jack Hale." Then sticking the handkerchief carelessly into the left side of his bosom, he took the candle, which by this time had burnt very low, and holding his head back, he applied the flame to the handkerchief, which instantly seemed to catch fire. "What do you think of that?" said he to the Hungarian. "Why, that you have ruined it," said the latter. "No harm done, I assure you," said the jockey, who presently, clapping his hand on his bosom, extinguished the fire, and returned the handkerchief to the Hungarian, asking him if it was burnt. "I see no burn upon it," said the Hungarian; "but in the name of Gott how could you set it on fire without ruining it?" "I never set it on fire at all," said the

they would have done so, provided I had not paid what I owed them, and how did I do that? We were able to do it because I found a friend, and was that friend? Well, a most extraordinary one, of whom everybody has heard, and of whom everybody for the next hundred years will occasionally talk.

"One day whilst in the stable I was visited by a pig I had occasionally met at sporting gatherings. He came back after a visit to Punch, the great horse, by which, that anybody who has been to know, it being only animal of the horse world, I found that will turn at a short whistle. I told him that I had none that time that I could spare, and in fact that my horse in my stable was so small. He then invited me to d with him at an inn some way, and I was glad to go with him, in the hope of getting rid of a servant thought. After dinner, during which he talked nothing but about observing I heard very much and he asked me what was the matter with me, and I, my heart being open by the wine he had made me drink, told him my circumstances without reserve. With an oath or two, not having treated him at first as a friend, he said he would soon set me all right, and putting out two hundred pounds, told me to pay him when I could. It is as I never tell before—however I took his notes, paid my sneaks, and in less than three months was right again, and had returned him his money. On paying to him, I said that I had now a Punch which would just suit him, saying that I would give it to him—a free gift—for nothing. He swore at me, telling me to keep my Punch, for that he was suited already. I begged him to tell me how I could requite him for his kindness whereupon, with the most dreadful oath I ever heard he bade me come and see him hanged when his time was come. I wrung his hand, and told him I would, and I kept my word. The night before the day he was hanged at H—, I harnessed a Suffolk Punch to my gig, the same Punch which I had offered to him. I have ever since kept, and which brought me out

his short young man to Horncastle, and in eleven hours drove that Punch one hundred and ten miles. I arrived at H—— just in the nick of time. There was the ugly ail—the scaffold—and there upon it stood the only friend I ever had in the world. Driving my Punch, which was all in a foam, into the midst of the crowd, which made way for me as if it knew what I came for, I stood up in my gig, took off my hat, and shouted, 'God Almighty bless you, Jack!' The dying man turned his pale grim face towards me—for his face was always somewhat grim, do you see—nodded, and said, or I thought I heard him say, 'All right, old chap.' The next moment . . . my eyes water. He had a high heart, got into a scrape whilst in the marines, lost his half-pay, took to the turf, ring, gambling, and at last cut the throat of a villain who had robbed him of nearly all he had. But he had good qualities, and I know for certain that he never did half the bad things laid to his charge; for example, he never bribed Tom Oliver to fight cross, as it was said he did, on the day of the awful thunder-storm. Ned Flatnose fairly beat Tom Oliver, for though Ned was not what's called a good fighter, he had a particular blow, which if he could put in he was sure to win. His right shoulder, do you see, was two inches farther back than it ought to have been, and consequently his right fist generally fell short; but if he could swing himself round, and put in a blow with that right arm, he could kill or take away the senses of anybody in the world. It was by putting in that blow in his second fight with Spring that he beat noble Tom. Spring beat him like a sack in the first battle, but in the second Ned Painter—for that was his real name—contrived to put in his blow, and took the senses out of Spring; and in the process he took the senses out of Tom Oliver.

black, only in a more polished way, and with more cunning, and I may say success, having done many a rascally thing never laid to his charge. Jack at last cuts the throat of a villain who had cheated him of all he had in the world, and who, I am told, was in many points the counterpart of this screw and white feather, taken up, tried, and executed, and certainly taking away a man's life is a dreadful thing, but is there nothing as bad? Whitefeather will cut no person's throat—he will not say who has cheated him, for, being a cheat himself, he will take good care that nobody cheats him, but he'll do something quite as bad, out of envy to a person who never injured him, and whom he hates for being more clever and respected than himself, he will do all he possibly can, by backbiting and every unfair means, to do that person a mortal injury. But Jack is hanged, and my lord is not. Is that right? My wife, Mary Fulcher—I beg her pardon, Mary Dale—who is a Methodist, and has heard the mighty preacher, Peter Williams, says some people are preserved from hanging by the grace of God. With her I differs, and says it is from want of courage. Thus Whitefeather, with one particle of Jack's courage, and with one tithe of his good qualities, would have been hanged long ago, for he has ten times Jack's malignity. Jack was hanged because, along with his bad qualities, he had courage and generosity; this fellow is not, because with all Jack's bad qualities, and many more, amongst which is cunning, he has neither courage nor generosity. Think of a fellow like that putting down two hundred pounds to relieve a distressed fellow-creature. why, he would rob, but for the law and the fear it fills him with, a workhouse child of its breakfast, as the saying is—and has been heard to say that he would not trust his own father for sixpence, and he can't imagine why such a thing as credit should be ever given. I never heard a person give him a good word—stay, stay, yes! I once heard an old parson, to whom I sold a Punch, say that he had the art of receiving company gracefully,

THE ROMANY RYE.

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and dancing of them without refreshment. I don't w
to be so far from him and so let him make the m
of that complement. Well he manages to get on, w
Jack is banished— not quite envitably however; be
but the rye and pretty hard once—every body kn
to drink from Waterloo and occasionally cheeks
with so doing— whilst he has been rejected by a wo
—what a "corruption" to the low pride of which
scorned his puns! There's a song about both
circumstances which may perhaps ring in his ears
dying bed. It's a funny kind of work set to the old
of the Lord Lieutenant's Deputy and with it I
conclude my discourse but I really think it a past
The pakes then, with a very tolerable voice, sing
following song.

THE J & KEYS SONG.

Now it is a ditty both funny and true—
Merrily moves the dance along—
A ditty that tells of a coward and screw,
My Lord Lieutenant so free and young.

Sir Florio, though not liking a bullet at all—
Merrily moves the dance along—
Had yet resolution to go to a ball,
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

"Wouldst thoust dancer, madam, tell?"—
Merrily moves the dance along—
Said she, "Sir, to dance I should like very well,"
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

They dance'd to the left, and then danced to the right—
Merrily moves the dance along—
And her troth the fair damsel beat w'd on the knight,
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

"Now what shall I fetch you, madam, tell?"—
Merrily moves the dance along—
Said she, "Sir, an ice I should like very well,"
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

But the ice, when he'd got it, he instantly ate,—
Merrily moves the dance along—
Although his poor partner was all in a fret,
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

He ate up the ice like a prudent young lord,—
Merrily moves the dance along:—

For he saw 'twas the very last ice on the board,
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

"Now, when shall we marry?" the gentleman cried;—
Merrily moves the dance along;—

"Sir, get you to Jordan," the damsel replied,
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

"I never will wed with the pitiful elf"—
Merrily moves the dance along—

"Who ate up the ice which I wanted myself,"
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

"I'd pardon your backing from red Waterloo,"—
Merrily moves the dance along—

"But I never will wed with a coward and screw,"
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

For he saw 'twas the very last ice on the board,
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

"Now, when shall we marry?" the gentleman cried;—
Merrily moves the dance along;—

"Sir, get you to Jordan," the damsel replied,
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"I never will wed with the pitiful elf"—
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"Who ate up the ice which I wanted myself,"
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

"I'd pardon your backing from red Waterloo,"—
Merrily moves the dance along—

"But I never will wed with a coward and screw,"
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

such an hanimal, because Jack is a gentleman, though bred a dickey-boy, whilst t'other, though bred a lord, is a screw, and a whitefeather. Every one says the cove is right, and I says so too; I likes spirit, and if the cove were here, and in your place, measter, I would invite him to drink a pint of beer. Good horses are scarce now, measter, ay, and so are good men, quite a different set from what there were when I was young; that was the time for men and horses. Lord bless you, I know all the breeders about here; they are not a bad set, and they breed a very fairish set of horses, but they are not like what their fathers were, nor are their horses like their fathers' horses. Now, there is Mr. —, the great breeder, a very fairish man, with very fairish horses, but, Lord bless you, he's nothing to what his father was, nor his steeds to his father's; I ought to know, for I was at the school here with his father, and afterwards for many a year helped him to get up his horses; that was when I was young, measter—those were the days. You look at that monument, measter," said he, as I stopped and looked attentively at a monument on the southern side of the church, near the altar; "that was put up for a rector of this church, who lived a long time ago, in Oliver's time, and was ill-treated and imprisoned by Oliver and his men; you will see all about it on the monument. There was a grand battle fought nigh this place, between Oliver's men and the Royal party, and the Royal party had the worst of it, as I'm told they generally had; and Oliver's men came into the town, and did a great deal of damage, and ill-treated people. I can't remember anything about the matter myself, for it happened just one hundred years before I was born, but my father was acquainted with an old countryman, who lived not many miles from here, who said he remembered perfectly well the day of the battle; that he was a boy at the time, and was working in a field near the place where the battle was fought: and he heard shouting, and noise of firearms, and also the sound of several balls, which fell in the

measter," said he, as I put something into his hand ;
" thank ye kindly ; 'tis not every one gives me a shilling
nowadays who comes to see the church, but times are
very different from what they were when I was young ;
I was not sexton then, but something better ; helped
Mr. — with his horses, and got many a broad crown.
Those were the days, measter, both for men and horses
— and I say, measter, if men and horses were so much
better when I was young than they are now, what, I
under, must they have been in the time of Oliver and
his men ? "

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Mr. — with his horses, and got many a broad crown.
Those were the days, measter, both for men and horses
—and I say, measter, if men and horses were so much
better when I was young than they are now, what, I
wonder, must they have been in the time of Oliver and
" ? "

of the two shillings; and a scramble there instantly was, between the rustics who had lost their money and the urchins who came running up; the poor thumble-engro tried likewise to have his share; but though he flung himself down, in order to join more effectually in the scramble, he was unable to obtain a single sixpence; and having in his rage given some of his fellow-scramblers a cuff or two, he was set upon by the boys and country-fellows, and compelled to make an inglorious retreat with his table, which had been flung down in the scuffle, and had one of its legs broken. As he retired, the rabble hooted, and Jack, holding up in derision the pea with which he had out-manceuvred him, exclaimed, "I always carry this in my pocket in order to be a match for vagabonds like you."

The tumult over, Jack gone, and the rabble dispersed, I followed the discomfited adventurer at a distance, who, leaving the town, went slowly on, carrying his dilapidated piece of furniture; till, coming to an old wall by the roadside, he placed it on the ground, and sat down, seemingly in deep despondency, holding his thumb to his mouth. Going nearly up to him, I stood still, whereupon he looked up, and perceiving I was looking steadfastly at him, he said, in an angry tone, "Arrah! what for are you staring at me so? By my shoul, I think you are one of the thaives who are after robbing me. I think I saw you among them, and if I were only sure of it, I would take the liberty of trying to give you a big bating." "You have had enough of trying to give people a beating," said I, "you had better be taking your table to some skilful carpenter to get it repaired. He will do it for sixpence." "Divil a sixpence did you and your thaives leave me," said he; "and if you do not take yourself off, joy, I will be breaking your ugly head with the foot of it." "Arrah, Murtagh!" said I, "would ye be breaking the head of your old friend and scholar, to whom you taught the blessed tongue of Oil?" Naomha, in exchange for a pack of
for he it was, gazed at

look, then, with a gleam of intelligence in his eye, he said, "Shorsha! no, it can't be—yes, by my faith it can't." Then, springing up and seizing me by the hand he said, "Yes, by the powers, sure enough it is Shorsha! Arrah, Shorsha! where have you been this many a day? Sure, you are a one of the spalpeens who an after robbing me?" "Not I," I replied, "but I can all that I quened." "You must not take matters so to heart," cheer up, "such things will happen in connection with the trade you have taken up." "Sorrow befall the trade, and the thief who taught it me," said Murtagh, "and yet the trade is not a bad one, if I only knew more of it, and had some one to help and back me. Oh! the look of that heated and bamboozled by that one, and that in the horseman's dress." "Let bygones be bygones, Murtagh," said I; "it is no use grieving for the past—sit down, and let us have a little pleasant gossip." Arrah Murtagh! when I saw you sitting under the wall, with your thumb to your mouth, it brought to my mind tales which you used to tell me all about Finn-ma-Coul. You have not forgotten Finn-ma-Coul, Murtagh, and how he sucked wisdom out of his thumb?" "Sorrow a bit have I forgot about him, Shorsha," said Murtagh, as we sat down together, "nor what you yourself told me about the snake. Arrah, Shorsha! what ye told me about the snake bates anything I ever told you about Finn. Ochone, Shorsha! perhaps you will be telling me about the snake once more? I think the tale would do me good, and I have need of comfort, God knows, Ochone!" Seeing Murtagh in such a distressed plight, I forthwith told him over again the tale of the snake, in precisely the same words as I have related it in the first part of this history. After which I said, "Now, Murtagh, tit for tat; ye will be telling me one of the old stories of Finn-ma-Coul." "Och, Shorsha! I haven't heart enough," said Murtagh. "Thank you for your tale, but it makes me weep; brings to mind Dungarvon times of old—I mean the times we were at school together." "Cheer up, man."

said I, "and let's have the story, and let it be about Ma-Coul and the salmon, and his thumb." "Arrah, Shorsha! I can't. Well, to oblige you, I'll give it you. Well, you know Ma-Coul was an exposed child, and came floating over the salt sea in a chest which was cast ashore at Veintry Bay. In the corner of that bay was a castle, where dwelt a giant and his wife, very respectable and facent people, and this giant, taking his morning walk along the bay, came to the place where the child had been cast ashore in his box. Well, the giant looked at the child, and being filled with compassion for his exposed state, took the child up in his box, and carried him home to his castle, where he and his wife, being dacent, respectable people, as I telled ye before, fostered the child and took care of him, till he became old enough to go out to service and gain his livelihood, when they bound him out apprentice to another giant, who lived in a castle up the country, at some distance from the bay.

"This giant, whose name was Darmod David Odeen, was not a respectable person at all, but a big ould vagabond. He was twice the size of the other giant, who, though bigger than any man, was not a big giant, for as there are great and small men, so there are great and small giants—I mean some are small when compared with the others. Well, Finn served this giant a considerable time, doing all kinds of hard and unreasonable service for him, and receiving all kinds of hard words, and many a hard knock and kick to boot—sorrow befall the ould vagabond who could thus ill-treat a helpless foundling. It chanced that one day the giant caught a salmon, near a salmon-leap upon his estate—for, though a big ould blackguard, he was a person of considerable landed property, and high sheriff for the county Cork. Well, the giant brings home the salmon by the gills, and delivers it to Finn, telling him to roast it for the giant's dinner; 'but take care, ye young blackguard,' he added, 'that in roasting it—and I expect ye to roast it well—you do not let a blister come upon its nice satin skin, for if ye do, I will cut the head off your shoulders.'

'Well,' thinks Finn, 'this is a hard task; however, as I have done many hard tasks for him, I will try and do this too, though I was never set to do anything yet half so difficult.' So he prepared his fire, and put his gridiron upon it, and lays the salmon fairly and softly upon the gridiron, and then he roasts it, turning it from one side to the other just in the nick of time, before the soft satin skin could be blistered. However, on turning it over the eleventh time—and twelve would have settled the business—he found he had delayed a little bit of time too long in turning it over, and there was a small tiny blister on the soft outer skin. Well, Finn was in a mighty pain, remembering the threats of the cull-giant; however, he did not lose heart, but clapped his thumb upon the blister in order to smooth it down. Now the salmon, Shorska, was nearly done, and the flesh thoroughly hot, so Finn's thumb was scald, and he, clapping it to his mouth, sucked it, in order to draw out the pain, and in a moment—*had bubbles become imbued with all the wisdom of the world!*

Myself. Stop, Murtagh! stop!

Murtagh. All the wisdom of the world, Shorska!

Myself. How wonderful!

Murtagh. Was it not, Shorska? The salmon, do you see, was a fairy salmon.

Myself. What a strange circumstance!

Murtagh. A what, Shorska?

Myself. Why, that the very same tale should be told of Finn-mac-coul, who has related a legend of Falmouth.

"What that was that Shorska?"

"That! 'Tis true, he took the treasure of Falmouth. Seward was the hero of the North. Murtagh, even as he is the great hero of Ireland. He, too, according to our account, was an exposed child, and came floating in a casket to a wild shore, where he was suckled by a fish, and afterwards found and fostered by Murtagh, a poor blacksmith. He, too, valued wisdom more than gold, according to the Bible, he found his finger with the heart of Falmouth, which he was roasting, and put it

it into his mouth in order to suck out the pain, became imbued with all the wisdom of the world, the knowledge of the language of birds, and what not. I have heard you tell the tale of Finn a dozen times in the blessed days of old, but its identity with the tale of Sigurd never occurred to me till now. It is true, when I knew you of old I had never read the tale of Sigurd, and have since almost dismissed matters of Ireland from my mind; but as soon as you told me again about Finn's burning his finger, the coincidence struck me. I say, Murtagh, the Irish owe much to the Danes . . ."

"Divil a bit, Shorsha, do they owe to the thaives, except many a bloody bating and plundering, which they never paid them back. Och, Shorsha! you, educated in ould Ireland, to say that the Irish owes anything good to the plundering villains—the Siol Loughlin!"

"They owe them half their traditions, Murtagh, and amongst others Finn-ma-Coul and the burnt finger; and if ever I publish the Loughlin songs, I'll tell the world so."

"But, Shorsha, the world will never believe ye, to say nothing of the Irish part of it."

"Then the world, Murtagh—to say nothing of the Irish part of it—will be a fool, even as I have often thought it; the grand thing, Murtagh, is to be able to believe oneself, and respect oneself. How few whom the world believes, believe and respect themselves!"

"Och, Shorsha! shall I go on with the tale of Finn?"

"I'd rather you should not, Murtagh, I know all about it already."

"Then why did you bother me to tell it at first, Shorsha? Och, it was doing my ownself good, and making me forget my own sorrowful state, when ye interrupted me with your thaives of Danes! Och, Shorsha! let me tell you how Finn, by means of sucking his thumb, and the witchcraft he imbibed from it, contrived to pull off the arm of the ould wagabone, Darmod David Odeen, whalst shaking hands with him—for Finn could do no feat of strength without sucking his thumb, Shorsha, as Conan the Bald told the son of Oisín in the

CHAPTER XLV

Murtagh's Tale.

"Well, Shorsha, about a year and a half after you left us—and a sorrowful hour for us it was when ye left us, losing, as we did, your funny stories of your snake—and the battles of your military—they sent me to Paris and Salamanca, in order to make a saggart of me."

"Pray excuse me," said I, "for interrupting you, but what kind of place is Salamanca?"

"Devil a bit did I ever see of it, Shorsha!"

"Then why did you say you were sent there? Well, what kind of a place is Paris? Not that I care much about Paris."

"Sorrow a bit did I ever see of either of them, Shorsha, for no one sent me to either. When we says at home a person is going to Paris and Salamanca, it manes that he is going abroad to study to be a saggart, whether he goes to them places or not. No, I never saw either—had luck to them—I was shipped away from Cork up the straits to a place called Leghorn, from which I was sent to — to a religious house, where I was to be instructed in saggarting till they had made me fit to cut a decent figure in Ireland. We had a long and tedious voyage, Shorsha; not so tedious, however, as it would have been had I been fool enough to lave your pack of cards behind me, as the thail, my brother Denis, wanted to persuade me to do, in order that he might play with them himself. With the cards I managed to have many a nice game with the sailors, winning from them ha'pennies and sixpences until the captain said that I was running his men, and keeping them from their duty; and, being a heretic and a Dutchman, swore that unless I gave over

tricks upon the cards: by degrees, however, it began to be noised about the religious house that Murtagh, from Hibrodary,* had a pack of cards with which he played with his chum in the cell; whereupon other scholars of the religious house came to me, some to be taught and others to play, so with some I played, and others I taught, but neither to those who could play, or to those who could not, did I teach the elegant tricks which I learnt from the muleteers. Well, the scholars came to me for the sake of the cards, and the porter and the cook of the religious house, who could both play very well, came also; at last I became tired of playing for nothing, so I borrowed a few bits of silver from the cook, and played against the porter, and by means of my tricks I won money from the porter, and then I paid the cook the bits of silver which I had borrowed of him; and played with him, and won a little of his money, which I let him win back again, as I had lived long enough in a religious house to know that it is dangerous to take money from the cook. In a little time, Shorsha, there was scarcely anything going on in the house but card-playing; the almoner played with me, and so did the sub-rector, and I won money from both; not too much, however, lest they should tell the rector, who had the character of a very austere man, and of being a bit of a saint; however, the thief of a porter, whose money I had won, informed the rector of what was going on, and one day the rector sent for me into his private apartment, and gave me so long and pious a lecture upon the heinous sin of card-playing, that I thought I should sink into the ground; after about half-an-hour's inveighing against card-playing, he began to soften his tone, and with a long sigh told me that at one time of his life he had been a young man himself, and had occasionally used the cards, he then began to ask me some questions about card-playing, which questions I afterwards found were to pump from me what I knew about the science. After a time he asked me whether

*Tipperary.

I had got my cards with me, and on my telling him I had, he expressed a wish to see them, whereupon I took the pack out of my pocket and showed it to him; he looked at it very attentively, and at last, giving another deep sigh, he said, that though he was nearly weaned from the vanities of the world, he had still an inclination to see whether he had entirely lost the little skill which at one time he possessed. When I heard him speak in this manner, I told him that if his reverence was inclined for a game of cards, I should be very happy to play one with him, scarcely had I uttered these words than he gave a third sigh, and looked so very much like a saint that I was afraid he was going to excommunicate me. Nothing of the kind, however, for presently he gets up and locks the door, then sitting down at the table, he motioned me to do the same, which I did, and in five minutes there we were playing at cards, his reverence and myself.

"I soon found that his reverence knew quite as much about card-playing as I did. Divil a trick was there connected with cards that his reverence did not seem awake to. As, however, we were not playing for money, the circumstance did not give me much uneasiness; so we played game after game for two hours, when his reverence, having business, told me I might go, so I took up my cards, made my obeisance and left him. The next day I had other games with him, and so on for a very long time, still playing for nothing. At last his reverence grew tired of playing for nothing, and proposed that we should play for money. Now, I had no desire to play with his reverence for money, as I knew that doing so would bring on a quarrel. As long as we were playing for nothing, I could afford to let his reverence use what tricks he pleased, but if we played for money, I couldn't do so. If he played his tricks, I must play mine, and use every advantage to save my money; and there was one I possessed which his reverence did not. The cards being my own, I had put some little marks on the trump cards, just at the

dges, so that when I dealt, by means of a little sleight of hand, I could deal myself any trump card I pleased. But I wished, as I said before, to have no dealings for money with his reverence, knowing that he was master in the house, and that he could lead me a dog of a life if I offended him, either by winning his money, or not letting him win mine. So I told him I had no money to play with, but the ould thief knew better; he knew that I was every day winning money from the scholars, and the sub-rector, and the other people of the house, and the ould thief had determined to let me go on in that way winning money, and then by means of his tricks, which he thought I dare not resent, to win from me all my earnings—in a word, Shorsha, to let me fill myself like a sponge, and then squeeze me for his own advantage. So he made me play with him, and in less than three days came on the quarrel; his reverence chated me, and I chated his reverence; the ould thief knew every trick that I knew, and one or two more, but in dealing out the cards I tricked his reverence; scarcely a trump did I ever give him, Shorsha, and won his money purty freely. Och, it was a purty quarrel! All the delicate names in the 'Newgate Calendar,' if ye ever heard of such a book, all the hang-dog names in the Newgate histories, and the lives of the Irish rogues, did we call each other—his reverence and I! Suddenly, however, putting out his hand, he seized the cards, saying, 'I will examine these cards, ye cheating scoundrel! for I believe there are dirty marks on them, which ye have made in order to know the winning cards.' 'Give me back my pack,' said I, 'or m'anam on Dioul if I be not the death of ye!' His reverence, however, clapped the cards into his pocket, and made the best of his way to the door, I hanging upon him. He was a gross, fat man, but like most fat men, deadly strong, so he forced his way to the door, and, opening it, flung himself out, with me still holding on him like a terrier dog on a big fat pig; then he shouts for help, and in a little time I was secured and thrust into a lock-up room, where I was

left to myself. Here was a purty alteration. Yesterday I was the idol of the religious house, thought more on than his reverence, every one paying me court and wurtship, and wanting to play cards with me, and to learn my tricks, and sed, moreover, on the tittils of the table; and to-day I was in a cell, nobody coming to look at me but the blackguard porter who had charge of me, my cards taken from me, and with nothing but bread and water to live upon. Time passed dreary enough for a month, at the end of which time his reverence came to me, leaving the porter just outside the door in orner to come to his help should I be violent; and then he read me a very purty lecture on my conduct, saying I had turned the religious house topsy-turvy, and corrupted the scholars, and that I was the cheat of the world, for that, on inspecting the pack, he had discovered the dirty marks which I had made upon the trump cards for to know them by. He said a great deal more to me, which is not worth relating, and ended by telling me that he intended to let me out of confinement next day, but that if ever I misconducted myself any more, he would clap me in again for the rest of my life. I had a good mind to call him an ould thairf, but the hope of getting out made me hold my tongue, and the next day I was let out, and need enough I had to be let out, for what with being alone, and living on the bread and water, I was becoming frighted, or, as the doctors call it, nervous. But when I was out—oh, what a change I found in the religious house! no card-playing, for it had been forbidden to the scholars, and there was now nothing going on but reasing and singing; divil a merry visage to be seen, but plenty of prim airs and graces; but the case of the scholars, though bad enough, was not half so bad as mine, for they could spake to each other, whereas I could not have a word of conversation, for the ould thairf of a rector had ordered them to d me to 'Coventry,' telling them that I was a gambling cheat, with morals bad enough to corrupt a horse sument; and whereas they were allowed to divert

themselves with going out, I was kept reading and singing from morn till night. The only soul who was willing to exchange a word with me was the cook, and sometimes he and I had a little bit of discourse in a corner, and we condoled with each other, for he liked the change in the religious house almost as little as myself, but he told me that, for all the change below stairs, there was still card-playing going on above, for that the ould thaif of a rector, and the sub-rector, and the almoner played at cards together, and that the rector won money from the others—the almoner had told him so—and, moreover, that the rector was the thruf of the world, and had been a gambler in his youth, and had once been kicked out of a club-house at Dublin for cheating at cards, and after that circumstance had apparently reformed and lived decently till the time when I came to the religious house with my pack, but that the sight of that had brought him back to his ould gambling. He told the cook, moreover, that the rector frequently went out at night to the houses of the great clergy and cheated at cards.

"In this melancholy state, with respect to myself, things continued a long time, when suddenly there was a report that his Holiness the Pope intended to pay a visit to the religious house in order to examine into its state of discipline. When I heard this I was glad, for I determined, after the Pope had done what he had come to do, to fall upon my knees before him, and make a regular complaint of the treatment I had received, to tell him of the cheatings at cards of the rector, and beg him to make the ould thaif give me back my pack again. So the day of the visit came, and his Holiness made his appearance with his attendants, and, having looked over the religious house, he went into the rector's room with the rector, the sub-rector, and the almoner. I intended to have waited until his Holiness came out, but finding he stayed a long time, I thought I would e'en go into him, so I went up to the door without anybody observing me—his attendants being walking about the

CHAPTER XLVI

Murtagh's Story Continued — The Priest, Exorcist, and Thimble-engro—How to Check a Rebellion

"I WAS telling ye, Shorsha, when ye interrupted me, that I found the Pope, the rector, the sub-rector, and the almoner seated at the table, the rector, with my pack of cards in his hand, about to deal out to the Pope and the rest, not forgetting himself, for whom he intended all the trump-cards no doubt. No sooner did they perceive me than they seemed taken all aback; but the rector, suddenly starting up with the cards in his hand, asked me what I did there, threatening to have me well disciplined if I did not go about my business. 'I am come for my pack,' said I, 'ye ould thairf, and to tell his Holiness how I have been treated by ye;' then, going down on my knees before his Holiness, I said, 'Arrah, now, your Holiness! will ye not see justice done to a poor boy who has been sadly misused? The pack of cards which that old ruffian has in his hand are my cards, which he has taken from me, in order to chate with. Arrah! don't play with him, your Holiness, for he'll only chate ye—there are dirty marks upon the cards which bear the trumps, put there in order to know them by; and the ould thairf in dahng out will give himself all the good cards, and chate ye of the last farthing in your pocket; so let them be taken from him, your Holiness, and given back to me; and order him to lave the room, and then, if your Holiness be for an honest game, don't think I'm the boy to baulk ye. I'll take the old ruffian's place, and play with ye till evening, and all night besides, and divil an advantage will I take of the dirty marks, though I know them all, having

—not often, however, for he dare only come when he could steal away the key from the custody of the thief of a porter. I was three years in the dungeon, and should have gone mad but for the cook, and his words of comfort, and his tidbits, and nice books which he brought me out of the library, which were the 'Calendars of Newgate,' and the 'Lives of Irish Rogues and Rapa-rees,' the only English books in the library. However, at the end of three years, the ould thaif of a rector, wishing to look at them books, missed them from the library, and made a perquisition about them, and the thaif of a porter said that he shouldn't wonder if I had them; saying that he had once seen me reading; and then the rector came with others to my cell, and took my books from me, from under my straw, and asked me how I came by them; and on my refusal to tell, they disciplined me again till the blood ran down my back; and making more perquisition, they at last accused the cook of having carried the books to me, and the cook not denying, he was given warning to leave next day, but he left that night, and took me away with him; for he stole the key, and came to me and cut my chain through, and then he and I escaped from the religious house through a window—the cook with a bundle, containing what things he had. No sooner had we got out than the honest cook gave me a little bit of money and a loaf, and told me to follow a way which he pointed out, which he said would lead to the sea; and then, having embraced me after the Italian way, he left me, and I never saw him again. So I followed the way which the cook pointed out, and in two days reached a seaport called Chiviter Vik, terribly foot-loudered, and there I met a sailor who spoke Irish, and who belonged to a vessel just ready to sail for France; and the sailor took me on board his vessel, and said I was his brother, and the captain gave me a passage to a place in France called Marselles, and when I got there, the captain and sailor got a little money for me and a passport, and I travelled across the country towards a

place they directed me to called Bayonne, from which they said I might, perhaps, get to Ireland. Coming, however, to a place called Pau, all my money being gone, I enlisted into a regiment called the Army of the Faith, which was going into Spain, for the King of Spain had been dethroned and imprisoned by his own subjects, as perhaps you may have heard; and the King of France, who was his cousin, was sending a army to help him, under the command of his own son whom the English called Prince Hilt, because whe he was told that he was appointed to the command he clapped his hand on the hilt of his sword. So I enlisted into the regiment of the Faith, which was made up of Spaniards, many of them priests who had run out of Spain, and broken Germans, and foot-founders Irish, like myself. It was said to be a blackguard regiment, that same regiment of the Faith; but 'faith I saw nothing blackguardly going on in it, for ye would hardly reckon card-playing and dominoes and pitch and toss blackguardly, and I saw nothing else going on in it. There was one thing in it which I disliked—the priests drawing their Spanish knives occasionally, when they lost their money. After we had been some time at Pau, the Army of the Faith was sent across the mountains in Spain, as the vanguard of the French, and no sooner did the Spaniards see the Faith than they made a dash at it, and the Faith ran away, myself along with it, and got behind the French army, which told it to keep there, and the Faith did so, and followed the French army, which soon scattered the Spaniards, and in the end placed the king on his throne again. When the war was over the Faith was disbanded, some of the foreigners, however, amongst whom I was one, were put into a Guard regiment, and there I continued for more than a year.

"One day, being at a place called the Escorial, I took, as the tradesmen say, and found I possessed
 of eighty dollars, won by playing at cards;
 though I could not play so well with the foreign cards

as with the pack ye gave me, Shorsha, I had yet contrived to win money from the priests and soldiers of the Faith. Finding myself possessed of such a capital I determined to leave the service, and to make the best of my way to Ireland; so I deserted, but coming in an evil hour to a place they calls Torre Lodones, I found the priest playing at cards with his parishioners. The sight of the cards made me stop, and then, fool like, notwithstanding the treasure I had about me, I must wish to play, so not being able to speak their language I made signs to them to let me play, and the priest and his thieves consented willingly; so I sat down to cards with the priest and two of his parishioners, and in a little time had won plenty of their money, but I had better never have done any such thing, for suddenly the priest and all his parishioners set upon me and bate me, and took from me all I had, and cast me out of the village more dead than alive. Och! it's a bad village that, and if I had known what it was I would have avoided it, or run straight through it, though I saw all the card-playing in the world going on in it. There is a proverb about it, as I was afterwards told, old as the time of the Moors, which holds good to the present day—it is, that in Torre Lodones there are twenty-four housekeepers, and twenty-five thieves, maning that all the people are thieves, and the clergyman to boot, who is not reckoned a housekeeper; and troth I found the clergyman the greatest thief of the lot. After being cast out of that village I travelled for nearly a month, subsisting by begging tolerably well, for though most of the Spaniards are thieves, they are rather charitable; but though charitable thieves, they do not like their own being taken from them without leave being asked, as I found to my cost; for on my entering a garden near Seville, without leave, to take an orange, the labourer came running up and struck me to the ground with a hatchet, giving me a big wound in the arm. I fainted with loss of blood, and on my reviving I found myself in a hospital at Seville, to which the labourer and the people

me fool and bogtrotter and twitting me because I could not learn his tharve's Latin, and discourse with him in it, and comparing me with another acquaintance, or but of a pal of his, whom he said he had parted with in the fair, and of whom he was fond of saying all kinds of wonderful things, amongst others, that he knew the grammar of all tongues. At last, wearied with being twitted by him with not being able to learn his thaives' Greek, I proposed that I should teach him Irish, that we should spake it together when we had anything to say in sacret. To that he consented willingly; but, och! a purty hand he made with Irish, 'faith, not much better than I did with his tharve's Hebrew. Then my turn came, and I twitted him nicely with dulness, and compared him with a pal that I had in ould Ireland, in Dungarvon times of yore, to whom I teacht Irish, telling him that he was the broth of a boy, and not only knew the grammar of all human tongues, but the dialects of the snakes besides, in fact, I told him all about your own sweet self, Shor-ha, and many a dispute and quarrel had we together about our pals, which was the cleverest fellow, his or mine.

"Well, after having been wid him about two months, I quitted him without noise, taking away one of his tables, and some peas and thumblers; and that I did with a safe conscience, for he paid me nothing, and was not over free with the meat and the drink, though I must say of him that he was a clever fellow, and perfect master of his trade, by which he made a power of money, and bating his not being able to learn Irish, and a certain Jewish lisp which he had, a great master of his tongue, of which he was very proud so much so, that he once told me that when he had saved a certain sum of money he meant to leave off the thumbling business, and enter Parliament, into which, he said, he could get at any time through the interest of a friend of his, a Tory peer—my Lord Whiteleather, with whom, he said, he had occasionally done business. With the table, and other things which I had taken, I commenced

considerable mental dexterity—proof of which he frequently gave at cards, and at a singular game well occasionally played with thimbles—it selected him as a very fit person to play the part of exorcist; and accordingly he travelled through a great part of Ireland casting out devils from people possessed, which he afterwards exhibited sometimes in the shape of rabbits, and occasionally birds and fish. There is a holy island in lake in Ireland to which the people resort at a particular season of the year. Here Murtagh frequently attended, and it was here that he performed a cure which will cause his name long to be remembered in Ireland, delivering a possessed woman of two demons, which brandished about in his hands, in the shape of two live eels, and subsequently hurled into the lake, amidst the shouts of an enthusiastic multitude. Besides playing the part of an exorcist, he acted that of a politician with considerable success; he attached himself to the party of the sire of agitation—"the man of paunch," as he preached and hallooed for repeal with the loudest assent, as long as repeal was the cry; as soon, however, as the Whigs attained the helm of Government, and the greater part of the loaves and fishes—more politely termed the patronage of Ireland—was placed at the disposition of the priesthood, the tone of Murtagh, like that of the rest of his brother saggarts, was considerably softened; he even went so far as to declare that politics were not altogether consistent with sacerdotal duty; and resuming his exorcisms, which he had for some time abandoned, he went to the Isle of Holmess, and delivered a possessed woman of six demons in the shape of white mice. He, however, again resumed the political mantle in the year 1848, during the short period of the rebellion of the so-called Young Irelanders. The priests, though they apparently sided with this party, did not approve of it, as it was chiefly formed of ardent young men, fond of what they termed liberty, and by no means admirers of priestly domination, being mostly Protestants. Just before the outbreak of this rebellion, it was determined

between the priests and the — that this party should be rendered comparatively innocuous by being deprived of the sinews of war—in other words, certain sums of money which they had raised for their enterprise. Murtagh was deemed the best qualified person in Ireland to be entrusted with the delicate office of getting their money from them. Having received his instructions, he invited the leaders to his parsonage amongst the mountains, under pretence of deliberating with them about what was to be done. They arrived there just before nightfall, dressed in red, yellow, and green, the colours so dear to enthusiastic Irishmen; Murtagh received them with great apparent cordiality, and entered into a long discourse with them, promising them the assistance of himself and order, and receiving from them a profusion of thanks. After a time Murtagh, observing in a jocular tone that consulting was dull work, proposed a game of cards, and the leaders, though somewhat surprised, assenting, he went to a closet, and taking out a pack of cards, laid it upon the table; it was a strange dirty pack, and exhibited every mark of having seen very long service. On one of his guests making some remarks on the "ancientness" of its appearance, Murtagh observed that there was a very wonderful history attached to that pack; it had been presented to him, he said, by a young gentleman, a disciple of his, to whom, in Dungarvon times of yore, he had taught the Irish language, and of whom he related some very extraordinary things; he added that he, Murtagh, had taken it to — where it had once the happiness of being in the hands of the Holy Father; by a great misfortune, he did not say what, he had lost possession of it, and had returned without it, but had some time since recovered it, a nephew of his, who was being educated at — for a priest, having found it in a nook of the college, and sent it to him.

Murtagh and the leaders then played various games with this pack, more especially one called by the initiated "blind hookey," the result being that at the

end of about two hours the leaders found they had lost one-half of their funds; they now looked serious, and talked of leaving the house, but Murtagh begging them to stay to supper, they consented. After supper, which the guests drank rather freely, Murtagh said that, as he had not the least wish to win their money, he intended to give them their revenge; he would not play at cards with them, he added, but at a funny game of thimbles, at which they would be sure of winning back their own; then going out, he brought in a table tall and narrow, on which placing certain thimbles and a pea, he proposed that they should stake whatever they pleased on the almost certainty of finding the pea under the thimbles. The leaders, after some hesitation, consented, and were at first eminently successful, winning back the greater part of what they had lost; after some time, however, Fortune, or rather Murtagh, turned against them, and then, instead of leaving off, they doubled and trebled their stakes, and continued doing so until they had lost nearly the whole of their funds. Quite furious, they now swore that Murtagh had cheated them, and insisted on having their property restored to them. Murtagh, without a word of reply, went to the door, and shouting into the passage something in Irish, the room was instantly filled with bogtrotters, each at least six feet high, with a stout shillealah in his hand. Murtagh then, turning to his guests, asked them what they meant by insulting an anointed priest; telling them that it was not for the likes of them to avenge the wrongs of Ireland. "I have been clane mistaken in the whole of ye," said he; "I supposed ye Irish, but have found, to my sorrow, that ye are nothing of the kind; purty fellows to pretend to be Irish, when there is not a word of Irish on the tongue of any of ye, divil a ha'porth; the illigant young gentleman to whom I taught Irish, in Dungarvon times of old, though not born in Ireland, has more Irish in him than any ten of ye. He is the boy to avenge the wrongs of Ireland, if ever foreigner is to do it." Then saying something to the bogtrotters,

they instantly cleared the room of the young Irishers, who retired sadly disconcerted ; nevertheless, being very illy young fellows, they hoisted the standard of rebellion ; few, however, joining them, partly because they had no money, and partly because the priests abused them with might and main, their rebellion ended in a lamentable manner, themselves being seized and tried, and though convicted, not deemed of sufficient importance to be sent to the scaffold, where they might have had the satisfaction of saying—

“ Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori ”

My visitor, after saying that of the money won, Murtagh retained a considerable portion—that a part went to the hierarchy for what were called church purposes, and that the — took the remainder, which it employed in establishing a newspaper in which the private characters of the worthiest and most loyal Protestants in Ireland were traduced and vilified—concluded his account by observing, that it was the common belief that Murtagh, having by his services ecclesiastical and political, acquired the confidence of the priesthood and favour of the Government, would on the first vacancy be appointed to the high office of Popish Primate of Ireland.

CHAPTER XLVII

Departure from Horncastle—Recruiting Sergeant— Kauloes and Lolloes.

LEAVING Horncastle, I bent my steps in the direction of the east. I walked at a brisk rate, and late in the evening reached a large town, situate at the entrance of an extensive firth, or arm of the sea, which prevented my farther progress eastward. Sleeping that night in the suburbs of the town, I departed early next morning in the direction of the south. A walk of about twenty miles brought me to another large town, situated on a river, where I again turned towards the east. At the end of the town I was accosted by a fiery-faced individual, somewhat under the middle size, dressed as a recruiting sergeant.

"Young man," said the recruiting sergeant, "you are just the kind of person to serve the Honourable East India Company."

"I had rather the Honourable Company should serve me," said I.

"Of course, young man. Well, the Honourable East India Company shall serve you—that's reasonable. Here, take this shilling; 'tis service-money. The Honourable Company engages to serve you, and you the Honourable Company; both parties shall be thus served; that's just and reasonable."

"And what must I do for the Company?"

"Only go to India; that's all."

"And what should I do in India?"

"Fight, my brave boy! fight, my youthful hero!"

"What kind of country is India?"

"The finest country in the world! Rivers, bigger

han the Ouse. Hills, higher than anything near Spaling! Trees—you never saw such trees! Fruits—you ever saw such fruits!"

"And the people—what kind of folk are they?"

"Pah! Kauloes—blacks—a set of rascals not worth regarding."

"Kauloes!" said I; "blacks!"

"Yes," said the recruiting sergeant, "and they call us lolloes, which, in their beastly gibberish, means reds."

"Lolloes!" said I; "reds!"

"Yes," said the recruiting sergeant, "kauloes and lolloes; and all the lolloes have to do is to kick and cut down the kauloes, and take from them their rupees, which mean silver money. Why do you stare so?"

"Why," said I, "this is the very language of Mr. Petulengro."

"Mr. Pet——?"

"Yes," said I, "and Tawno Chikno."

"Tawno Chik——? I say, young fellow, I don't like your way of speaking; no, nor your way of looking. You are mad, sir; you are mad; and what's this? Why, your hair is grey! You won't do for the Honourable Company—they like red. I'm glad I didn't give you the shilling. Good day to you."

"I shouldn't wonder," said I, as I proceeded rapidly along a broad causeway, in the direction of the east, "if Mr. Petulengro and Tawno Chikno came originally from India. I think I'll go there."

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APPENDIX

CHAPTER I

A Word for Lavengro.

LAVENGRO is the history up to a certain period of of rather a peculiar mind and system of nerves, with exterior shy and cold, under which lurk much curios especially with regard to what is wild and extraordinary; a considerable quantity of energy and industry, and unconquerable love of independence. It narrates earliest dreams and feelings, dwells with minuteness the ways, words, and characters of his father, moth and brother, lingers on the occasional resting-places of wandering, half-military childhood, describes the gradual hardening of his bodily frame by robust exercises, successive struggles, after his family and himself had settled down in a small local capital, to obtain knowledge of every kind, but more particularly philological lore, his visits to the tent of the Romany chieftain, and the parlour of the Anglo-German philosopher; the effect produced upon his character by his flinging himself in contact with people all widely differing from each other but all extraordinary; his reluctance to settle down to the ordinary pursuits of life; his struggles after more; his glimpses of God and the obscuration of the Being to his mind's eye; and his being cast into a world of London by the death of his father at the age of nineteen. In the world within a world of London, it shows him playing his part for nature as he best can, in the capacity of a writer

for reviews and magazines, and describes what he saw and underwent whilst labouring in that capacity; it represents him, however, as never forgetting that he is the son of a brave but poor gentleman, and that if he is a hack author, he is likewise a scholar. It shows him doing no dishonourable jobs, and proves that if he occasionally associates with low characters, he does so chiefly to gratify the curiosity of a scholar. In his conversations with the apple-woman of London Bridge, the scholar is ever apparent, so again in his acquaintance with the man of the table, for the book is no raker up of the uncleanness of London, and if it gives what at first sight appears refuse, it invariably shows that a pearl of some kind, generally a philological one, is contained amongst it; it shows its hero always accompanied by his love of independence, scorning in the greatest poverty to receive favours from anybody, and describes him finally rescuing himself from peculiarly miserable circumstances by writing a book, an original book, within a week, even as Johnson is said to have written his "Rasselas," and Beckford his "Vathek," and tells how, leaving London, he betakes himself to the roads and fields.

In the country it shows him leading a life of roving adventure, becoming tinker, gypsy, postilion, ostler, associating with various kinds of people, chiefly of the lower classes, whose ways and habits are described, but, though leading this erratic life, we gather from the book that his habits are neither vulgar nor vicious, that he still follows to a certain extent his favourite pursuits, hunting after strange characters, or analysing strange words and names. At the conclusion of Chapter XLVII., which terminates the first part of the history, it hints that he is about to quit his native land on a philological expedition.

Those who read this book the author begs to observe that to read it he may with respect

contain; and it is particularly minute with regard to the ways, manners, and speech of the English section of the most extraordinary and mysterious clan or tribe of people to be found in the whole world—the children of Roma. But it contains matters of much more importance than anything in connection with philology, and the literature and manners of nations. Perhaps no work was ever offered to the public in which the kindness and providence of God have been set forth by more striking examples, or the machinations of priestcraft been more truly and lucidly exposed, or the dangers which result to a nation when it abandons itself to effeminacy, and a rage for what is novel and fashionable, than at present.

With respect to the kindness and providence of God, are they not exemplified in the case of the old apple-woman and her son? These are beings in many points bad, but with warm affections, who, after an agonising separation, are restored to each other, but not until the hearts of both are changed and purified by the influence of affliction. Are they not exemplified in the case of the rich gentleman, who touches objects in order to avert the evil chance? This being has great gifts and many amiable qualities, but does not everybody see that his besetting sin is selfishness? He fixes his mind on certain objects, and takes inordinate interest in them, because they are his own, and those very objects, through the providence of God, which is kindness in disguise, becomes snakes and scorpions to whip him. Tired of various pursuits, he at last becomes an author, and publishes a book, which is very much admired, and which he loves with his usual inordinate affection; the book, consequently, becomes a viper to him, and at last he flings it aside and begins another; the book, however, is not flung aside by the world, who are benefited by it, deriving pleasure and knowledge from it; so the man who merely wrote to gratify self, has already done good to others, and got himself an honourable name. But will not allow that man to put that book under his

head and use it as a pillow; the book has become a viper to him, he has banished it, and is about another, which he finishes and gives to the world; it is a better book than the first, and every one is delighted with it; but it proves to the writer a scorpion, because he loves it with inordinate affection; but it was good for the world that he produced this book, which stung him as a scorpion. Yes; and good for himself, for the labour of writing it amused him, and perhaps prevented him from dying of apoplexy; but the book is banished, and another is begun, and herein, again, is the providence of God manifested; the man has the power of producing still, and God determines that he shall give to the world what remains in his brain, which he would not do, had he been satisfied with the second work; he would have gone to sleep upon that as he would upon the first; for the man is selfish and lazy. In his account of what he suffered during the composition of this work, his besetting sin of selfishness is manifest enough; the work on which he is engaged occupies his every thought, it is his idol, his deity, it shall be all his own, he won't borrow a thought from any one else; and he is so afraid lest, when he publishes it, that it should be thought that he had borrowed from any one, that he is continually touching objects, his nervous system, owing to his extreme selfishness, having become partly deranged. He is left touching, in order to banish the evil chance from his book, his deity. No more of his history is given; but does the reader think that God will permit that man to go to sleep on his third book, however extraordinary it may be? Assuredly not. God will not permit that man to rest till he has cured him to a certain extent of his selfishness, which has, however, hitherto been very useful to the world.

Then, again, in the tale of Peter Williams, is not the hand of Providence to be seen? This person commits a sin in his childhood, utters words of blasphemy, the remembrance of which, in after life, preying upon his imagination, unfits him for quiet pursuits, to which he

seems to have been naturally inclined, but for the remembrance of that sin, he would have been Peter Williams, the quiet, respectable Welsh farmer, somewhat fond of reading the ancient literature of his country in winter evenings, after his work was done. God, however, was aware that there was something in Peter Williams to entitle him to assume a higher calling; he therefore permits this sin, which though a foolish affair, was yet a sin, and committed deliberately, to prey upon his mind till he becomes at last an instrument in the hand of God, a humble Paul, the great preacher Peter Williams, who, though he considers himself a reprobate and a castaway, instead of having a course to drinking in mad desperation, as many do who consider themselves reprobates, goes about Wales and England preaching the word of God, dilating on His power and majesty, and visiting the sick and afflicted, until God sees fit to restore to him his peace of mind, which he does not do, however, until that mind is in a perpetual condition to receive peace, till it has been purified by the pain of the conviction which has so long been permitted to rot in his brain; which pain, however, is changed to the shape of a gentle, faithful wife, his occasionally alleviated, for God is merciful even in the blows which He bestoweth, and will not permit any one to be tempted beyond the measure which he can support. And here it will be as well for the reader to remember the means by which the Welsh preacher is relieved from his mental misery: he is not relieved by a text in the Bible, by the words of some saint, or by some approved testimony by his argument, or even, nor by the preaching of more eloquent than himself, but by a quotation made by Laverne from the tale of Mary Magdalen, a prostitute which his Laverne had been to exhibit of herself at the stall of his old friend, the good woman, an honest old Bridget, who had herself been very much shocked to the perusal of it, the tale without profit whatever. Should the reader be dissatisfied with the manner in which Peter Williams is made to

find relief, the author would wish to answer, that the Almighty frequently accomplishes His purposes by means which appear very singular to the eyes of men, and at the same time to observe that the manner in which that relief is obtained, is calculated to read a lesson to the proud, fainful, and squeamish, who are ever in a fidget lest they should be thought to mix in low society, or to bestow a moment's attention on publications which are not what is called of a perfectly unobjectionable character. Had not Lavengro formed the acquaintance of the old apple-woman on London Bridge, he would not have had an opportunity of reading the life of Mary Flanders, and, consequently, of storing in a memory which never forgets anything a passage which contained a balm for the agonised mind of poor Peter Williams. The best medicines are not always found in the finest shops. Suppose, for example, if instead of going to London Bridge to read, he had gone to Albemarle Street, and had received from the proprietors of the literary establishment in that very fashionable street permission to read the publications on the tables of the saloon there, does the reader think he would have met any balm in those publications for the case of Peter Williams? does the reader suppose that he would have found Mary Flanders there? He would certainly have found that highly objectionable publication, "Rasselas," and the "Spectator," or "Lives of Royal and Illustrious Personages," but, of a surety, no Mary Flanders; so when Lavengro met with Peter Williams, he would have been unprovided with a balm to cure his ulcerated mind, and have parted from him in a way not quite so satisfactory as the manner in which he took his leave of him; for it is certain that he might have read "Rasselas" and all the other unexceptionable works to be found in the library of Albemarle Street, over and over again, before he would have found any cure in them for the case of Peter Williams. Therefore the author requests the reader to drop any squeamish nonsense he may wish to utter about Mary

lates, the one who first arrested his curiosity, he is taught the duties of hospitality ; yes, by means of an inscription in the language of a people who have scarcely an idea of hospitality themselves, God causes the slothful man to play a useful and beneficent part in the world, relieving distressed wanderers, and, amongst others, Lavengro himself. But a striking indication of the man's surprising sloth is still apparent in what he omits to do, he has learnt Chinese, the most difficult of languages, and he practises acts of hospitality, because he believes himself enjoined to do so by the Chinese inscription, but he cannot tell the hour of the day by the clock within his house ; he can get on, he thinks, very well without being able to do so, therefore, from this one omission, it is easy to come to a conclusion as to what a sluggard's part the man would have played in life but for the dispensation of Providence, nothing but extreme agony could have induced such a man to do anything useful. He still continues, with all he has acquired, with all his usefulness, and with all his innocence of character, without any proper sense of religion, though he has attained a rather advanced age. If it be observed that this want of religion is a great defect in the story, the author begs leave to observe that he cannot help it. Lavengro relates the lives of people so far as they were placed before him, but no farther. It was certainly a great defect in so good a man to be without religion ; it was likewise a great defect in so learned a man not to be able to tell what was o'clock. It is probable that God, in his loving kindness, will not permit that man to go out of the world without religion ; who knows but some powerful minister of the Church, full of zeal for the glory of God, will illumine that man's dark mind ; perhaps some clergyman will come to the parish who will visit him and teach him his duty to his God. Yes, it is very probable that such a man, before he dies, will have been made to love his God ; whether he will ever learn to know what's o'clock, is another matter. It is probable that he will go out of the world

and Braly's version of the Psalms, his admiration is rather caused by the beautiful poetry which that version contains than the religion, yet his tale is not finished—like the tale of the gentleman who touched objects, and that of the old man who knew Chinese without knowing what was o'clock, perhaps, like them, he is destined to become religious, and to have, instead of occasional glimpses, frequent and distinct views of his God: yet, though he may become religious, it is hardly to be expected that he will become a very precise and straight-faced person; it is probable that he will retain, with his scholarship, something of his gypsyism, his predilection for the hammer and tongs, and perhaps some inclination to put on certain gloves, not white kid, with any friend who may be inclined for a little old English diversion, and a readiness to take a glass of ale, with plenty of malt in it, and as little h p as may well be—ale at least two years old—with the aforesaid friend, when the diversion is over, for, as it is the belief of the writer that a person may get to heaven very comfortably without knowing what's o'clock, so it is his belief that he will not be refused admission there because to the last he has been fond of healthy and invigorating exercises, and felt a willingness to partake of any of the good things which it pleases the Almighty to put within the reach of His children during their sojourn upon earth

associates, to a ridicule only exceeded by that to which they turn those who become the dupes of their mistress and themselves.

It is now necessary that the writer should say something with respect to himself, and his motives for waging war against Rome. First of all, with respect to himself, he wishes to state, that to the very last moment of his life, he will do and say all that in his power may be to hold up to contempt and execration the priestcraft and practices of Rome; there is, perhaps, no person better acquainted than himself, not even among the choicest spirits of the priesthood, with the origin and history of Popery. From what he saw and heard of Popery in England, at a very early period of his life, his curiosity was aroused, and he spared himself no trouble, either by travel or study, to make himself well acquainted with it in all its phases, the result being a hatred of it, which he hopes and trusts he shall retain till the moment when his spirit quits the body. Popery is the great lie of the world; a source from which more misery and social degradation have flowed upon the human race, than from all the other sources from which those evils come. It is the oldest of all superstitions; and though in Europe it assumes the name of Christianity, it existed and flourished among the Himalayan hills at least two thousand years before the real Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in a word, it is Buddhism; and let those who may be disposed to doubt this assertion, compare the Popery of Rome, and the superstitious practices of its followers, with the doings of the priests who surround the grand Lama, and the mouthings, bellowing, turnings round, and, above all, the penances of the followers of Buddh with those of Roman devotees. But he is not going to dwell here on this point; it is dwelt upon at tolerable length in the text, and has likewise been handled with extraordinary power by the pen of the gifted but unreligious Volney; moreover, the *clergy* of the Roman priesthood are perfectly well aware that their system is nothing but Buddhism under a slight

And now a few words with respect to the motives of the writer for expressing a hatred for Rome.

This expressed abhorrence of the author for Rome might be entitled to little regard, provided it were possible to attribute it to any self-interested motive. There have been professed enemies of Rome, or of this or that branch of the cause who does them little credit: but the writer of these lines has no motive, and can have no reason for his enmity to Rome save the abhorrence of a wicked heart for what is false, base, and cruel. A pious clergyman wrote with much heat against the Pope in the time of —, who was known to favour Popery, but was not expected to continue long in the world, and whose supposed successor, the person, indeed, who did succeed him was thought to be hostile to the Pope. This divine who obtained a rich benefice from the Pope's successor of — who during —'s time had always opposed him in everything he proposed to do, and who, of course, during that time affected to be very inimical to Popery—this divine might well be suspected of having a motive equally creditable for writing against the Pope, as that which induced him to write for them, as soon as his patron, who eventually did something more for him had espoused their cause. but what motive, save an honest one can the present writer have for expressing an abhorrence of Popery? He is no clergyman, and consequently can expect neither benefice nor bishopric, supposing it were the fashion of the present, or likely to be the fashion of any future age. He is, to reward clergymen with benefices or to, in the defence of the religion of their country, or shall write, against Popery, and not who write, or shall write, in favour of Popery and its offenses and abominations. If a clergyman, he is the servant of a certain Pope, and has the overthrow of Popery in view, and

therefore," etc. This assertion, which has been frequently made, is incorrect, even as those who have made it probably knew it to be. He is the servant of no society whatever. He eats his own bread, and is one of the very few men in England who are independent in every sense of the word.

It is true he went to Spain with the colours of that society on his hat—oh! the blood glows in his veins! oh! the marrow awakes in his old bones when he thinks of what he accomplished in Spain in the cause of religion and civilisation with the colours of that society on his hat and its weapon in his hand, even the sword of the word of God; how with that weapon he hewed left and right, making the priests fly before him, and run away squeaking: "*Vaya! que demonio es este!*" Ay, and when he thinks of the plenty of bible swords which he left behind him, destined to prove, and which have already proved, pretty calthrops in the heels of Popery. "Halloo! Batuschka," he exclaimed the other night, on reading an article in a newspaper; "what do you think of the present doings in Spain? Your old friend the *ingaro*, the *gitano* who rode about Spain, to say nothing of Galicia, with the Greek *Buchani* behind him as his quire, had a hand in bringing them about. There are many brave Spaniards connected with the present movement who took bibles from his hands, and read them and profited by them, learning from the inspired page the duties of one man towards another, and the real value of a priesthood and their head, who set at nought the word of God, and think only of their own temporal interests; ay, and who learned *Gitano*—their own *Gitano*—from the lips of the London *Caloró*, and also songs in the said *Gitano*, very fit to dumbfounder your semi-Buddhist priests when they attempt to bewilder people's minds with their school-logic and pseudo-ecclesiastical nonsense, songs such as—

any connection, he said it acted with feelings of love and admiration more than fourteen years ago; so, in continuing to assault Popery, no hopes of interest founded on that society can sway his mind—interest I who, with worldly interest in view, would ever have anything to do with that society? It is poor, and supported, like its founder Christ, by poor people; and so far from having political influence, it is in such disfavour, and has ever been, with the dastardly great, to whom the government of England has for many years past been confided, that the having borne its colours only for a month would be sufficient to exclude any man, whatever his talents, his learning, or his courage may be, from the slightest chance of being permitted to serve his country either for fee or without. A fellow who unites in himself the bankrupt trader, the broken author, or rather book-maker, and the laughed-down single speech spouter of the House of Commons, may look forward, always supposing that at one time he has been a foaming radical, to the government of an important colony. Ay, an ancient fox who has lost his tail may, provided he has a score of radical friends, who will swear that he can bark Chinese, though Chinese is not barked but sung, be forced upon a Chinese colony, though it is well known that to have lost one's tail is considered by the Chinese in general as an irreparable infamy, whilst to have been connected with a certain society to which, to its honour be it said, all the radical party are vehemently hostile, would be quite sufficient to keep any one not only from a government, but something much less, even though he could translate the rhymed "Sessions of the Poor," and were versed, still retaining his tail, in the two languages in which Kien-Lowg wrote his *Enchiridion* in Mouldeu, that piece which, translated by Amyot, a learned Jesuit, won the applause of the celebrated *Académie*.

11 were the author influenced by loves of his or
 he would, instead of writing against Popery.

write for it; all the trumpery titled—he will not call them great again—would then be for him, and their masters the radicals, with their hosts of newspapers, would be for him, more especially if he would commence maligning the society whose colours he had once on his hat—a society which, as the priest says in the text, is one of the very few Protestant institutions for which the Popish Church entertains any fear, and consequently respect, as it respects nothing which it does not fear. The writer said that certain "rulers" would never forgive him for having been connected with that society; he went perhaps too far in saying "never." It is probable that they would take him into favour on one condition, which is, that he should turn his pen and his voice against that society; such a mark "of a better way of thinking" would perhaps induce them to give him a government, nearly as good as that which they gave to a certain ancient radical fox at the intercession of his radical friends (who were bound to keep him from the pauper's kennel), after he had promised to foam, bark, and snarl at corruption no more; he might even entertain hopes of succeeding, nay of superseding, the ancient creature in his government; but even were he as badly off as he is well off he would do no such thing. He would rather exist on crusts and water, he has often done so and been happy; nay, he would rather starve than be a rogue—for even the feeling of starvation is happiness compared with what he feels who knows himself to be a rogue, provided he has any feeling at all. What is the use of a mitre or a knighthood to a man who has betrayed his principles? What is the use of a gilt collar, nay, even of a pair of scarlet breeches, to a fox who has lost his tail? Oh! the horror which haunts the mind of the fox who has lost his tail; and with reason, for his very mate loathes him, and more especially if, like himself, she has lost her brush. Oh! the horror which haunts the mind of the two-legged rogue who has parted with his principles, or those which he professed—for what? We'll suppose a government.

Of the readiness which converts to Popery exhibit to sacrifice all the ties of blood and affection on the shroud of their newly-adopted religion there is a curious illustration in the work of Luigi Pulci. This man, who was born at Florence in the year 1432, and who was deeply versed in the Bible, composed a poem, called the "Morgante Maggiore," which he recited at the table of Lorenzo de Medici, the great patron of Italian genius. It is a mock-heroic and religious poem, in which the legends of knight-errantry, and of the Popish Church, are turned to unbounded ridicule. The pretended hero of it is a converted giant, called Morgante, though his adventures do not occupy the twentieth part of the poem, the principal personages being Charlemagne, Orlando, and his cousin Rinaldo of Montalban. Morgante has two brothers, both of them giants, and, in the first canto of the poem, Morgante is represented with his brothers as carrying on a feud with the abbot and monks of a certain convent, built upon the confines of heathenness; the giants being in the habit of flinging down stones, or rather huge rocks, on the convent. Orlando, however, who is banished from the court of Charlemagne, arriving at the convent, undertakes to destroy them, and accordingly kills Passamonte and Alabastro, and converts Morgante, whose mind has been previously softened by a vision, in which the "Blessed Virgin" figures. No sooner is he converted than, as a sign of his penitence, what does he do, but hastens and cuts off the hands of his two brothers, saying—

"Io vo' tagliar le mani a tutti quanti
E porterolle a que' monaci santi"

And he does cut off the hands of his brethren, and carries them to the abbot, who blesses him for so doing. Pulci here is holding up to ridicule and execration the horrid butchery or betrayal of friends by Popish converts, and the encouragement they receive from the priest. No sooner is a person converted to Popery than his principal thought is how he can bring the hands and

different from the giants, to the *...*,
he manages to do so, never fail to praise him, saying to
the miserable wretch, as the abbot said to Morgante—

*"Tu sarai or perfetto e vero amico
A Cristo, quanto tu gli eri nemico."*

Can the English public deny the justice of Paldi's illustration, after something which it has lately witnessed? * Has it not seen equivalents for the hands and feet of brothers carried by Popish perverts to the "holy priests," and has it not seen the manner in which the offering has been received? Let those who are in quest of bigotry seek for it amongst the perverts to Rome, and not amongst those who, born in the pale of the Church of England, have always continued in it.

* This was written in 1854.

CHAPTER I I

On Foreign Names

WITH respect to the third point, various lessons which the book reads to the nation at large, and which it would be well for the nation to ponder and profit by.

There are many species of nonsense to which the nation is much addicted, and of which the perusal of *Lavengro* ought to give them a wholesome shame. First of all, with respect to the foreign nonsense so prevalent now in England. The hero is a scholar, but though possessed of a great many tongues he affects to be neither Frenchman nor German; nor this or that foreigner; he is one who loves his country, and the language and literature of his country, and speaks up for each and all when there is occasion to do so. Now what is the case with nine out of ten amongst those of the English who study foreign languages? No sooner have they picked up a smattering of this or that speech than they begin to abuse their own country, and everything connected with it, more especially its language. This is particularly the case with those who call themselves German students. It is said, and the writer believes with truth, that when a woman falls in love with a particularly ugly fellow, she squeezes him with ten times more zest than she would a handsome one if captivated by him. So it is with these German students; no sooner have they taken German in hand than there is nothing like German. Oh, the dear, delightful German! How proud am I that it is now my own, and that its divine literature is within my reach! And all this whilst mumbling the most uncouth speech, and crunching the most crabbed literature in Europe. The writer is not

I will have a garment reach to my tale;
Then am I a minion, for I wear the new guise.
The next yeare after I hope to be wise,
Not only in wearing my gorgeous array,
For I will go to learning a whole summer's day;
I will learn Latine, Hebrew, Greek, and French,
And I will learn Dutch, sitting on my bench.
I had no peers if to myself I were true,
Because I am not so, divers times do I rue.
Yet I lacke nothing, I have all things at will!
If I were wise and would hold myself still,
And meddle with no matters but to me pertaining,
But ever to be true to God and my king
But I have such matters rowling in my pate,
That I will and do . . . I cannot tell what," etc.

hares he sells as soon as they are at a high premium, to which they are speedily forced by means of paragraphs, inserted by himself and agents, in newspapers devoted to his interests, utterly reckless of the terrible depreciation to which they are almost instantly subjected. But he is worth a million pounds, there can be no doubt of the fact—he has not made people's fortunes, at least those whose fortunes it was said he would make; he has made them away—but his own he has made, emphatically made it—he is worth a million pounds. Hurrah for the millionaire! The clown who views the pandemonium of red brick which he has built on the estate which he has purchased in the neighbourhood of the place of his grand *début*, in which every species of architecture, Greek, Indian, and Chinese is employed in caricature—who hears of the grand entertainment he gives at Christmas in the principal dining-room, the hundred wax candles, the waggon load of plate, and the oceans of wine which form parts of it, and above all the two ostrich poulters one at the head and the other at the foot of the table, exclaims, "Well! if he a n't bang up, I don't know who be, why, he beats my lord hollow!" The mechanic of the borough town, who sees him dashing through the streets in an open Landau, drawn by four milk-white horses amidst its attendant outriders; his wife, a monster of a woman, by his side, stout as the wife of Tamerlane, who weighed twenty stone, and bedizened out like her whose person shone with the jewels of plundered Persia, stares with silent wonder, and at last exclaims, "That's the man for my vote!" You tell the clown that the man of the mansion has contributed . . . to corrupt the rural inno-

tunes, and was not far from fifty—was to be introduced to—whom? The Emperor of Austria! The sole remaining wish of the heart of one who ought to have been thinking of the grave and judgment, was to be introduced to the miscreant who had caused the blood-noble Hungarian females to be whipped out of their shoulders, for no other crime than devotion to their country, and its tall and heroic sons. The middle class—of course there are some exceptions—admire the autocracy, and consider them pinks, the aristocracy will admire the Emperor of Austria, and adore the Emperor of Russia, till he became old, ugly, and unfortunate: when their adoration instantly terminated, for what more ungenteel than age, ugliness, and misfortune? The beau-ideal with those of the lower classes, with peasants and mechanics, is some flourishing railroad contractor: look, for example, how they worship Mr Flamson. The person makes his grand *débat* in the year thirty-nine at a public meeting in the principal room of a country inn. He has come into the neighbourhood with the character of a man worth a million pounds, who is to make everybody's fortune, at this time, however, he is not worth a shilling of his own, though he flashes about dexterously three or four thousand pounds, part of which sum he has obtained by specious pretences, and part from certain individuals who are his confederates. But in the year forty-nine, he is really in possession of the fortune which he and his agents pretended he was worth ten years before—he is worth a million pounds. By what means has he come by them? By railroad contracts, for which he takes care to be paid in hard cash before he attempts to perform them, and to carry out which he makes use of the sweat and blood of wretches who, since their organisation, have introduced crimes and language into England to which it was previously almost a stranger—by purchasing, with their shares by hundreds in the schemes to

CHAPTER V

Subject of Gentility continued

In the last chapter have been exhibited specimens of gentility, so considered by different classes; by one class, power, youth, and epaulets are considered the *ne plus ultra* of gentility; by another class pride stateliness, and title; by another, wealth and flaming tawdriness. But what constitutes a gentleman? It is easy to say at once what constitutes a gentleman, and there are no distinctions in what is gentlemanly * as there are in what is genteel. The characteristics of a gentleman are high feeling—a determination never to take a cowardly advantage of another—a liberal education—absence of narrow views—generosity and courage, propriety of behaviour. Now a person may be genteel according to one or another of the three standards described above, and not possess one of the characteristics of a gentleman. Is the emperor a gentleman, with spatters of blood on his clothes, scourged from the backs of noble Hungarian women? Are the aristocracy gentleman-folks, who admire him? Is Mr. Fum a gentleman, although he has a million pounds? No! cowardly miscreants, admirers of cowardly miscreants, and people who make a million pounds by means compared with which those employed to make fortune, by the getters up of the South Sea Bubble might be called honest dealing, are decidedly not gentleman-folks. Now as it is clearly demonstrable that a person may be perfectly genteel

* Gentle and gentlemanly may be derived from the same root as genteel; but nothing can be more distinct from the more genteel, than the ideas which enlightened minds associate with these words. Gentle and gentlemanly mean something kind and genial, genteel, that which is glittering or gaudy. A person can be a gentleman in rags, but nobody can be genteel.

the company is somewhat queer, and the work rather killing, but he gets there half-a-crown a day, whereas from the farmers he would only get eighteen-pence." You remind the mechanic that the man in the landau has been the ruin of thousands, and you mention people whom he himself knows, people in various grades of life, widows and orphans amongst them, whose little all he has dissipated, and whom he has reduced to beggary by inducing them to become sharers in his delusive schemes. But the mechanic says, "Well, the more fools they to let themselves be robbed. But I don't call that kind of thing robbery, I merely call it outwitting; and everybody in this free country has a right to outwit others if he can. What a turn-out he has!" One was once heard to add, "*I never saw a more genteel-looking man in all my life except one, and that was a gentleman's walley, who was much like him. It is true he is rather undersized, but then, madam, you know, makes up for all.*"

careful not to transgress the customs of what they call gentility, than to violate the laws of honour or morality. They will shrink from carrying their own carpet-bag, and from speaking to a person in seedy raiment, whilst to matters of much higher importance they are shamelessly indifferent. Not so Lavaragno; he will do anything that he deems convenient, or which strikes his fancy, provided it does not outrage decency or is allied to profligacy; is not ashamed to speak to a beggar in rags, and will associate with any body, provided he can gratify a laudable curiosity. He has no abstract love for what is low, or what the world calls low. He sees that many things which the world looks down upon are valuable, so he prizes much which the world contemns, he sees that many things which the world admires are contemptible, so he despises much which the world does not; but when the world prizes what is really excellent he does not condemn it, because the world regards it. If he learns Irish, which all the world scoffs at, he likewise learns Italian, which all the world melts at. If he learns Gypsy, the language of the tattered tent, he likewise learns Greek, the language of the college hall. If he learns smithery, he also learns . . . what does he learn to set against smithery?—the law? No; he does not learn the law, which, by the way, is not very genteel. Swimming? Yes, he learns to swim. Swimming, however, is not genteel; and the world—at least the genteel part of it—acts very wisely in setting its face against it; for to swim you must be naked, and how would many a genteel person look without his clothes? Come! he learns horsemanship; a very genteel accomplishment, which every genteel person would gladly possess, though not all genteel people do.

Again as to associates—if he holds communion when a boy with Murtogh, the scarecrow of an Irish academy, he associates in after life with Francis Arty, a rich and talented young Irish gentleman about town. If he accepts an invitation from Mr. Petulengro to his tent, he has no objection to go home with a rich genius to dinner;

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when you never intend to repay him, and something pugnantly genteel in going to a watering-place with a gay young Frenchwoman, but he has no objection, after raising twenty pounds by the sale of that extraordinary work "Joseph Sell," to set off into the country, mend kettles under hedge-rows, and make pony and donkey shoes in a dingle. Here, perhaps, some plain, well-meaning person will cry—and with much apparent justice—how can the writer justify him in this act? What motive, save a love for what is low, could induce him to do such things? Would the writer have everybody who is in need of recreation go into the country, mend kettles under hedges, and make pony shoes in dingles? To such an observation the writer would answer, that Lavengro had an excellent motive in doing what he did, but that the writer is not so unreasonable as to wish everybody to do the same. It is not everybody who can mend kettles. It is not everybody who is in similar circumstances to those in which Lavengro was. Lavengro flies from London and back authorship, and takes to the roads from fear of consumption, it is expensive to put up at inns, and even at public-houses, and Lavengro has not much money, so he buys ainker's cart and apparatus, and sets up as tinker, and subsequently as blacksmith; a person living in a tent, or in anything else, must do something or go mad; Lavengro had a mind, as he himself well knew, with some light tendency to madness, and had he not employed himself, he must have gone wild, so to employ himself he drew upon one of his resources, the only one available at the time. Authorship had nearly killed him, he was sick of reading, and had besides no books; but he possessed the rudiments of an art akin to tinkering; he knew something of smithery; having served a kind of apprenticeship in Ireland to a fairy smith, so he draws upon his smithery to enable him to acquire tinkering, and through the help which it affords him, owing to its connection with tinkering, he speedily acquires that craft, even as he had speedily acquired Welsh, owing to its

connection with Irish, which language he possesses and with tinkering he amuses himself until he has a sale to resume smithery. A man who has any latent resource, has quite as much right to draw upon in need, as he has upon a banker in whose hands he placed a sum; Lavengro turns to advantage, in particular circumstances, a certain resource which he had but people who are not so forlorn as Lavengro, and had not served the same apprenticeship which he had, not advised to follow his example. Surely he was better employed in plying the trades of tinker and smith than in having recourse to vice, in running after milk-maids for example. Running after milk-maids is by no means an ungentle rural diversion; but let any one ask some respectable casuist (the Bishop of London for example) whether Lavengro was not far better employed, when in the country, at tinkering and smithery than he would have been in running after all the milk-maids in Cheshire though tinkering is in general considered a very ungentle employment, and smithery little better, notwithstanding that an Orcadian poet, who wrote in Norse about eight hundred years ago, reckons the latter among nine noble arts which he possessed, naming it along with playing at chess, on the harp, and raveling runes, of which the original has it, "treading runes"—that is, compressing them into a small compass by munging one letter with another, even as the Turkish calligraphists ravel the Arabic letters, more especially those who write talismans.

"Nine arts have I, all noble,
I play at chess so free,
At raveling runes I do the best,
At book-keeping I smother;
I'm skilful over ice at skating,
On skates, I shoot and run,
And few at harping match me,
Or minstrelsy, I try on."

Lavengro takes up smithery, which the Orcadian ranks it with chess-playing and is certainly somewhat of a primary art, there can doubt that, had he been wealthy and not so for-

lorn as he was, he would have turned to many things, honourable, of course, in preference. He has no objection to ride a fine horse when he has the opportunity : he has his day-dream of making a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds by becoming a merchant and doing business after the Armenian fashion, and there can be no doubt that he would have been glad to wear fine clothes, provided he had had sufficient funds to authorise him in wearing them. For the sake of wandering the country and plying the hammer and tongs he would not have refused a commission in the service of that illustrious monarch George the Fourth, provided he had thought that he could live on his pay, and not be forced to run in debt to tradesmen, without any hope of paying them, for clothes and luxuries, as many highly genteel officers in that honourable service were in the habit of doing. For the sake of tinkering he would certainly not have refused a secretaryship of an embassy to Persia, in which he might have turned his acquaintance with Persian, Arabic, and the Lord only knows what other languages, to account. He took to tinkering and smithery, because no better employments were at his command. No war is waged in the book against rank, wealth, fine clothes, or dignified employments, it is shown, however, that a person may be a gentleman and a scholar without them. Rank, wealth, fine clothes, and dignified employments are no doubt very fine things, but they are merely externals, they do not make a gentleman, they add external grace and dignity to the gentleman and scholar, but they make neither, and is it not better to be a gentleman without them than not a gentleman with them? Is not Lavengro, when he leaves London on foot with twenty pounds in his pocket, entitled to more respect than Mr. Flamson flaming in his coach with a million? And is not even the honest jockey at Horncastle, who offers a fair price to Lavengro for his horse, entitled to more than the scoundrel lord, who attempts to cheat him of one-fourth of its value?

Millions, however, seem to think otherwise, by their

men are basely grovelling before the shrine of what they are pleased to call gentility, he cannot shut his eyes.

Oh! what a clever person that Cockney was, who, travelling in the Aberdeen railroad carriage, after edifying the company with his remarks on various subjects, gave it as his opinion that Lieutenant P—— would, in future, be shunned by all respectable society! And what a simple person that elderly gentleman was, who, abruptly starting, asked, in rather an authoritative voice, "And why should Lieutenant P—— be shunned by respectable society?" and who, after entering into what was said to be a masterly analysis of the entire evidence of the case, concluded by stating, "that having been accustomed to all kinds of evidence all his life, he had never known a case in which the accused had obtained a more complete and triumphant justification than Lieutenant P—— had done in the late trial."

Now the Cockney, who is said to have been a very foppish Cockney, was perfectly right in what he said, and therein manifested a knowledge of the English mind and character, and likewise of the modern English language, to which his catechist, who, it seems, was a distinguished member of the Scottish bar, could lay no pretensions. The Cockney knew what the Lord of Session knew not, that the British public is gentility crazy, and he knew, moreover, that gentility and respectability are synonymous. No one in England is genteel or respectable that is "looked at," who is the victim of oppression; he may be pitied for a time, but when did not pity terminate in contempt? A poor, harmless young officer—but why enter into the details of the infamous case? they are but too well known, and if ever cruelty, pride, and cowardice, and things much worse than even cruelty; cowardice, and pride, were brought to light, and at the same time countenanced, they were in that case. What availed the triumphant justification of the poor victim? There was at first a roar of indignation against his oppressors, but how long did it last? He had been turned out of the service, they remained in it with their red

work in the navy at the same time, and is still as prevalent in both. Why are not brave men raised from the ranks? is frequently the cry: why are not brave sailors promoted? The Lord help brave soldiers and sailors who are promoted; they have less to undergo from the high airs of their brother officers, and those are hard enough to endure, than from the insolence of the men. Soldiers and sailors promoted to command are said to be in general tyrants; in nine cases out of ten, when they are tyrants, they have been obliged to have recourse to extreme severity in order to protect themselves from the insolence and mutinous spirit of the men,—“He is no better than ourselves: shoot him, bayonet him, or fling him overboard!” they say of some obnoxious individual raised above them by his merit. Soldiers and sailors, in general, will bear any amount of tyranny from a lordly set, or the son of a man who has “plenty of brass”—their own term—but will mutiny against the just orders of a skilful and brave officer who “is no better than themselves.” There was the affair of the “Bounty,” for example. Bligh was one of the best seamen that ever trod deck, and one of the bravest of men; proofs of his seamanship he gave by steering, amidst dreadful weather, a deeply-laden boat for nearly four thousand miles over an almost unknown ocean—of his bravery, at the fight of Copenhagen, one of the most desperate ever fought, of which after Nelson he was the hero: he was, moreover, not an unkind man; but the crew of the “Bounty” mutinied against him, and set him half naked in an open boat, with certain of his men who remained faithful to him, and ran away with the ship. Their principal motive for doing so was an idea, whether true or groundless the writer cannot say, that Bligh was “no better than themselves;” he was certainly neither a lord’s illegitimate, nor possessed of twenty thousand pounds. The writer knows what he is writing about, having been acquainted in his early years with an individual who was turned adrift with Bligh, and who died about the year ’22,

a lieutenant in the navy, in a provincial town in which the writer was brought up. The ringleaders in the mutiny were two scoundrels, Christian and Young, who had great influence with the crew, because they were genteelly connected. Bligh, after leaving the "Bounty," had considerable difficulty in managing the men who had shared his fate, because they considered themselves "as good men as he," notwithstanding that to his conduct and seamanship they had alone to look, under Heaven, for salvation from the ghastly perils that surrounded them. Bligh himself, in his journal, alludes to this feeling. Once, when he and his companions landed on a desert island, one of them said, with a mutinous look, that he considered himself "as good a man as he;" Bligh, seizing a cutlass, called upon him to take another and defend himself, whereupon the man said that Bligh was going to kill him, and made all manner of concessions; now why did this fellow consider himself as good a man as Bligh? Was he as good a seaman? no, nor a tenth part as good. As brave a man? no, nor a tenth part as brave; and of these facts he was perfectly well aware, but bravery and seamanship stood nothing with him, as they still stand with thousands of his class: Bligh was not genteel by birth or money, therefore Bligh was no better than himself. Had Bligh, before he sailed, got a twenty thousand pound prize in the lottery, he would have experienced no insolence from this fellow, for there would have been no mutiny in the "Bounty." "He is our betters," the crew would have said, "and it is our duty to obey him."

The wonderful power of gentility in England is exemplified in nothing more than in what it is producing amongst Jews, Gypsies, and Quakers. It is breaking up their venerable communities. All the better, some one will say. Alas! alas! It is making the wealthy Jews forsake the synagogues for the opera-house, or the gentility chapel, in which a disciple of Mr. Platitude, in a white surplice, preaches a sermon at noon-day from a desk, on each side of which is a flaming taper. It is

making them abandon their ancient literature, their "Mischna," their "Gemara," their "Zohar," for gentility novels, "The Young Duke," the most unexceptionally genteel book ever written being the principal favourite. It makes the young Jew ashamed of the young Jewess, it makes her ashamed of the young Jew. The young Jew marries an opera dancer, or if the dancer will not have him, as is frequently the case, the cast-off Miss of the Honourable Spencer So-and-so. It makes the young Jewess accept the honourable offer of a cashiered lieutenant of the Bengal Native Infantry; or if such a person does not come forward, the dishonourable offer of a cornet of a regiment of crack hussars. It makes poor Jews, male and female, forsake the synagogue for the sixpenny theatre or penny hop; the Jew to take up with an Irish female of loose character, and the Jewess with a musician of the Guards, or the Tipperary servant of Captain Mulligan. With respect to the gypsies, it is making the women what they never were before—harlots; and the men what they never were before—careless fathers and husbands. It has made the daughter of Ursula the chaste take up with the base-drummer of a wild-beast show. It makes Gorgiko Brown, the gypsy man, leave his tent and his old wife, of an evening, and thrust himself into society which could well dispense with him. "Brother," said Mr. Petulengro the other day to the Romany Rye, after telling him many things connected with the decadence of gypsyism, "there is one Gorgiko Brown, who, with a face as black as a teakettle, wishes to be mistaken for a Christian tradesman; he goes into the parlour of a third-rate inn of an evening, calls for rum and water, and attempts to enter into conversation with the company about politics and business; the company flout him or give him a cold shoulder, or perhaps complain to the landlord, who comes and asks him what business he has in the parlour, telling him if he wants to drink to go into the tap-room, and perhaps collars him and kicks him out, provided he refuses to move." With

THE ROMANY RYE

against the Quakers, it makes the young people, like the young Jews, crazy after gentility diversions, wretched marriages, or connections, and makes old Pease do what it makes Gorgiko Brown do, thrust himself into society which could well dispense with him, and out of which he is not kicked, because unlike the gypsy he is not poor. The writer would say much more on these points, but want of room prevents him. He must therefore request the reader to have patience until he can lay before the world a pamphlet, which he has been long meditating, to be entitled "Remarks on the strikingly similar Effects which a love for Gentility has produced and is producing, amongst Jews, Gypsies, and Quakers."

The priest in the book has much to say on the subject of this gentility nonsense, no person can possibly despise it more thoroughly than that very remarkable individual seems to do, yet he holds its prevalence with pleasure, knowing the benefits which will result from it to the church of which he is the sneering slave. "The English are mad after gentility," says he, "well, the better for us; their religion for a long time past has been a plain and simple one, and consequently no means genteel. They'll quit it for ours, which is a perfection of what they admire— with which Temples, Hospitals, mitred abbots, toothy abbess, long-draughts, golden censers, incense, &c. &c. are connected nothing, or next to nothing, of Christ, it is true, weighed in the balance against gentility, where Christianity be! why kicking against the beam!" And in connection with the gentility nonsense he expatiates largely, and with much contempt, on species of literature by which the interests of his church in England have been very much advanced—all gentlemen have a thorough contempt for everything which tends to ~~advance~~ the interest of their church—this is of course Jacobinism, Charlie O'er the hill will not take the liberty of saying it on his own account.

CHAPTER VI

On Scotch Gentility Nonsense—Charlie o'er the Waterism.

OF the literature just alluded to Scott was the inventor. It is founded on the fortunes and misfortunes of the Stuart family, of which Scott was the zealous defender and apologist, doing all that in his power lay to represent the members of it as noble, chivalrous, high-minded, unfortunate princes, though, perhaps, of all the royal families that ever existed upon earth, this family was the worst. It was unfortunate enough, it is true; but it owed its misfortunes entirely to its crimes, viciousness, bad faith, and cowardice. Nothing will be said of it here until it made its appearance in England to occupy the English throne.

The first of the family which we have to do with, James, was a dirty, cowardly miscreant, of whom the less said the better. His son, Charles the First, was a tyrant—exceedingly cruel and revengeful, but weak and distastefully; he caused a poor fellow to be hanged in London, who was not his subject, because he had heard that the unfortunate creature had once hit his own glove at Cadiz, in Spain, at the mention of his name; and he permitted his own bull-dog, Strafford, to be executed by his own enemies, though the only crime of Strafford was, that he had barked furiously at those enemies, and had worried two or three of them, when Charles shouted, "Fetch 'em." He was a bitter, but yet a despicable enemy, and the coldest and most worthless of friends; for though he always hoped to be able some time or other to hang his enemies, he was always ready to curry favour with them, more especially

He was too lazy and sensual to delight in playing the part of a tyrant himself; but he never checked tyranny in others, save in one instance. He permitted beastly butchers to commit unmentionable horrors on the feeble, unarmed, and disunited Covenanters of Scotland, but checked them when they would fain have endeavoured to play the same game on the numerous, united, dogged, and warlike Independents of England. To show his filial piety, he bade the hangman dishonour the corpses of some of his father's judges, before whom, when alive, he ran like a screaming hare; but permitted those who had lost their all in supporting his father's cause, to pine in misery and want. He would give to a painted harlot a thousand pounds for a loathsome embrace, and to a player or buffoon a hundred for a trumpery pun, but would refuse a penny to the widow or orphan of an old Royalist soldier. He was the personification of selfishness; and as he loved and cared for no one, so did

for themselves as they best could. He died a pensioner of the Pope.

The son of this man, Charles Edward, of whom so much in latter years has been said and written, was a worthless, ignorant youth, and a profligate and illiterate old man. When young, the best that can be said of him is, that he had occasionally springs of courage, invariably at the wrong time and place, which merely served to lead his friends into unextricable difficulties. When old, he was loathsome and contemptible to both friend and foe. His wife loathed him, and for the most terrible of reasons; she did not pollute his couch, for to do that was impossible—he had made it so vile; but she betrayed it, inviting to it not only Alfieri the Filthy, but the coarsest grooves. Dr. King, the warmest and most last adherent of his family, said that there was not a vice or crime of which he was not guilty, as for his foes, they scorned to harm him even when in their power. In the year 1745 he came down from the Highlands of Scotland, which had long been a focus of rebellion. He was attended by certain clans of the Highlands, desperadoes used to freebootery from their infancy, and consequently to the use of arms, and possessed of a certain species of discipline; with these he defeated at Prestonpans a body of men called soldiers, but who were in reality peasants and artisans, levied about a month before, without discipline or confidence in each other, and who were miserably massacred by the Highland army; he subsequently invaded England, nearly destitute of regular soldiers, and penetrated as far as Derby, from which place he retreated on learning that regular forces which had been hastily recalled from Flanders were coming against him, with the Duke of Cumberland at their head. He was pursued, and his vanguard overtaken and defeated by the dragoons of the duke at Clifton, from which place the rebels retreated in great confusion across the Eden into Scotland, where they commenced dancing Highland reels and strathspeys on the bank of the river, for joy at their escape,

hadn't a Stuart to govern." All parties, Whig, Tory, or Radical, became Jacobite at heart, and admirers of absolute power. The Whigs talked about the liberty of the subject, and the Radicals about the rights of man still, but neither party cared a straw for what it talked about, and mentally swore that, as soon as by means of such stuff they could get places, and fill their pockets, they would be as Jacobite as the Jacobs themselves. As for the Tories, no great change in them was necessary; everything favouring absolutism and slavery being congenial to them. So the whole nation that is, the reading part of the nation, with some exceptions, for thank God there has always been some salt in England, went over the water to Charlie. But going over to Charlie was not enough, they must, or at least a considerable part of them, go over to Rome too, or have a hankering to do so. As the priest sarcastically observes in the text, "As all the Jacobs were Papists, so the good folks who through Scott's novels admire the Jacobs must be Papists too." An idea got about that the religion of such genteel people as the Stuarts must be the climax of gentility, and that idea was quite sufficient. Only let a thing, whether temporal or spiritual, be considered genteel in England, and if it be not followed it is strange indeed; so Scott's writings not only made the greater part of the nation Jacobite, but Popish.

Here some people will exclaim—whose opinions remain sound and uncontaminated—what you say is perhaps true with respect to the Jacobite nonsense at present so prevalent being derived from Scott's novels, but the *Popish nonsense*, which people of the genteeler class are so fond of, is derived from Oxford. We sent our sons to Oxford nice honest lads, educated in the principles of the Church of England, and at the end of the first term they came home puppies, talking Popish nonsense, which they had learned from the pedants to whose care we had entrusted them; ay, not only Popery, but Jacobitism, which they hardly carried with them from home, for we never heard them talking Jacobitism before

sound, are, to a certain extent, right when they say that the tide of Popery, which has flowed over the land, has come from Oxford. It did come immediately from Oxford, but how did it get to Oxford? Why, from Scott's novels. Oh! that sermon which was the first manifestation of Oxford feeling, preached at Oxford some time in the year '38 by a divine of a weak and confused intellect, in which Popery was mixed up with Jacobitism? The present writer remembers perfectly well, on reading some extracts from it at the time in a newspaper, on the top of a coach, exclaiming—"Why, the simpleton has been pulfing from Walter Scott's novels!"

O Oxford pedants! Oxford pedants! ye whose politics and religion are both derived from Scott's novels! what a pity it is that some lad of honest parents, whose mind ye are endeavouring to stultify with your nonsense about "Complines and Claverse," has not the spirit to start up and cry, "Confound your gibberish! I'll have none of it. Hurrah for the Church, and the principles of my *father*!"

CHAPTER VII

Same Subject continued.

Now what could have induced Scott to write novels tending to make people Papists and Jacobites, and in love with arbitrary power? Did he think that Christianity was a gaudy mummer? He did not, he could not, for he had read the Bible; yet was he fond of gaudy mummeries, fond of talking about them. Did he believe that the Stuarts were a good family, and fit to govern a country like Britain? He knew that they were a vicious, worthless crew, and that Britain was a degraded country as long as they swayed the sceptre; but for those facts he cared nothing, they governed in a way which he liked, for he had an abstract love of despotism, and an abhorrence of everything savouring of freedom and the rights of man in general. His favourite political picture was a joking, profligate, careless king, nominally absolute—the heads of great houses paying court to, but in reality governing, that king, whilst revelling with him on the plunder of a nation, and a set of crouching, grovelling vassals (the literal meaning of a vassal is a wretch), who, after allowing themselves to be horse-whipped, would take a bone if flung to them, and be grateful; so that in love with mummer, though he knew what Christianity was, no wonder he admired such a church as that of Rome, and that which Laud set up; and by nature formed to be the holder of the candle to ancient worm-eaten and profligate families, no wonder that all his sympathies were with the Stuarts their dissipated insolent party, and all his hatred against those who endeavoured to check their proceedings, and to raise the general level of

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Same Subject continued.

Now what could have induced Scott to write novels tending to make people Papists and Jacobites, and in love with arbitrary power? Did he think that Christianity was a gaudy mummer? He did not, he could not, for he had read the Bible; yet was he fond of gaudy mummeries, fond of talking about them. Did he believe that the Stuarts were a good family, and fit to govern a country like Britain? He knew that they were a vicious, worthless crew, and that Britain was a degraded country as long as they swayed the sceptre; but for those facts he cared nothing; they governed as a *tyranny* which he liked, for he had an abstract love of despotism, and an abhorrence of everything savouring of freedom and the rights of man in general. His favourite political picture was a joking, profligate, careless king, nominally absolute—the heads of great houses paying court to, but in reality governing, that king, whilst revelling with him on the plunder of a nation, and a set of crouching, grovelling vassals (the literal meaning of a vassal is a wretch), who, after allowing themselves to be lacerated, whipped, would take a bone if flung to them, and be grateful; so that in love with mummer, though he knew what Christianity was, no wonder he admired such a church as that of Rome, and that which *Laurel* set up; and by nature formed to be the holder of the candle to ancient worm-eaten and profligate families, no wonder that all his sympathies were with the Stuarts and their dissipated insolent party, and all his hatred directed against those who endeavoured to check them in their proceedings, and to raise the generality of

throne, still . . ." Lord ! what fools there are in the world ; but as no one can be thought anything of in this world without a pedigree, the writer will now give a pedigree for Murat, of a very different character from the cow-stealing one of Scott, but such a one as the proudest he might not disdain to claim. Scott was descended from the old cow-stealers of Buccleuch—was he ? Good ! and Murat was descended from the old Moors of Spain, from the Abencerages (sons of the saddle) of Granada. The name Murat is Arabic, and is the same as Murad (Le Desiré, or the wished-for one). Scott, in his genteel life of Bonaparte, says that " when Murat was in Egypt, the similarity between the name of the celebrated Mameluke Mourad and that of Bonaparte's *Meilleur Sabreur* was remarked, and became the subject of jest amongst the comrades of the gallant Frenchman." But the writer of the novel of Bonaparte did not know that the names were one and the same. Now which was the best pedigree, that of the son of the pastry-cook, or that of the son of the pettifogger ? Which was the best blood ? Let us observe the workings of the two bloods. He who had the blood of the " sons of the saddle " in him became the wonderful cavalier of the most wonderful host that ever went forth to conquest, won for himself a crown, and did the death of a soldier, leaving behind him a son, only inferior to himself in strength, in prowess, and in horse-manship. The descendant of the cow-stealer became a poet, a novel writer, the panegyrist of great folks and genteel people : became insolvent because, though an author, he deemed it ungentleel to be mixed up with the business part of the authorship ; died paralytic and broken-hearted because he could no longer give entertainments to great folks ; leaving behind him, amongst other children, who were never heard of, a son, who, through his father's interest, had become lieutenant-colonel in a genteel cavalry regiment. A son who was ashamed of his father because his father was an author !

He dies, his children die too, and then comes the crowning judgment of God on what remained of his race, and the house which he had built. He was not a Papist himself, nor did he wish any one belonging to him to be Popish, for he had read enough of the Bible to know that no one can be saved through Popery, yet had he a sneaking affection for it, and would at all times, in an underhand manner, give it a good word both in writing and discourse, because it was a gandy kind of worship, and ignorance and vassalage prevailed so long as it flourished—but he certainly did not wish any of his people to become Papists, nor the house which he had built to become a Popish house, though the very name he gave it savoured of Popery; but Popery becomes fashionable through his novels and poems—the only one that remains of his race, a female grandchild, marries a person who, following the fashion, becomes a Papist, and makes her a Papist too. Money abounds with the husband, who buys the house, and then the house becomes the rankest Popish house in Britain. A superstitious person might almost imagine that one of the old Scottish Covenanters, whilst the grand house was being built from the profits resulting from the sale of writings favouring Popery and persecution, and calumniation of Scotland's saints and martyrs, had risen from the grave, and banned Scott, his race, and his house, by reading a certain psalm.

In saying what he has said about Scott, the author has not been influenced by any feeling of malice or ill-will, but simply by a regard for truth, and a desire to point out to his countrymen the harm which has resulted from the perusal of his works;—he is not one of those who would depreciate the talents of Scott—he admires his talents, both as a prose writer and a poet;—he especially he admires him, and believes him to have been by far the greatest, with perhaps the exception of Mickiewicz, who only wrote for unfortunate Poland, that Europe has given birth to during the last hundred years.

but his admiration for him in that capacity is very high, and he only laments that he prostituted his talents to the cause of the Stuarts and gentility. What look of fiction of the present century can you read twice, with the exception of "Waverley" and "Rob Roy"? There is "Pelham," it is true which the writer of these lines has seen a Jewess reading in the steps of Debreczin, and which a young Prussian Baron, a great traveller, whom he met at Constantinople in '44, told him he always carried in his valise. And, in conclusion, he will say, in order to show the opinion which he entertains of the power of Scott as a writer, that he did for the spectre of the wretched Pretender what all the kings of Europe could not do for his body—placed it on the throne of these realms—and for Popery what Popes and Cardinals strove in vain to do for three centuries—brought back its mummeries and nonsense into the temples of the British Isles.

Scott during his life time had a crowd of imitators, who, whether they wrote history so called poetry so called—or novels—nobody would call a book a novel if he could call it anything else—wrote "Charlie O'er the Water nonsense," and now that he has been dead a quarter of a century, there are others daily springing up who are striving to imitate Scott in his "Charlie O'er the Water nonsense"—for nonsense it is—even when flowing from his pen. They, too must write Jacobite histories, Jacobite songs, and Jacobite novels and much the same figure as the scoundrel menials in the comedy cut when personating their masters, and retelling their masters' conversation, do they cut as Walter Scotts. In their histories, they too talk about the Prince and Glenman and the pibroch, and in their songs about "Claverie" and "Bonny Dundee." But though they may be Scotts they are not Walter Scotts. But it is perhaps chiefly in the novel that you see the scoundrel in armour, the time of the novel is of course the '15 or '45, the hero a Jacobite, and connected with one or other of the enterprises of those periods; and the author, to show

mangled remains of a woman in some obscure den, is greedily seized hold on by the moral journal, and dressed up for its readers, who luxuriate and gloat upon the ghastly dish. Now, the writer of *Lavengro* has no sympathy with those who would shrink from striking a blow, but would not shrink from the use of poison or calumny; and his taste has little in common with that which cannot tolerate the hardy details of a prize-fight, but which luxuriates on descriptions of the murder dens of modern England. But prize-fighters and pugilists are blackguards, a reviewer has said; and blackguards they would be provided they employed their skill and their prowess for purposes of brutality and oppression; but prize-fighters and pugilists are seldom friends to brutality and oppression, and which is the blackguard, the writer would ask, he who uses his fists to take his own part, or instructs others to use theirs for the same purpose, or the being who from envy and malice, or at the bidding of a malicious scoundrel, endeavours by calumny, falsehood, and misrepresentation to impede the efforts of lonely and unprotected genius?

One word more about the race, all but extinct, of the people opprobriously called prize fighters. Some of them have been as noble, kindly men as the world ever produced. Can the rolls of the English aristocracy exhibit names belonging to more noble, more heroic men than those who were called respectively Pearce, Cribb, and Spring? Did ever one of the English aristocracy contract the seeds of fatal consumption by rushing up the stairs of a burning edifice, even to the topmost garret, and rescuing a woman from seemingly inevitable destruction? The writer says No. A woman was rescued from the top of a burning house, but the man who rescued her was no aristocrat; it was Pearce, not Percy, who ran up the burning stairs. Did ever one of those glittering ones save a fainting female from the libidinous rage of six ruffians? The writer believes not. A woman was rescued from the libidinous fury of six monsters on — Down; but the man who rescued her was no

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doing ; and it will be as well for him to observe by no means advises women to be too womanly, using the conduct of Isopel Berners in mind, to cut their own parts, and if anybody strikes them, to gain.

Anger of women by the lords of the creation has been very prevalent in England since pugilism has been countenanced. Now the writer strongly advises

any man who is struck by a ruffian to strike him or if she cannot clench her fists, and he advises women in these singular times to learn to clench their fists, to go at him with tooth and nail, and not be afraid of the result, for any fellow who is dastardly

to strike a woman, would allow himself to be struck by a woman were she to make at him in self-defence, even if, instead of possessing the stately height and athletic proportions of the aforesaid Isopel, she were diminutive in stature, and had a hand as delicate, feet as small as a certain royal lady, who was some day assaulted by a fellow upwards of six feet high, the writer has no doubt she could have beaten him. It is the writer's thought proper to go at him. Such is the direct advice of the author to his countrymen and women—advice in which he believes there is nothing immoral or repugnant to common sense.

The writer is perfectly well aware that, by the plain language which he has used in speaking of the various kinds of nonsense prevalent in England, he shall make himself a multitude of enemies, but he is not going to suppress the truth, or to tamper with nonsense, from the least provoking hostility. He has a duty to perform, and will perform it resolutely, he is the person who will bring the Bible to Spain, and as resolutely as he will go to Spain against the superstitions of Spain, will go to England against the nonsense of his own country. He is not one of those who, before they begin to write a book, say to themselves, what cry shall we take up? what principles shall we advocate? what principles shall we

we put pen to

THE FOMANY EYE

just find out what cry is the loudest, what
the most abhorred, otherwise, after having
a look, we may find ourselves on the weaker

side of the "Fomany." I waked from his sleep by
noise of the mutiny. I lay still in his hammock for
some time, quite undecided whether to part with the
captain or to join the mutineers. I must run what
I do, and he to himself. In the end I find myself
on the weaker side. Finally, on hearing that the muti-
neers were successful, he went on deck, and seeing Bligh
fastened to the mast, he put his fist to his nose, and
otherwise insulted him. Now there are many writers
of the present day whose conduct is very similar to that
of the sailor. They lie listening in their corners till they
have ascertained which principle has most advocates;
then, presently they make their appearance on the deck
of the world with their huzzah! if truth has been victorious,
then huzzah! truth their huzzah! but if truth is punished
against the mast, then is their fist thrust against the
nose of truth, and their gibe and their insult spouted in
her face. The strongest party had the sailor, and the
weaker party has almost invariably the writer of the

CHAPTER IX

Pseudo Critics

A CERTAIN set of individuals calling themselves critics have attacked *Lavengro* with much virulence and malice. If what they call criticism had been founded on truth, the author would have had nothing to say. The book contains plenty of blemishes, some of them, by-the-bye, wilful ones, as the writer will presently show; not one of these, however, has been detected and pointed out; but the best passages in the book, indeed whatever was calculated to make the book valuable, have been assailed with abuse and misrepresentation. The duty of the true critic is to play the part of a leech, and not of a viper. Upon true and upon malignant criticism there is an excellent fable by the Spaniard Iriarte. The viper says to the leech, "Why do people invite your bite, and flee from mine?" "Because," says the leech, "people receive health from my bite, and poison from yours." "There is as much difference," says the clever Spaniard, "between true and malignant criticism, as between poison and medicine." Certainly a great many meritorious writers have allowed themselves to be poisoned by malignant criticism; the writer, however, is not one of those who allow themselves to be poisoned by pseudo-critics, no! no! he will rather hold them up by their tails, and show the creatures wriggling, blood and foam streaming from their broken jaws. First of all, however, he will notice one of their objections. "The book isn't true," say they. Now one of the principal reasons with those that have attacked *Lavengro* for their abuse of it is, that it is particularly true in one instance, namely, that it exposes their own nonsense, their love of humbug, their slavishness, their

zany of in London, and especially because he will neither associate with, nor confer favour with them who are neither gentlemen nor scholars,—attack his book with abuse and calumny. He is, perhaps, condescending too much when he takes any notice of such people, as, however, the English public is wonderfully led by cries and shouts, and generally ready to take part against any person who is either unwilling or unable to defend himself, he deems it advisable not to be altogether quiet with those who assail him. The best way to deal with vipers is to tear out their teeth, and the best way to deal with pseudo-critics is to deprive them of their poison-bag, which is easily done by exposing their ignorance. The writer knew perfectly well the description of people with whom he would have to do: he therefore very quietly prepared a stratagem by means of which he could at a certain time exhibit them powerless and helpless, in his hand. Critics when they review books ought to have a competent knowledge of the subjects which those books discuss.

Ivengro is a philological book—a poem if you choose to call it so. Now, what a fine triumph it would have been for those who wished to ruin the book and its author provided they could have detected the latter tripping in his philology—they might have instantly said that he was an ignorant pretensor to philology—they laughed at the idea of his taking up a viper by its tail, a trick which hundreds of country apothecaries do every September, but they were silent about the really wonderful part of the book, the philological matter—they thought philology was his strength—and that it would be useless to attack him there, they, of course, would give him no credit as a philologist, for anything like fair treatment towards him was not to be expected at their hands, but they were afraid to attack his philology—yet that was the point, and the only point, in which they might have attacked him successfully. He was vulnerable there. How was this? Why not permit to have an opportunity of holding up pseudo-critics by the

all this, Messieurs les Critiques? Were ye ever served so before? But don't you richly deserve it? Haven't you been for years past bullying and insulting everybody whom you deemed weak, and currying favour with everybody whom ye thought strong? "We approve of this. We disapprove of that. Oh, this will never do. These are fine lines!" The lines perhaps some horrid sycophantic rubbish addressed to Wellington, or Lord So-and-so. To have your ignorance thus exposed, to be shown up in this manner, and by whom? A gypsy! Ay, a gypsy was the very right person to do it. But is it not galling after all?

Ah, but *we* don't understand Armenian, it cannot be expected that *we* should understand Armenian, or Welsh, or . . . Hey, what's this? The mighty *we* not understand Armenian or Welsh, or . . . Then why does the mighty *we* pretend to review a book like *Lavengro*? From the arrogance with which it continually delivers itself, one would think that the mighty *we* is omniscient; that it understands every language; is versed in every literature; yet the mighty *we* does not even know the word for bread in Armenian. It knows bread well enough by name in English, and frequently bread in England only by its name, but the truth is, that the mighty *we*, with all its pretension, is in general a very sorry creature, who, instead of saying *nous disons*, should rather say *nous dis*: Porny in his "*Guerre des Dieux*," very profanely makes the three in one say, *Je faisons*; now, *Lavengro*, who is anything but profane, would suggest that critics, especially magazine and Sunday newspaper critics, should commence with *nous dis*, as the first word would be significant of the conceit and assumption of the critic, and the second of the extent of the critic's information. The *we* says its say, but when fawning sycophancy or vulgar abuse are taken from that say, what remains? Why a blank, a void like *Gunnungagap*.

As the writer, of his own accord, has exposed some of the blemishes of his book—a task which a competent

critic ought to have done—he will now point out two or three of its merits, which any critic, not altogether blinded with ignorance, might have done, or not replete with gall and envy would have been glad to do. The book has the merit of communicating a fact connected with physiology, which in all the pages of the multitude of books was never previously mentioned—the mysterious practice of touching objects to baffle the evil chance. The miserable detractor will, of course, instantly begin to rave about such a habit being common well and good; but was it ever before described in print, or all connected with it dissected? He may then vociferate something about Johnson having touched—the writer cares not whether Johnson—who, by-the-bye, during the last twenty or thirty years, owing to people having become ultra-Tory mad from reading Scott's novels and the "Quarterly Review," has been a mighty favourite, especially with some who were in the habit of calling him a half crazy old fool—touched, or whether he did not; but he asks where did Johnson ever describe the feelings which induced him to perform the magic touch, even supposing that he did perform it? Again, the history gives an account of a certain book called the "Sleeping Bard," the most remarkable prose work of the most difficult language but one, of modern Europe,—a book, for a notice of which, he believes, one might turn over in vain the pages of any review printed in England, or, indeed, elsewhere.—So here are two facts, one literary, and the other physiological, for which any candid critic was bound to thank the author, even as in the *Romany Rye* there is a fact connected with Iro-Norman Myth, for the disclosing of which any person who pretends to have a regard for literature is bound to thank him, namely, that the mysterious Finn or Fingal of "Ossian's Poems" is one and the same person as the Sigurd Fofniskane of the *Edda* and the *Wilkina*, and the Siegfried Horn of the Lay of the Niebelungs.

The writer might here conclude, and, he believes, triumphantly; as, however, he is in the cue for

writing, which he seldom is, he will for his own gratification, and for the sake of others, dropping metaphors about vipers and serpents, show up in particular two or three sets or cliques of people, who, he is happy to say, have been particularly virulent against him and his work, for nothing indeed could have given him greater mortification than their praise.

In the first place, he wishes to dispose of certain individuals who call themselves men of wit and fashion—about town—who he is told have abused his book “vaustly”—their own word. These people paint their cheeks, wear white kid gloves, and dabble in literature, or what they conceive to be literature. For abuse from such people, the writer was prepared. Does any one imagine that the writer was not well aware, before he published his book, that, whenever he gave it to the world, he should be attacked by every literary coxcomb in England who had influence enough to procure the insertion of a scurrilous article in a magazine or newspaper! He has been in Spain, and has seen how invariably the mule attacks the horse; now why does the mule attack the horse? Why, because the latter carries about with him that which the envious hermaphrodite does not possess.

They consider, forsooth, that his book is low—but he is not going to waste words about them—one or two of whom, he is told, have written very duncie books about Spain, and are highly enraged with him, because certain books which he wrote about Spain were not considered duncie. No, he is not going to waste words upon them, for verily he dislikes their company, and so he'll pass them by, and proceed to others.

The Scotch Charlie o'er the water people have been very loud in the abuse of Lavengro—thus again might be expected; the sarcasms of the Priest about the Charlie o'er the water nonsense of course stung them. Oh! it is one of the claims which Lavengro has to respect, that it is the first, if not the only work, in which that nonsense is, to a certain extent, exposed. Two or three of their

and repeating merely what he had heard. All the Scotch, by-the-bye, for a great many years past, have been great admirers of William Wallace, particularly the Charlie o'er the water people, who in their nonsense-verses about Charlie generally contrive to bring in the name of William, Willie, or Wulbe Wallace. The writer begs leave to say that he by no means wishes to bear hard against Wilham Wallace, but he cannot help asking why, if William, Wulbe, or Wullie Wallace was such a particularly nice person, did his brother Scots betray him to a certain renowned southern warrior, called Edward Longshanks, who caused him to be hanged and cut into four in London, and his quarters to be placed over the gates of certain towns? They got gold, it is true, and titles, very nice things no doubt; but, surely, the life of a patriot is better than all the gold and titles in the world—at least Lavengro thinks so,—but Lavengro has lived more with gypsies than Scotchmen, and gypsies do not betray their brothers. It would be some time before a gypsy would hand over his brother to the harum-back, even supposing you would not only make him a king, but a justice of the peace, and not only give him the world, but the best farm on the Holkham estate; but gypsies are wild foxes, and there is certainly a wonderful difference between the way of thinking of the wild fox who retains his brush, and that of the scurvy kennel creature who has lost his tail.

Ah! but thousands of Scotch, and particularly the Charlie o'er the water people, will say, "We didn't sell Wulbe Wallace, it was our forbears who sold Wulbe Wallace. . . If Edward Longshanks had asked us to sell Wulbe Wallace, we would soon have shown him that" . . . Lord better ye, ye poor trumpery set of creatures, ye would not have acted a bit better than your forefathers, remember how ye have ever treated the few amongst ye who, though born in the kennel, have shown something of the spirit of the wood. Many of ye are still alive who delivered over men, quite as honest and patriotic as William Wallace, into the hands

CHAPTER X

Pseudo-Radicals

ABOUT Wellington, then, he says, that he believes him at the present day to be infinitely overrated. But there certainly was a time when he was shamefully underrated. Now what time was that? Why, the time of pseudo-radicalism, *par excellence*, from '20 to '32. Oh, the abuse that was heaped on Wellington by those who traded in radical cant—your newspaper editors and review writers! and how he was sneered at then by your Whigs, and how faintly supported he was by your Tories, who were half ashamed of him; for your Tories, though capital fellows as followers, when you want nobody to back you, are the faintest creatures in the world when you cry in your agony, "Come and help me!" Oh, assuredly Wellington was infamously used at that time, especially by your traders in Radicalism, who howled at and hooted him; said he had every vice—was no general—was beaten at Waterloo—was a poltroon—moreover, a poor illiterate creature, who could scarcely read or write; nay, a principal Radical paper said boldly he could not read, and devised an ingenious plan for teaching Wellington how to read. Now this was too bad, and the writer, being a lover of justice, frequently spoke up for Wellington, saying that as for vice, he was not worse than his neighbours; that he was brave; that he won the fight at Waterloo, from a half-dead man, it is true, but that he did win it. Also, that he believed he had read "Rules for the Manual and Platoon Exercises" to some purpose; moreover, that he was sure he could write, for that he, the writer, had once written to Wellington, and had received an answer from him; nay, the writer

once went so far as to strike a blow for Wellington; for the last time he used his fists was upon a Radical sub-editor, who was mobbing Wellington in the street, from behind a rank of grimy fellows; but though the writer spoke up for Wellington to a certain extent when he was shamefully underrated, and once struck a blow for him when he was about being hustled, he is not going to join in the loathsome sycophantic nonsense which it has been the fashion to use with respect to Wellington these last twenty years. Now what have those years been to England? Why, the years of ultra-gentility, everybody in England having gone gentility mad during the last twenty years, and no people more so than your pseudo-Radicals. Wellington was turned out, and your Whigs and Radicals got in, and then commenced the period of ultra-gentility in England. The Whigs and Radicals only hated Wellington as long as the patronage of the country was in his hands, none of which they were tolerably sure he would bestow on them; but no sooner did they get it into their own, than they forthwith became admirers of Wellington. And why? Because he was a duke, petted at Windsor and by foreign princes, and a very genteel personage. Formerly many of your Whigs and Radicals had scarcely a decent coat on their backs; but now the plunder of the country was at their disposal, and they had as good a chance of being genteel as any people. So they were willing to worship Wellington because he was very genteel, and could not keep the plunder of the country out of their hands. And Wellington has been worshipped, and pettily so, during the last fifteen or twenty years. He is now a noble, fine-hearted creature; the greatest general the world ever produced; the bravest of men; and—pity upon us! the greatest of military writers! Now the present writer will not join in such sycophancy. He was not afraid to take the part of Wellington when he was scurvily used by all parties, and when it is dangerous to take his part, so he is not afraid to speak the naked truth about Wellington in these days.

when it is dangerous to say anything about him but what is sycophantically laudatory. He said, in '32, that as to vice, Wellington was not worse than his neighbours, but he is not going to say, in '54 that Wellington was a noble-hearted fellow, for he believes that a more cold-hearted individual never existed. His conduct to Warner, the poor Vaudois, and Marshal Ney, showed that. He said, in '32, that he was a good general and a brave man, but he is not going in '54, to say that he was the best general, or the bravest man in the world ever saw. England has produced a better general—France two or three—both countries many braver men. The son of the Norfolk clergyman was a braver man, Marshal Ney was a braver man. Oh, that battle of Copenhagen! Oh, that covering the retreat of the Grand Army! And though he said in '32 that he could write, he is not going to say in '54 that he is the best of all military writers. On the contrary, he does not hesitate to say that any Commentary of Julius Cæsar, or any chapter in Justinus, more especially the one about the Parthians, is worth the ten volumes of Wellington's Despatches, though he has no doubt that, by saying so, he shall especially rouse the indignation of a certain newspaper at present one of the most genteel journals imaginable—with a slight tendency to liberalism, it is true, but perfectly genteel—which is nevertheless the very one which, in '32, swore bodily that Wellington could neither read nor write, and devised an ingenious plan for teaching him how to read.

Now, after the above statement, no one will venture to say, if the writer should be disposed to bear hard upon Ra's a's, that he would be influenced by a desire to pay court to princes, or to court favour with Tories, or from being a blind admirer of the Duke of Wellington; but the writer is not going to declaim against Radicals, that is real Republicanism, or their principles, upon the whole, he is something of an admirer of both. The writer has always had as much admiration for everything that is real and honest as he has contempt for the opposite. Now real Republicanism is certainly a very fine

in the French service he was one of the excellent swordsmen of Europe had fought several duels in France, where it is no child's play to fight a duel, but had never unsheathed his sword for single combat, but in defence of the feeble and insulted he was kind and open-hearted, but of too great simplicity; he had once ten thousand pounds left him, all of which he lent to a friend, who disappeared and never returned him a penny. Ings was an uneducated man of very low stature, but amazing strength and resolution he was a kind husband and father and though a humble butcher, the name he bore was one of the royal names of the heathen Anglo-Saxons. These two men, along with five others, were executed and their heads hacked off, for leaving war against George the Fourth, the whole seven dying in a manner which extorted cheers from the populace, the most of them uttering philosophical or patriotic sayings. Thistlewood, who was perhaps, the most calm and collected of all, just before he was turned off, said, 'We are now going to discover the great secret.' Ings, the moment before he was choked, was singing "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Now there was no humbug about those men, nor about many more of the same time and of the same principles. They might be deluded about Republicanism, as Algernon Sidney was, and as Brutus was, but they were as honest and brave as either Brutus or Sidney; and as willing to die for their principles. But the Radicals who succeeded them were beings of a very different description; they jobbed and traded in Republicanism, and either parted with it, or at the present day are eager to part with it for a consideration. In order to get the Whigs into power, and themselves places, they brought the country by their inflammatory language to the verge of a revolution, and were the cause that many perished on the scaffold; by their incendiary harangues and newspaper articles they caused the Bristol conflagration, for which six poor creatures were executed, they encouraged the mob to pillage, pull down and burn, and then rushing

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into garrets looked on. Thistlewood tells the mob the Tower is a second Bastille, let it be pulled down. A mob tries to pull down the Tower, but Thistlewood at the head of that mob, he is not peeping from a garret on Tower Hill like Gulliver at Lisbon. Thistlewood and Ings say to twenty ragged individuals, Liverpool and Castlereagh are two satellites of despotism; it would be highly desirable to put them out of the way. And a certain number of ragged individuals are surprised in a stable in Cato Street, making preparations to cut Castlereagh and Liverpool out of the way, and are red upon with muskets by Grenadiers, and are hacked at with cutlasses by Bow Street runners. But the twain who encouraged those ragged individuals to meet in Cato Street are not far off, they are not on the other side of the river, in the Borough, for example, in some garret or obscure cellar. The very first to confront the Guards and runners are Thistlewood and Ings. Thistlewood whips his long thin rapier through Smithers' lungs, and Ings makes a dash at Fitzclarence with his butcher's knife. Oh, there was something in those fellows' honesty and courage—but can as much be said for the inciters of the troubles of '32. No, they egged on poor ignorant mechanics and rustics, and got them hanged for pulling down and burning, whilst the highest pitch to which their own daring ever mounted was to mob Wellington as he passed in the streets.

Now, these people were humbugs, which Thistlewood and Ings were not. They raved and foamed against kings, queens, Wellington, the aristocracy, and what not, till they had got the Whigs into power, and what they were in secret alliance, and with whom they afterwards openly joined in a system of robbery and corruption, more flagitious than the old Tory one, because there was more cant about it; for themselves they got consulships, commissionerships, and in some instances governments; for their sons clerkships in public offices; and there you may see those sons with the never-failing dog of the low scoundrel-puppy, the gut chain at the

waistcoat pocket, and there you may hear and see them using the languishing tones, and employing the airs and graces which wenches use and employ, who, without being in the family way, wish to make their keepers believe that they are in the family way. Assuredly great is the cleverness of your Radicals of '32, in providing for themselves and their families. Yet, clever as they are, there is one thing they cannot do—they get governments for themselves, commissionerships for their brothers, clerkships for their sons, but there is one thing beyond their craft—they cannot get husbands for their daughters, who, too ugly for marriage, and with their heads filled with the nonsense they have imbibed from gentility novels, go over from Socinus to the Pope, becoming sisters in fusty convents, or having heard a few sermons in Mr. Platitudo's "chapelle," seek for admission at the establishment of mother S—, who, after employing them for a time in various menial offices, and making them pluck off their eyebrows hair by hair, generally dismisses them on the plea of sluttishness, whereupon they return to their papas to eat the bread of the country, with the comfortable prospect of eating it still in the shape of a pension after their sires are dead. Papa (*ex uno di ce omnes*) living as quietly as he can; not exactly enviably it is true, being now and then seen to cast an uneasy and furtive glance behind, even as an animal is wont, who has lost by some mischance a very sightly appendage; as quietly however as he can, and as dignifiedly, a great admirer of every genteel thing and genteel personage, the Duke in particular, whose "Despatches," bound in red morocco, you will find on his table. A disliker of coarse expressions, and extremes of every kind, with a perfect horror for revolutions and attempts to revolutionise, exclaiming now and then, as a shriek escapes from whipped and bleeding Hungary, a groan from gasping Poland, and a half-stifled curse from down-trodden but scowling Italy, "Confound the revolutionary canaille, why can't it be quiet!" in a word, putting one in mind of the parvenu in the "Walpurgis

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Nacht " The writer is no admirer of Goethe, but the idea of that parvenu was certainly a good one. Yes, putting one in mind of the individual who says—

"Wir waren wahrlich auch nicht dumme,
Und thaten oft was wir nicht sollten,
Doch jetzt kehrt sich alles um und um,
Und eben da wir's fest erhalten wollten."

We were no fools as every one discern'd,
And at odd at a night our projects in falling;
But now the world seems topsy-turvy turn'd,
To keep it quiet just when we were willing.

Now, this class of individuals entertain a mortal hatred of Lavengro and its writer, and never lose an opportunity of vituperating both. It is true that such hatred is by no means surprising. There is certainly a great deal of difference between Lavengro and their own sons; the one thinking of independence and philology, whilst he is clinking away at kettles, and hammering horse-shoes in dingles, the others stuck up at public offices with gilt chains at their waistcoats, and giving themselves the airs and graces of females of a certain description. And there certainly is a great deal of difference between the author of Lavengro and themselves—he retaining his principles and his brush; they with scarlet breeches on, it is true, but without their republicanism and their tails. Oh, the writer can well afford to be vituperated by your pseudo-Radicals of '32!

Some time ago the writer was set upon by an old Radical and his wife; but the matter is too rich not to require a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER XI

The Old Radical

"This very dirty man, with his very dirty face,
Would do any dirty act, which would get him a place

SOME time ago the writer was set upon by an old Radical and his wife, but before he relates the manner in which they set upon him, it will be as well to enter upon a few particulars tending to elucidate their reasons for doing so.

The writer had just entered into his eighteenth year, when he met at the table of a certain Anglo-Germanist an individual, apparently somewhat under thirty, of middle stature, a thin and weaselly figure, a sallow complexion, a certain obliquity of vision, and a large pair of spectacles. This person, who had lately come from abroad, and had published a volume of translations, had attracted some slight notice in the literary world, and was looked upon as a kind of lion in a small provincial capital. After dinner he argued a great deal, spoke vehemently against the Church, and uttered the most desperate Radicalism that was perhaps ever heard, saying, he hoped that in a short time there would not be a king or queen in Europe, and inveighing bitterly against the English aristocracy, and against the Duke of Wellington in particular, whom, he said, if he himself was ever president of an English republic—an event which he seemed to think by no means improbable—he would hang for certain infamous acts of profligacy and bloodshed which he had perpetrated in Spain. Being informed that the writer was something of a philologist, to which character the individual in question laid great pretensions, he came and sat down by him, and talked about languages and literature. The writer, who was only a boy, was a little frightened at first, but, not wishing to appear a child of absolute ignorance, he summoned what little learning he had, and began to

blunder out something about the Celtic languages and their literature, and asked the Lion who he conceived Finn Ma Coul to be? and whether he did not consider the "Ode to the Fox," by Red Rhys of Eryry, to be a masterpiece of pleasantry? Receiving no answer to these questions from the Lion, who, singular enough, would frequently, when the writer put a question to him, look across the table, and flatly contradict some one who was talking to some other person, the writer dropped the Celtic languages and literature, and asked him whether he did not think it a funny thing that Temugin, generally called Genghis Khan, should have married the daughter of Prester John? * The Lion, after giving a side-glance at the writer through his left spectacle glass, seemed about to reply, but was unfortunately prevented, being seized with an irresistible impulse to contradict a respectable doctor of medicine, who was engaged in conversation with the master of the house at the upper and farther end of the table, the writer, being a poor ignorant lad, sitting of course at the bottom. The doctor, who had served in the Peninsula, having observed that Ferdinand the Seventh was not quite so bad as had been represented, the Lion vociferated that he was ten times worse, and that he hoped to see him and the Duke of Wellington hanged together. The doctor, who, being a Welshman, was *somewhat of a warm temper, growing rather red*, said that at any rate he had been informed that Ferdinand the Seventh knew sometimes how to behave himself like a gentleman—thus brought on a long dispute, which terminated rather abruptly. The Lion having observed that the doctor must not talk about Spanish matters with one who had visited every part of Spain, the doctor bowed and said he was right, for that he believed no people in general possessed such accurate information about countries as those who had travelled them as bagmen. On the Lion asking the doctor what he meant, the Welshman, whose under jaw

senters. In a little time the writer went abroad, as indeed, did his friend—not, however, like the writer, at his own expense, but at that of the country—the Wings having given him a travelling appointment which he held for some years, during which he is said to have received upwards of twelve thousand pounds of the money of the country, for services which will, perhaps, be found inscribed on certain tablets, when another Astolfo shall visit the moon. This appointment, however, he lost on the Tories resuming power—when the writer found him almost as radical and patriotic as ever, just engaged in trying to get into Parliament, into which he got by the assistance of his Radical friends, who, in conjunction with the Wings, were just getting up a crusade against the Tories which they intended should be a conclusive one.

A little time after the publication of "The Bible in Spain," the Tories being still in power, this individual, full of the most disinterested friendship for the author, was particularly anxious that he should be presented with an official situation in a certain region a great many miles off. "You are the only person for that appointment," said he, "you understand a great deal about the country, and are better acquainted with the two languages spoken there than any one in England. Now I love my country, and have moreover a great regard for you, and as I am in Parliament and have frequent opportunities of speaking to the Ministry, I shall take care to tell them how desirable it would be to secure your services. It is true that the Tories but I think that even Tories would give up their habitual love of jobbery in a case like yours, and for once with themselves disposed to be honest men and gentlemen. Indeed, I have no doubt they will for having so deservedly an infamous character, they would be glad to get themselves a little credit, by a presentation which could not possibly be traced to jobbery or favours. The writer begged his friend to give himself no trouble about the matter, as he was not desirous of the appointment.

being in tolerably easy circumstances, and willing to take some rest after a life of labour. All, however, that he could say was of no use, his friend indignantly observing that the matter ought to be taken entirely out of his hands, and the appointment thrust upon him for the credit of the country. "But may not many people be far more worthy of the appointment than myself?" said the writer. "Where?" said the friendly Radical. "If you don't get it, it will be made a job of, given to the son of some steward, or perhaps to some quack who has done dirty work, I tell you what, I shall ask it for you, in spite of you, I shall indeed!" and his eyes flashed with friendly and patriotic fervour through the large pair of spectacles which he wore.

And, in fact, it would appear that the honest and friendly patriot put his threat into execution. "I have spoken," said he, "more than once to this and that individual in Parliament, and everybody seems to think that the appointment should be given to you. Nay, that you should be forced to accept it. I intend next to speak to Lord A——" And so he did, at least it would appear so. On the writer calling upon him one evening, about a week afterwards, in order to take leave of him, as the writer was about to take a long journey for the sake of his health, his friend no sooner saw him than he started up in a violent fit of agitation, and glancing about the room, in which there were several people, amongst others two Whig members of Parliament, said, "I am glad you are come; I was just speaking about you. This," said he, addressing the two members, "is so and so, the author of so and so, the well-known philologist; as I was telling you, I spoke to Lord A—— this day about him, and said that he ought forthwith to have the head appointment in ——; and what did the fellow say? Why, that there was no necessity for such an appointment at all, and if there were, why . . . and then he hummed and ha'd. Yes," said he, looking at the writer, "he did indeed. What a scandal! what an . . . y! But I see how it will be, it will be a job. The

place will be given to some son of a steward or to some quack, as I said before. Oh, the Tories! Well, if this does not make one . . ." Here he stopped short, crunched his teeth, and looked the image of desperation.

Seeing the poor man in this distressed condition, the writer begged him to be comforted and not to take the matter so much to heart; but the indignant Radical took the matter very much to heart, and refused all comfort whatever, bouncing about the room, and, whilst his spectacles flashed in the light of four spermaceti candles, exclaiming "It will be a job—a Tory job! I see it all, I see it all, I see it all!"

And a job it proved, and a very pretty job, but no Tory job; shortly afterwards the Tories were out, and the Whigs were in. From that time the writer heard not a word about the injustice done to the country in not presenting him with the appointment to —; the Radical, however, was busy enough to obtain the appointment, not for the writer, but for himself, and eventually succeeded, partly through Radical influence, and partly through that of a certain Whig lord, for whom the Radical had done, on a particular occasion, work of a particular kind. So, though the place was given to a quack, and the whole affair a very pretty job, it was one in which the Tories had certainly no hand.

In the meanwhile, however, the friendly Radical did not drop the writer. Oh, no! On various occasions he obtained from the writer all the information he could about the country in question, and was particularly anxious to obtain from the writer, and eventually did obtain, a copy of a work written in the court language of that country, edited by the writer. A language exceedingly difficult, which the writer, at the expense of a considerable portion of his eyesight, had acquired, at least as far as by the eyesight it could be acquired. What use the writer's friend made of the knowledge he had gained from him, and what use he made of the book, the writer can only guess: but he has little doubt that when the question of sending a person to — was

mooted in a Parliamentary Committee—which it was at the instigation of the Radical supporters of the writer's friend—the Radical, on being examined about the country, gave the information which he had obtained from the writer as his own, and flashed the book and its singular characters in the eyes of the Committee, and then of course his Radical friends would instantly say, "This is the man! there is no one like him. See what information he possesses; and see that book written by himself in the court language of Serendib. This is the only man to send there. What a glory, what a triumph it would be to Britain, to send out a man so deeply versed in the mysterious lore of —, as our illustrious countryman; a person who with his knowledge could beat with their own weapons the wise men of —. Is such an opportunity to be lost? Oh, no! surely not; if it is, it will be an eternal disgrace to England, and the world will see that Whigs are no better than Tories."

Let no one think the writer uncharitable in these suppositions. The writer is only too well acquainted with the antecedents of the individual to entertain much doubt that he would shrink from any such conduct, provided he thought that his temporal interest would be forwarded by it. The writer is aware of more than one instance in which he has passed off the literature of friendless young men for his own, after making them a slight pecuniary compensation, and deforming what was originally excellent by interpolations of his own. This was his especial practice with regard to translation, of which he would fain be esteemed the king. This Radical literato is slightly acquainted with four or five of the easier dialects of Europe, on the strength of which knowledge he would fain pass for a universal linguist, publishing translations of pieces originally written in various difficult languages; which translations, however, were either made by himself from literal rendering, done for him into French or German, or had been made on the originals into French, by friendless young men, and then deformed by his alterations.

Well, the Radical got the appointment, and the writer certainly did not grudge it him. He, of course, was aware that his friend had behaved in a very base manner towards him, but he bore him no ill-will, and invariably when he heard him spoken against, which was frequently the case, took his part when no other person would; indeed, he could well afford to bear him no ill-will. He had never sought for the appointment, nor wished for it, nor, indeed, ever believed himself qualified for it. He was conscious, it is true, that he was not altogether unacquainted with the language and literature of the country with which the appointment was connected. He was likewise aware that he was not altogether deficient in courage and in propriety of behaviour. He knew that his appearance was not particularly against him, his face not being like that of a convicted pickpocket, nor his gait resembling that of a fox who has lost his tail; yet he never believed himself adapted for the appointment, being aware that he had no aptitude for the doing of dirty work, if called to do it, nor pliancy which would enable him to submit to scurvy treatment, whether he did dirty work or not—requisites, at the time of which he is speaking, indispensable in every British official; requisites, by-the-bye, which his friend, the Radical, possessed in a high degree; but though he bore no ill-will towards his friend, his friend bore anything but good-will towards him; for from the moment that he had obtained the appointment for himself, his mind was filled with the most bitter malignity against the writer, and naturally enough; for no one ever yet behaved in a base manner towards another without forthwith conceiving a mortal hatred against him. You wrong another, know yourself to have acted basely, and are enraged, not against yourself—for no one hates himself—but against the innocent cause of your baseness; reasoning very plausibly, "But for that fellow, I should never have been base; for had he not existed I could not have been so, at any rate against him:" and thus hatred is all the more

his sole object in calling was to endeavour to get back a piece of literary property which his friend had obtained from him many years previously, and which, though he had frequently applied for it, he never could get back. Well, the writer called; he did not get his property, which, indeed, he had scarcely time to press for, being almost instantly attacked by his good friend and his wife—yes, it was then that the author was set upon by an old Radical and his wife—the wife, who looked the very image of shame and malignity, did not say much, it is true, but encouraged her husband in all he said. Both of their own accord introduced the subject of *Lavengro*. The Radical called the writer a grumbler, just as if there had ever been a greater grumbler than himself until, by the means above described, he had obtained a place. He said that the book contained a melancholy view of human nature—just as if anybody could look in his face without having a melancholy view of human nature. On the writer quietly observing that the book contained an exposition of his principles, the pseudo-Radical replied that he cared nothing for his principles—which was probably true, it not being likely that he would care for another person's principles, after having shown so thorough a disregard for his own. The writer said that the book, of course, would give offence to humbugs; the Radical then demanded whether he thought him a humbug?—the wretched wife was the Radical's protection, even as he knew she would be; it was on her account that the writer did not tick his good friend; as it was, he looked at him in the face and thought to himself, "How is it possible I should think you a humbug, when only last night I was taking your part in a company in which everybody called you a humbug?"

The Radical, probably observing something in the writer's eye which he did not like, became all on a sudden abjectly submissive, and, professing the highest admiration for the writer, begged him to visit him in his government; thus the writer promised faithfully to do,

